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The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. XXIV.

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NO. 1

THE CONTENT OF LIFE.

What is it that makes our lives worth while?
Is it a frown, a tear, or a smile?
Is it the good that we have done?
Or is it the things we've left undone?

Nay all of these makes up our life,
In this cold world's toil and strife.
The good, the bad, the smile, the frown,
Help us onward to the crown.

If everything were good and true,
There'd be no work for us to do.
The frowns are crosses we must bear,
If Heaven's blessings we would share.

Then let us cheerfully do our part,
To cheer some lonely, fainting heart.
And on life's pathway, however steep
Onward, upward, ever keep.

A. G. O.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

The music recital by the music class on Saturday evening, May 27, marked the beginning of the commencement exercises proper. This recital was under the supervision of Miss Bernice Craig, the efficient head of the music department, and was pronounced by those present up to the usual high standard of such occasions.

Sunday morning, May 28, came beautiful and clear. One could not ask for a prettier day, and by 11 o'clock, the hour for the baccalaureate sermon, the large auditorium in Memorial Hall was well filled. The services were opened by the singing of "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," and then prayer was offered by Mrs. Mary C. Woody, who thanked our Heavenly Father for our surroundings and asked his especial blessings upon the largest class leaving the college not to return as students any more.

After this Dr. Hobbs, with a few well chosen words, introduced Rev. E. K. McLarty, of Greensboro, N. C., who was to preach the baccalaureate sermon. He took his text from I. Corinthians, 3-9, "For we are labourers together with God." He said that "religion is a fellowship with God and the new life resulting therefrom; the core and centre of all truth adjusting us to this life and to the universe and to be acquired through faith in Christ." "The eating of Christ's flesh and drinking his blood is doing his will." "If Christianity is Christ likeness then it is service." For he proved by his text that God was a worker; and also by the history of Christ's stay on earth that he was a worker. Then he showed that our mission was to be co-workers with God; but before a man can be an effective co-worker with God he must know the aim of God. This he must learn through Christ.

Mr. McLarty preached in his simple, but beautiful style, one of the most impressive sermons ever heard from that rostrum.

At 8 p. m. services were opened by the reading of the 103 Psalm by John B. Woosley, president of the Y. M. C. A., who then introduced the speaker, Rev. E. S. Crosland, of Winston-Salem, N. C. He had for his subject, "A Beautiful Life," and

began his talk by pointing out defects which mar a beautiful life. Some of those mentioned are, lack of modesty, imprudence and lack of sympathy. He said that the world was in need of modesty, prudence and practical sympathy. He said that "a big heart is an integral part of a beautiful life," and closed by saying that "the need of the world is people to live the Christian life. Not people who tell you how to live it, but who actually live it every day."

On Monday at 8 p. m., the Henry Clay contest took place. An account of it will be found in this issue of The Collegian.

ALUMNI DAY.

Tuesday afternoon and evening were given over to the alumni, the first event being the baseball game between the Crimson and Grays. Some of the star players of former years took their places among the Grays. Everybody was glad to see Hick Hobbs, Julian White and Bob Doak on the field again and it is reported that the Crimson were held back by the good pitching of Ovid Jones and Dudley Carroll's fine playing on first base. At any rate at the end of the ninth inning the score stood seven to seven and time did not allow any further playing.

At 8 o'clock the public meeting of the Association was held in Memorial Hall. President Carroll announced that the Alumni athletic prize had been divided equally between John Winslow and Charles F. Benbow, both of them having made excellent records as all-round athletes.

A roll call by classes which followed showed thirty-six members present. After having made a few well chosen remarks concerning the many improvements made about the college during the past year, and having reminded the alumni of the duty they owe to the college and the part they have in its development, the president introduced the speaker for the evening, James Hoge Ricks, '05. His subject, "American Citizenship," was scholarly, instructive and comprehensive, and carried with it much practical good.

Under miscellaneous business the name of Mrs. Priscilla B. Hackney was proposed as an honorary member and every mem-

ber of the Association gave his most hearty approval.

After this meeting a reception in honor of the graduating class was held in the reading room of the library, which was enjoyed by every one present.

Wednesday, May 31, commencement day, was a beautiful day. Immediately after breakfast society meetings and class reunions for the transaction of business pertaining to their organizations were in vogue. The campus was filled with little bands of former students with their friends.

At 10 a. m. the commencement exercises began. Prof. J. Edwin Jay, dean of the college, conducted devotional exercises, after which the following program was rendered:

1. Anthem—"O Could I Speak the Matchless Word"..*Fearis*
2. Orations:

| | |
|--|----------------------|
| Practical Politics | Thomas Flether Bulla |
| The Unskilled Profession..... | Flora Wilson White |
| The Scientific Farmer, the Solution of Our | |
| Agricultural Problems | Arthur Kirby Moore |
3. Conferring of Degrees.
4. Chorus—The Magic of Spring.....*Weinzierl*
5. Announcements.

The members of the class receiving the degree of Bachelor of Science were A. K. Moore, Grant Otwell, Margaret Rutledge, Annie Stratford, W. H. Welch and Flora White. Those receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts were Annie Benbow, Gurney Briggs, Janie Brown, Fletcher Bulla, Jennie Bulla, Lillie Bulla, Thomas Covington, Gertrude Farlow, Rufus Fitzgerald, E. L. Hudson, W. H. Howard, Lillie Maie Raiford, C. C. Smithdeal, Elizabeth Snipes, Elizabeth Winslow and John E. Winslow.

Much to the regret to those present wishing to hear him, Dr. Hobbs announced that Judge Pritchard, who was to have given the baccalaureate address, on account of sickness was unable to be there. Dr. Hobbs then announced the college honors as follows:

The Haverford scholarship was won by William Herbert Howard.

The Bryn Mawr by Lillie Elliotte Bulla.

The Marvin Hardin Memorial scholarship was awarded to B. K. Richardson.

Sophomore honors were won by Miss Era Lasley.

Freshman honors were won by W. A. White, Jr.

The Zatasian orator's prize was won by Tecie Beaman.

The improvement prize by Bessie Braxton.

The Websterian orator's prize was won by H. S. Sawyer.

The improvement prize by J. Wade Barber.

The Philomathean orator's prize was won by Mary I. White.

The improvement prize by Mamie Coltrane.

The Henry Clay orator's medal was won by H. A. Stewart, Jr.

The improvement prize by Edgar McBane.

President Hobbs said that arrangements had been made by the trustees by which a new dormitory for boys would be erected within the next six months.

The afternoon was given over to various business meetings of the Alumni, Trustees, etc., and the close of the twenty-third commencement was at hand.

THE MODERN CRUSADE.

At a great council held (over 800 years ago) at Clermont, Pope Urban made an impassioned appeal to the people of Europe in the words, "O, race from the Franks, race set apart by the situation of your country as well as by your Catholic faith, to you our exhortations are intended. From the confines of Jerusalem a greivous report has gone forth, that the Turks, a race accursed, a race wholly alienated from God, has invaded those lands and destroyed church and appropriated them for their own use. Let the Holy Sepulcher especially arouse you and the other Holy places which are now treated with ignominy and contempt. O most valient soldiers, do not degenerate, but recall the valor of your ancestors."

The result of this strong plea can scarcely be imagined. The whole audience swayed and with one voice cried out: "It is the will of God." Then the whole nation rose up and with this as their watchword from the highest noble to the lowest serf responded and for the next two or three centuries all Europe was filled with the tread of armies—the mighty crusaders who had volunteered their service to wrest their place of worship from the hands of the infidel Turks.

What was the cause of all this? This giving up of home and friends, this spending of time and money, this absolute self-denial? It was the sense of religious loyalty and enthusiasm, which stirred the great host and made each one willing to lay down his life for the sake of sharing in the task. And what was gained by all this? Many never reached the Holy Land, but perished on the way and many more who reached their destination were miserably slaughtered by the Turks. There was no direct benefit gained on either side for the sole purpose of the Crusader was to obtain possession of their place of worship and their only means of doing this was by bloody combat. You say this was not a very high motive, yet it was the best they knew and they fought and died—firm in the belief that it was "the will of God."

We of the twentieth century have inaugurated another cru-

sade, mighty in its influence, widespread in its results, embracing the noblest men of our nation. It is not to seize a sepulcher, but to save a world—that of the Layman's Missionary Movement. There is today as in the days of Pope Urban, the same spirit of loyalty and devotion; the same desire for service, only it is developed in a far different way and embodies purposes and ideals far more laudable, for the Christian man of today with his wide-awake business instincts and thorough-going principles must have an outlet to these same feelings. We find all these embodied in a movement for a world conquest. Here is employment for the choicest powers of the choicest men; here is a sphere of endeavor worthy of the highest consideration, an opportunity to be a great Christian Crusader for the service of the world. It is a crusade not steeped in slaughter and bloodshed, whose only purpose is to deal out death, but one which renders the highest service of which man is capable—the uplift of others.

The Layman's Missionary Movement was organized in a prayer meeting in New York little more than four years ago with the astounding watchword: "The Evangelization of the World in this Generation." It was an organization of business men who saw clearly what the world needed if all people were to accept Christian civilization in this generation, and who had the strength of purpose to begin to carry out their convictions. From that time on the movement has increased, spreading over the United States, Canada, and the British Isles, and has done more in four years to evangelize the world than had been done in as many scores of years before.

Its purpose is to see that the much-needed missionary work is carried on now and carried on in a practical business like way. Its desire is to save rather than to destroy, to give a fuller life rather than to deal out death.

The missionary enterprises up to this time have been doing great and wonderful good, but they lacked both a sufficient number of able men as leaders and business like methods. This is what the Layman's Missionary Movement gives. Its aim is to secure from Christians in the western nations a recognition of their religious responsibility to the world—to

interest each individual layman, to lead him to realize and accept his responsibility to the cause of missions and thereby to secure a firm home base for foreign workers. This will mean that all people are firmly united in a common cause, filled with an enthusiasm and boundless interest in the uplift of those who are low, believing that the surest way to this accomplishment is by fostering a knowledge and practice of the sublime and reasonable code of morals established 2,000 years ago by one who had developed in him to a supreme degree the spirit of a servant.

This is the twentieth century man's ideal of service and loyalty, and this is to be the culmination of an ideal which will shake the world in its effect, for surely when Christians at home stand by and support their missionaries with firm loyalty, great things may reasonably be expected. There will be many missionaries to enlist and many men who cannot go will be ready to furnish means for the sending of others.

Although this movement is interdenominational, its work is carried on through the channels of each separate church. For this accomplishment interdenominational co-operating committees are appointed in each city, town and community. It is the work of these committees to ascertain what is being done for missions by that district and also the actual claims of the foreign field upon that community. They then arrange for the presentation of these facts to the laymen of all the churches which they represent. This is done at a layman's conference. Here these dry hard facts are presented in such a way that men are made to see that it is a great and wonderful work which is before them, that it means much both to themselves and to the world. Seventy-five such conferences were held in the United States last year. It is by means of these that the whole body is united closely together and receives inspiration to work together as a great unit for a common cause. And surely there is much for them to do. Able men must be enlisted as leaders, men of clear and strong convictions, well trained, open minded, unselfish men must be sent to the field, a strict account must be made of the finances

and each layman must have an absolute knowledge of the need.

It is almost marvelous how all these things appeal to the keen sense of thoroughness and business-like instincts of the twentieth century man, and at the same time satisfies that sense of religious duty and loyalty which has always existed, and which finds its highest development of this kind. Never before have we had all denominations united in a common cause, filled with a determination to succeed. Many active business men have left their work for the time and gone to investigate for themselves the need. And men who never gave missions a thought, except when under the influence of an emotional plea, have become interested. It is not an interest which soon dies down, but a conviction which gathers in strength as it goes forward.

The whole movement may be described as a great quiet-moving revival of love and hope, unheralded by sensational reports, free from that contagion of excitement which sometimes sweeps through great crowds as it swept through the crowd at Clermont so many years ago. It seems that a sense of Christian responsibility has come among the laymen of all the churches in this industrial country with its wonderful visions of wealth and power. And the broad-minded men, the business men, the very pillars of society, have responded. Firm in the belief that the religion of faith and hope and love is the secret of civilization and the hope of humanity they are earnestly trying to give to all people the benefit of that knowledge.

It is marvelous how the nations are responding to the efforts which have been made. Instead of open warfare and secret hostility there is a welcome extended from almost all the nations of the earth. Every part in the hitherto sullen China lies open. Korea is earnestly asking for help. It seems that the whole Eastern world stands ready and waiting to receive the modern army of the cross. Do you not recognize in this a real crusade? A crusade which sputh forth its hand—not to strike down its brother, but to lift him up—a crusade whose pathway is strewn not with the wrecks of cruel warfare and

bloody combat, but whose pathway shines with new energy, new hope, new life.

If so shall we not make ourselves a part of it and promote the time when all people shall be bound together with the tie of unselfish love and service?

TECY GLADYS BEAMAN, '13.



AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

A certain historic melancholy Dane, viewing the affairs of a troubled kingdom, declared there was something wrong in Denmark, and he deplored the cursed Fate that ever he was born to set it straight. It seems to me to be all too evident that there is something wrong in America; and while I would not aspire to right all the wrongs of a nation, I think you will agree that American Citizenship carries with it a duty to at least examine the causes of our present shortcomings; rather than to feebly deplore their existence or to decry their enormity.

Wherever we turn, we find corruption, and rumors of corruption, in our public life. From the most exalted seat in the Senate to the humblest constabulary in some of our States, there is political debauchery and upreared graft.

Bear with me a few moments while I review some of the things which reek to high heaven—some of that political depravity that seems to hold our nation in its python grip.

In 1906 William A. Clark was elected to the United States Senate by the General Assembly of the State of Montana. On the 10th day of January, when the first ballot was taken, Clark received but seven votes. On the 28th day of January he received 54 votes and was elected. In that short period of eighteen days 47 votes had been procured. The prices paid for individual votes ranged from \$4,000 to \$50,000; Clark's agents had expended, in cash or its equivalent, \$431,000.

Nor was bribery the only method of persuasion used. If a man had a weakness in his nature, or an exigence in his circumstances, Clark's generals found it out. His petty prejudices; his indiscretions in conduct; and even his best sentiments were turned into ejective weapons against him. His business was threatened; his friendships disrupted; his wife, his siter—even his mother, were frequently made intercessors for his temptors. The story of those eighteen days is a story of consummate strategy and desperate conflict. The legislators went down one by one, they were fought for man by man.

In the end Money and Intrigue triumphed, and Clark was elected.

In this same year Joseph R. Burton, Senator from Kansas, accepted a fee of \$2,500 from a gang of notorious swindlers, and in consideration thereof, bargained and agreed to use his influence and power as a Senator, to have the postoffice embargo removed, that these cunning thieves might prey, without let or hinderance, upon the innocent and unsuspecting people. Fortunately, Burton's perfidy was discovered, and this covetous traitor was removed from the Senate Chamber to a county jail in Kansas.

The details and magnitude of the awful stench uncovered in Illinois last year is yet unknown. However, this much is known—that certain friends of one William Lorimer purchased of the General Assembly of that State a seat in the United States Senate and presented it to him, because, forsooth, he could be "useful" to them in Washington.

I shall not burden you tonight with a recital of the political chicanery of Platt and Depew, of New York, of Penrose and Quay, of Pennsylvania, of Gorman of Maryland, of Elkins of West Virginia. Those names are synonymous with bossism and ring rule; their records as friends of the special interests and as foes of the people are too well known to need recounting here.

The records of our Southern Senators, however, is of such absorbing interest to us, that I shall briefly refer to two.

In 1907 we learned that up to that year Joseph W. Bailey, ostensibly representative of the people of Texas in the United States Senate, had received in fees, "loans," etc., from the Standard Oil Company and its step-child, the Waters-Pierce Company, sums amounting to over \$200,000, in consideration of which he sought to circumvent the laws which he had sworn to enforce. In spite of Mr. Bailey's protecting care, however, the fact that these corporations were violating the laws of Texas was finally discovered, and they were banished from that State.

Nor were these his only "clients." He received \$225,000 for negotiating the issue and sale of the stock of a gigantic lumber

corporation, organized in his own State, and which is doubtless even now laying waste the natural resources of that region. He had \$500,000 in "commissions" contingent upon an expected sale of railroad and mining properties in Tennessee.

During this same period of time Mr. Bailey had been receiving from his country the paltry sum of \$6,000 a year.

Mr. Bailey is said to have referred to that immortal precept of Jesus—"No man can serve two masters," as a "cheap motto." So Mr. Bailey thinks he can serve two masters? But when the respective interests of those two masters clash, whom shall he serve? Will he always carefully guard the interests of the people, who pay him a mere pittance of a salary, or will he protect the tender interests of the corporations which have contributed so generously to his private purse?

Benjamin R. Tillman has become known the country over as the champion of the rights of the people—he has made himself famous as the caustic maligner of the trusts and corporations. Yet a few years ago we found even this scion of political righteousness securing large grants of valuable government lands in the West—lands supposed to be open only to *bona fide* settlers—in the names of various members of his family and personal friends.

Thus far I have drawn my examples from men connected with our national government. But alas, their misdoings do but betoken a similar condition in our state and municipal affairs.

The machine in the State of Pennsylvania, headed by shrewd manipulators of party politics, for forty years systematically robbed the people. They used the State's funds to foster and financier their own private enterprises; they boldly took "contributions" to their campaign funds from the State's Treasury; and finally capped the climax of ruthless robbery by their speculations in connection with the erection of the new State Capitol—that colossal monument to fraud!

For the past decade there has hung a dull cloud of suspicion above the legislative halls at Albany, but so artfully were the illegal operations conducted that little became definitely known. At last, however, avarice cast prudence aside: Legis-

lators no longer waited to be offered a bribe. They introduced bills affecting adversely the interests of the bridge companies and other corporations of the State, and then brazenly sought out the officers of the concerns affected and demanded money for their ^{own} services in defeating the bills which they themselves had introduced. This hold-up game was worked systematically and successfully for several years. Finally the victim of this pernicious practice could stand it no longer. They rebelled, and the people learned of the perfidy of the representatives who had sworn to zealously protect their interests.

The constitution and composition of large cities seems to be peculiarly adapted to the propagation of that omnipotent tyrant of modern times—the boss, and his tender wards—the special interests.

One has but to mention the name of New York City to remind us of the crafty crimes of the avaricious, insatiable Tammany Tiger, and the revive memories of his several trainers—Tweed, Croker, Murphy, and others of like stripe.

One has but to visit the City of Philadelphia to see carved upon her very bosom the handiwork of the infamous gas ring; her street railway system is a monument to the genius of her able and astute bosses. Methinks, William Penn would scarcely recognize this as the City of Brotherly Love could he read a few pages of its recent political history.

Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago, Minneapolis and other large cities of the country have had their rounds of boss and ring rule. To San Francisco, however, must be awarded the palm in the matter of political rottenness. Surely every one remembers the culmination of ring rule in the city—the infamous conspiracy between Mayor Schmidt and Boss Ruef, whereby they ruthlessly plundered the city for their own private gain, sharing a portion of the spoils with their allies.

Why multiply examples farther? Throughout the length and breadth of this fair land of ours, crafty politicians and their vile rings have conspired with the trusts and corporations to cheat the people; they have given away invaluable franchises for a mere song; they have awarded contracts for the building of public works, not to the lowest bidder, but to

the highest briber. Rapacious office-holders have grown fat at the expense of the people; railroads, insurance companies and the trusts have piled up their millions, wrung from the pockets of the people. Our entire political system seems to be in the grasp of this new and hideous monster—Graft.

Is this the democracy of which we boast—is this, indeed, a government of the people, by the people, and for the people? Rather it seems to have become a government of the boss, by the ring, for the special interests.

How can we account for this state of affairs? Whence come these modern embezzlers of power? How have these unscrupulous men attained to political power, and how have they maintained their position?

We know that much of the misgovernment and political corruption existing in large cities is due to the great horde of ignorant, indolent foreigners and natives, that swarm their streets. These men neither understand nor appreciate the ballot—they gauge its value in terms of dollars and cents. Such people become ready tools in the hands of the unscrupulous politician. They will not only vote *as* he commands them, but *as often* as he wishes. For instance, in a municipal election in New York City in 1900, it was conservatively estimated that over 30,000 fraudulent votes were cast in Manhattan Borough alone; and when we know that several of the successful candidates were elected by majorities of considerably less than 30,000, it is easy to see how the will of the people can be subverted in municipal elections.

But, alas, to our ever-lasting shame, such practices have not been confined to large cities.

What a shroud of infamy and disgrace has been cast upon Ohio's fair name! Eighteen hundred citizens of Adams county, out of a total voting population of some 6,000 or 7,000, have been indicted for bribe-taking, and many of them have already been convicted, or have confessed to their guilt. This shameful practice has not been confined to the ignorant and indolent classes. So-called respectable persons—merchants, farmers, lawyers, and even some ministers, have fallen victims to the lust for gain. Vote-selling seems to have become a local

custom—everybody sold, sold to the highest bidder, and occasionally an enterprising citizen has sold out to both parties, and then, I presume, voted according to the dictates of his own *conscience*. So universal had the practice become in one community that a recent school board election not a single eligible voter could be found in the school district—every single citizen had been disfranchised for bribe-taking.

The conditions in Adams county are truly appalling. But are they exceptional?

A recent news item reads as follows: "The special committee of the New Jersey Assembly, appointed by the Speaker to investigate the November, 1910, election in Atlantic county, reports that there was false registration, illegal voting and vote-buying, and that the election officers failed to do their duty. It is estimated in the report that, from the testimony taken, there were approximately 2,000 illegal registrations and 1,000 illegal votes, almost entirely in Atlantic county."

Nor has corruption in rural life been the growth of a single year. The Hon. James Bryce, in that masterful work, "The American Commonwealth," speaking as of the date of its last edition, 1894, remarks that, "In a New Hampshire rural town not long ago, \$10 were paid to each of 200 doubtful voters." And if the editor of *The Independent*, one of our best national weeklies, knows whereof he speaks, conditions in New England are still such that farmers are willing to be remunerated quite generously for "time" consumed in going to and from the polls.

Nor do we have to go so far from home to find examples of this inexplicable lack of appreciation of the true meaning and real worth of the ballot. Ominous rumors from various outlying districts in my own State (Virginia) bring tidings of a condition of affairs which would rival the ignomy of Adams county.

"Truly, self-abasement paves the way,
To villain bonds and despot sway."

The secret of the success of the old system is self-interest. The power of the boss, of the ring, depends upon the organi-

zation—the “machine”—back of them. The secret of the organization’s co-hesiveness is a sort of selfish reciprocity—the I’ll-stand-by-you-if-you’ll-stand-by-me spirit. The large majority of those who belong to the machine and who support it actively in the field of politics, do so with the expectation of reward for the services thus rendered. They support the boss because he supports them. The rank and file of American citizens have blindly followed these shrewd leaders—self-appointed though they be. Good citizen and bad, both like sheep have followed—the one through pure indifference and lethargy; the other through his lust for personal gain.

We are under the yoke of the bosses and of the special interests, because we, for the sake of an apparently more real personal gain to us, have sold our liberty—that priceless heirloom in the achievement of which our ancestors fought and bled and died.

Have I made the indictment too severe? Is this true of the average American citizen? Listen! If you have failed to take an active part in the political affairs of your community—I repeat, YOU have sacrificed your country’s welfare—your country’s freedom, upon the altar of selfish indifference. Many of the so-called “good citizens” are unwilling even to vote, and seldom, if ever, do they endeavor to mould the moral standards of politics in the community, or use their influence to secure the adoption of wise measures of the election of honest, capable men. At most they merely visit the polls mechanically, vote hurriedly for men about whom they often know nothing, and upon issues to which they have given no consideration.

The thread-bare excuse of the man who does not vote is that his vote wouldn’t have affected the result any way. Let us consider frankly a few facts:

In 1900 the number of male citizens of voting age in the United States was 21,329,818. Of these 2,326,295 could neither read nor write. Counting all these out—though a majority of them almost certainly voted, for as we have seen, this is the very class of citizens who are often most active in municipal politics—still, I say, counting all these illiterates as though not eligible to vote, we still have over 19,000,000 male persons

of voting age. Yet in 1900 the total vote cast in the presidential election was not quite 14,000,000, leaving the astounding number of 5,000,000 persons not voting. Possibly each one of those 5,000,000 citizens thought that his vote would count for little—wouldn't change the result. In 1904, though the number of qualified voters had undoubtedly increased by a million or more, the number of votes cast was half a million less than in 1900.

Your own State of North Carolina, in 1900, numbered in her population 417,578 male persons of voting age. Of whom 127,114 were negroes and 122,658 illiterates. As practically all negroes, whether literate or illiterate, are excluded from voting under your new constitution; while, thanks to the Grandfather Clause, practically no illiterate white men are so excluded, we may simply deduct from the grand total the entire number of negroes. This will leave us a probable eligible electorate of approximately 290,000 persons. Yet, in 1902, in the selection of a Supreme Court Justice only 203,500 persons participated. Nearly 90,000 staid at home or went fishin'. In 1904, four years after the date of the census, when the male whites eligible to vote had surely reached 300,000, less than 210,000 persons voted in the gubernatorial contest between Mr. Glenn and Mr. Harris, leaving those 90,000 voters still to be accounted for.

Let us examine the record of my native State. In 1900, Virginia numbered in her population 447,815 male persons of voting age. Deducting again the 146,122 negroes, we have left a probable eligible list of at least 300,000 voters. In 1900, under our old Constitution, when many negroes participated in the elections, the total popular vote in the presidential election numbered nearly 265,000. This looks pretty good. But in 1901, in the gubernatorial election of that year, we find the vote falling off to less than 200,000. And in 1904, after the new constitution, which—like your own—pretty effectually eliminated the negro vote, without eliminating practically any white voters, had gone into effect, we find a total of but 130,000 votes cast—less than half of the number who were undoubtedly qualified to vote, and in the 1909 elec-

tion for Governor, at a time when the number of eligible whites must have considerably increased, we learn the astounding fact that less than 110,000 voters participated in the election; the other 200,000, or more, doubtless thought that their votes wouldn't change the result.

My fellow citizens, the task of restoring the full reality of popular sovereignty in this American Republic will have to begin at the bottom. The moral tone of the political arena must be uplifted; we must have honest, intelligent, and patriotic citizens.

Never before in our country's history have the duties and the responsibilities of "American Citizenship" been so numerous and so important as they are today. And they are steadily increasing. Already the Initiative, the Referendum and the Recall are in use in portions of our country, and it will be but a short time until they will become universal. They are surely coming, and we must prepare ourselves to make intelligent use of them.

We must have a vigorous, progressive electorate of thinking citizens—men who are sufficiently well educated to be able to inform themselves of the merits of the issues of the day and of the relative qualifications of the respective candidates; who have such a high sense of honor that they would spurn the audacious scoundrel who dared offer them money for their votes or influence; men who have enough true patriotism to be willing to serve their country in the field of politics as well as upon the field of battle.

Can these reforms, then, be brought about by legislation? Many of the States of this Union, including I am proud to say both North Carolina and Virginia, have adopted educational and property qualifications as a prerequisite to suffrage, and though our laws could doubtless be improved upon, they are at least a step in the right direction, and if fairly and wisely enforced, should give America an electorate composed of reasonably intelligent and industrious citizens.

But there are some reforms which we cannot affect by legislation. No statute can reach the wrong-headed voter, or the man who is looking for private advantage from an election,

and no ideal of the expression of the popular will take the place of the actual deposit of one's vote. We cannot legislate patriotism and lofty ideals into the hearts and heads of our citizens. These will have to be instilled in the souls of the people by careful instruction and good example. By preaching honesty and practical patriotism, and by practicing what we preach.

The highest duty of the American patriot of the present is to not merely protest sporadically against political evils after they have become flagrant—not merely to seek to exterminate the boss and his machine after they have obtained a strangle hold upon political affairs, but to make their very inception impossible.

We have seen that the secret of the power—of the very existence of these abnormal progenies of a representative democracy rests upon organization, and that the cord which binds that organization together is self-interest.

Can we not form a counter organization, of which the cornerstone shall be Publicity and its motto Fair Play; whose members shall be bound together by the tie of an unfaltering loyalty to, and an unwavering watchfulness over a common country's welfare?

And now let us pause deliberately and consider the part of the college man in this counter organization. It is the duty of the college-bred man to enter actively into politics, to use his influence for all that is best and noblest in public affairs, to help shape the policies and mould the moral standards of the party, to give the political questions which are constantly arising his careful and thoughtful consideration; and to endeavor to induce honest and capable men to stand for public office, and then give those men his earnest and zealous support.

These reforms cannot be accomplished in a single day. These treacherous foes of Democracy cannot be annihilated in a single battle. Let no man enter the political arena with an exalted opinion of himself, of the infallibility of his judgment, of the omnipotence of his strength; nor let him underestimate the strength, the cunning, and the fighting qualities of his foe.

He must have the kind of courage that knows how to face defeat and disappointment, as well as the knowledge of how to use a victory wisely when achieved.

The achievement of a complete political reformation must be the gradual growth of generations. Political righteousness will have to be instilled in the hearts of American youths.

Just here there lies before the American school, college and university a large field for service. They have before them the stupendous and all-important task of preparing intelligent American citizens to take up each his own share of the nation's burdens, and if they are faithful in the performance of this task a sane political regeneration will be assured. Let them include in their curricula courses in practical politics—teaching the “science of government”—not the intrigue of political trickery. Let them show the American youth the underlying principles on which the nation is built; tell him the story of how mankind discovered those principles and at what an incalculable cost they have been wrought into political institutions. Let them instill in the mind of the youth a reverence for and a devotion to his country and its welfare—train him in the first principles of true patriotism and public service.

The man who lays down his life upon the field of battle in defense of his country and his country's honor is lauded as a patriot—a hero.

Today our country is in the midst of a tremendous conflict. She is struggling to throw off the yoke of oppression which the boss, the ring and the special interests have placed upon her. She is facing the most dangerous foe that has ever threatened her welfare—an enemy within her bosom—a crafty enemy who poses as a friend, but who only waits the opportunity to fasten his yoke of oppression a little more firmly about her neck. These internal foes would destroy our democratic institutions, if they could. Since they cannot, or dare not, do this, they bend their every effort to nullify as far as possible the effect of those institutions; to defeat in every possible way the will of the people.

America is calling upon her young men today to defend her from this treacherous foe. It is a call to the field of battle,

but the weapon of warfare is not the gun—not the sword—it is the ballot.

Let us, my fellow citizens, respond to our country's call. Let us enter with zest and earnestness into the fight that is already on in the political arena. Let us array ourselves on the side of justice, of right, of freedom, and strive with all the might that God has given us to restore to our country its liberty, and to our countrymen their sovereign power.

“What builds a nation's pillars high,
What makes it great and strong,
What makes it mighty to defy
The foes that 'round it throng?

“Not gold, but only men can make,
A nation great and strong;
Men, who for truth and honor's sake,
Hold still and suffer long.

“Brave men, who work while other sleep,
Who dare when others sigh;
They build a nation's pillars deep,
And lift it to the sky.”

TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

O, turbid's my heart, and sick of the quest
For the draught whose charm is the art of forgetting;
And so steeped with the cup of tearful regretting
I'm asking, sweet warbler, the source of thy rest.
O wence comes that pleasure so wantonly ringing,
And that heart-breaking joy thou't so carelessly singing?
Where is that flower, the lotus, whose breath
Numbs thee to sorrow and blinds thee to death?
Sweet warbler, oh tell me of these!

Guide me, though far, to the cool ferny brink
Of the stream where the tides of Oblivion flow,
For its soft, lulling music would vanquish my woe,

And in its pure depth my sorrow would sink.
Thou singest its rippings, oh bear me away;
So calmly the swish of the waters at play,
So soothing the breath from the lilies that blow
With centers of gold embedded in snow.

Sweet warbler, oh guide me to these!

How pleasing the knowledge that strife were at bay;
How calm the moon's glimmer as all through the night
Her amber tints flooded the waters with light

And swept o'er the sea-weeds at play.
Down, down to the shore where living is sweet,
I'll follow thee, warbler, and linger to meet
The boatman who'll row me away from life's fretting
O far, far away, on the stream of Forgetting.

Sweet warbler, I'll follow thee there.

Thou hast led me astray; by listening to thee
I had almost forgot that the things that are best
May ofttimes be gleaned from the world's ruffled crest;

Thy own flight was low ere thy pinions were free.
But its hard, oh, sweet warbler, to work without song;
So hard without joy for the soul to grow strong.
I'd forfeit the laurels fame casts on her few
To bathe in thy sunshine and drink of thy dew.

Sweet warbler, I envy thy lot.

A. L. D.

"AMERICA FOR AMERICANS."

When one nation goes to war with another, one of the two must be conquered. This is usually accomplished without much difficulty. It is done easily, because war, although terrible while it endures, only lasts for a short time, and when the decisive battle is fought, the victorious nation finds itself master of the situation. It is then able by force of arms to maintain its supremacy over the defeated country. But when it attempts to establish its own civilization, its customs, and its principles in that country, it begins a warfare of long duration and vital importance. The same is true when a nation receives into its life various foreign elements; and the question is now being asked, what will be the affect of the vast hoard of foreigners which is pouring into our country in an ever-increasing stream each day?

Immigration to America may well be divided into three classes and designated by three periods of time. Our forefathers who landed at Jamestown and Plymouth Rock came to America in search of liberty. They were men of character and integrity. Although they were not wealthy, there were no degenerates, criminals or paupers among them. Pure Anglo-Saxon blood—the best of Northern Europe—coursed through their veins, and their hearts were filled with an honest desire for freedom. They, with those who followed them, were led by the spirit which later became the fundamental principle of our government. They possessed the elements upon which our nation was founded; and the task itself of establishing this Republic was enshrined in their souls. How well they performed that duty we can appreciate today, and we shall always love and revere them for the hardships they endured and for the honest, sturdy character they bequeathed to American life. This type of immigration continued, with little variation, until the middle of the nineteenth century.

In 1863 the homestead law was passed, which new impulse to home-seekers in other lands and turned their faces toward America. Abraham Lincoln about this time said:

"I regard our immigrants as one of the principal replenishing streams appointed by Providence to repair the ravages of internal war and waste of national strength." During the twenty years that followed, the immigrants were of such a character that would justify Lincoln's estimate of them. They were undoubtedly a valuable asset to the country.

About 1880, however, the character of those seeking entrance at our ports began to change and the number to increase with amazing rapidity. Day-laborers of all kinds began to seek employment in America. The *first* class of immigrants sought liberty, and founded a great nation; the *second* class sought homes, and became good, honest, rural dwellers; the *third* class comes seeking wages, and are building laborers' camps, mining towns and city slums.

I say the character of the later class is radically different from that of the early immigrants. During the hundred years preceding 1880, only twelve million foreigners made their homes in America. Less than one per cent. of that number came from Southern Europe and Asia; they hailed from England, Germany, France and other Northern European countries, and were of Saxon and Celtic blood. There was then no problem of assimilation. The number was not so great that there were places ready for all who came; and what is still more important, they were of the same race that already possessed the land. During the thirty years since 1880, however, eighteen million foreigners have been admitted into the United States, nearly six million of whom have come within the last five years. Seventy per cent. of these strangers come, not from Northern Europe, from Celt and Saxon nationalities, but from Russia, Italy, Hungaria, Greece, Sicily, Poland, Africa, and every other place that is unfit to produce American citizens.

Fifty years ago the immigrants came from the same shores that had sent our forefathers(while today not one in six comes from England, Germany or France; seven out of every ten are Latins, Armenians and Slavs. Only two out of three can read or write any language. Year by year the tone has changed; little by little the morals have fallen, until, notwithstanding some restriction by law, we are continually adding

to the pauper and criminal aliens in our land. Recently a period of four years showed an increase of one hundred per cent. in the serious crimes committed by aliens. During that time the charitable institutions for aliens also increased fifteen thousand. Why should we allow America to be the "poor house" for the world's paupers, a refuge for the weak-minded and morally deficient, a reform school for criminals who have long since passed the reforming stage? Why has America become the dumping ground for the nations of the world? Is it because she deserves such? Indeed not, but because she allows it. The trouble does not lie so much in the fact that that people of various races are coming to America, as it does in the fact that we are receiving only the worst element of those races; and the question arises whether we can Americanize this element, or shall we allow it to foreignize us?

Mr. Beecher once said, "When the lion eats an ox, the ox becomes lion, and not the lion ox." Josiah Strong replied that he had a splendid illustration provided it would illustrate; but if the lions instinct should fail, and he should some day eat a badly-diseased ox or should very much over-eat, we might have on our hands a very sick lion. That was thirty years ago; since that time, for some reason or other, the lion's instinct has failed and he has already found the diseased ox and gorged himself with the unwholesome food. It does not take a skilled physician to see at once that if the amount of his food is not decreased and changed to a more wholesome diet, the result will be fatal.

Why should we not prohibit the illiterate one-third of the foreign invaders? It is among this illiterate class that the crimes of immigrants are committed. They are the leaders of the "Black Hand" movement and other nefarious organizations. We could do as Canada has done with much success; have those who are to become our fellow countrymen selected, not by the steamship companies to satisfy their own selfish interests, but by a well organized official system, and thereby eliminate that element which is not only detrimental to our country socially, politically and morally, but which will also enter into the American life of tomorrow.

Today we boast of a free America, a land of wealth, power and influence, a God-favored country, a land that is proud of its Anglo-Saxon ancestry. We forget, however, that nearly one-half of our population is already of other races, and with the present high rate of increase in the foreign element and the existing low rate of increase among the Anglo-Saxon Americans, the foreign element will soon tip the balance, and our government will no longer belong to the posterity of those who founded it. Those who fought for its freedom and those who preserved it, but it will be a government of foreigners. During the last two years we have suffered a peaceful invasion of an army composed of this undesirable class four or five times as large as that of the Gaths and vandals which swept over Southern Europe and overwhelmed Rome. Already we have, not hundreds of thousands, but millions of Italians, Slavs and Orientals, whose blood is going into the new American race. It seems that the Anglo-Saxon American must disappear as the American Indian has disappeared.

Fifty years ago the phrase, "America for Americans," carried with it only one idea, that of preserving American soil from foreign invasion and settlement. Today the preservation of soil is insignificant compared to the problem of protecting American institutions, American ideals, American life. A nation's riches lie, not in its material wealth, but in its physical strength, mental capacity and moral fiber—in its men. What kind of man shall the future American be? This country is the "melting pot" of the world, and if we continue to allow all nations to cast into it the various elements which are not useful to them at home, while we look blissfully on and hope the product will be American citizenship worthy of the land they are to possess, we do the future an injustice. Our country was founded by chosen men and women, and today by selecting our immigrants through proper immigration legislation we have the power to choose from among the best element of a few races those who are to be the parents of our future citizens. When this is done, immigration will no longer be a curse to America, but it will be one of the greatest bless-

ings that has come to this country since the reunion of the States after the Civil War.

This country belongs to us, its citizens, but we hold only a life estate in it. We are bound, by the power of Him who rules the destiny of nations, to leave it unimpaired to the next generation. This involves not only guarding against material waste, but it is far more important that we should guard against the adulteration and corruption of its citizenship; for upon that depends the future destiny of our Republic.

H. S. SAWYER, '12.



The Guilford Collegian

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Editorials.

As the little flower breaks forth from beneath the fallen leaves in the early spring, and presents itself to the world, seeking recognition—as the little bird, with its merry note, sends greetings to all its surroundings, so do we the newly-elected staff, though unknown, come forth and ask recognition into the realm of magazine officers. And send greetings to all the friends of the paper and of the college. But we do not

come with the assured success of our friends, the flowers and the little birds. For we realize our inexperience and the importance of the work we have undertaken. However we shall not falter, but strive to do our best in making our magazine a true criterion of the work done at Guilford College, and seek to maintain an honorable station for our magazine in the field of college literature. Yet, nevertheless, we are aware of the fact, that whatever our efforts may be, without the co-operation of the student body, friends and alumni, we cannot succeed as we would. We, therefore, ask you all to lend a helping hand in whatever way you can, in order that our college magazine may be what we would have it be.

Well Done. If there is any greater reward for efforts put forth, or services rendered than the approval of others, it is a clear conscience and satisfaction of mind that one has done his very best and is able to look back at every task and say "well done." Now, commencement is a turning point in a student's life. He turns from his studies to his vacation, and the question should, at any rate, arise in his mind, have I spent the year to the best possible advantage and made the most progress in my power to make. Am I able to say to each task "well done?" The student who has abilities and previous equipment to make the highest mark on his studies, but who was willing to spend half his time making mediocre grades and the remainder having a good time, even though his teacher may have given him a better mark than his brother student, who did not have his abilities, but who did his very best, received, cannot apply that merited honor, "well done," to himself. Now the question of spending the vacation arises. If our minds and bodies are weary we should get close to nature and do the kind of work that is strength building, if at the end of the vacation we expect to be able to say well spent.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

For the last time this scholastic year do we bring before the minds of our readers the work which our Association has been doing. We assure you that it has been a real pleasure each month to let you know something about the Y. W. C. A. Although this may be the close of the school year, yet we do not feel that either the work or influence stops here, but that it is spread over a broader and more extensive area by the lives of those girls who have been members.

At the last business meeting very favorable reports were given by the chairmen of the different committees. In the Mission and Bible Study departments carefully considered plans for courses and leaders have been mapped out, which so far as we are able to see now will be quite successful in the coming year. The finance department is in a very flourishing condition. From the play given on the 15th, which has been pronounced the best ever given by the Y. W. C. A. before, \$42.00 were cleared, which greatly increased our conference funds. Next year for this fund we intend to give in the early fall a play, a bazaar at Christmas and at the close of the year a May-day festival. To this conference this year we are sending four delegates, Misses Mary Mendenhall, Geno Young, Elva Strickland and Hazel Harmon.

The membership and inter-collegiate committees have been doing good work in every way and have their work well in hand for the coming year. The social committee of the Y. W. C. A., along with the Y. M. C. A., is planning for the opening reception to be a very great success, at the beginning of the next term. The religious meetings committee has been doing its work well; we have had some very interesting, practical and impressive meetings, which have been and will be of permanent value to the girls.

As each old member of the Association comes back in the fall we hope she may do so with a determination to work harder than ever before to make our Association just what it should be, for we realize that the work done here is one of the

most vital factors in the lives of the girls and especially does it have a great influence over the new girls. So let us every one come back with renewed zeal, energy and a determination to make the Y. W. C. A. at Guilford College count for something in the life of every girl who comes under its influence.

ZATASIAN CONTEST.

On the evening of April 22, 1911, the Zatasian Literary Society held its third annual oratorical contest. The contestants, Misses Ella Young, Annie Maud Benbow, Tecie Beaman, Bessie Cox, Elsie Osborne and Callie Irene Nance. Each young lady had a well-written oration, which she delivered in a creditable manner. The audience was favored with an instrumental solo before the first oration by Miss Mary Taylor. After the third oration another instrumental solo was given by Miss Grace Hughes, and while the judges were retired Misses Mendenhall, Rutledge, Hughes and Beaman entertained the audience with a quartet. The prize, twenty volumes of Shakespeare, was awarded to Miss Tecie Beaman, whose oration, *The Modern Crusade*, is published in this magazine.

THE WEBSTERIAN ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The twenty-fifth oratorical contest of the Websterian Literary Society was held Saturday evening, May 6th. The president, J. B. Woosley, after extending a cordial welcome to all, introduced the first oration, "Do the People Rule?" given by B. K. Richardson.

Mr. Richardson compared the early political affairs of America with the present, emphasizing the fact that now a few men privately own the nation's wealth, and greatly influence the political liberty of the masses. He described most pathetically the unjust oppression of the capitalist upon the laboring classes, together with the scandalous deceit and robbery of the people by political bosses. He next advocated a reform whereby the people's rights will be restored.

The second oration, "The Educational Revival in North Carolina," was delivered by P. S. Kennett. Mr. Kennett reviewed the educational history of the State, showing that previous to 1880 comparatively little interest was taken in educational affairs, but since that time the "Old North State" has had a great awakening, and today, the educational revival in North Carolina is still progressing with rapid strides. He enumerated the various changes which have taken place, together with the great accomplishments of such men as Dr. Charles D. McIver, Governor Aycock and others. Lastly, he predicted with a deep insight, the good results that necessarily must follow such a revival in the on-coming years.

The next oration, subject "The Trend of American Politics," was given by H. W. Smith. "The highest conception of politics," began the speaker, "is the regulation of the government for the preservation of the prosperity and freedom of the people." He showed that in past years the enforcement of this principle had grown lax in American politics, but today many indications point to an upward trend. He gave numerous examples of this change, and concluded that the time is fast approaching when politics would stand on an equal term with

education and religion in the liberty, happiness and general betterment of mankind.

Following this oration a violin solo was given by George T. Perkins, which was greatly enjoyed by all present.

The fourth oration, on the "Modern Jew," was delivered by E. H. Marley. He described in eloquent terms the wanderings and persecutions of the Jewish race, at last finding an ideal home on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Marley dealt with the Jew as a valuable citizen—proving himself a success in every field, together with a patriotism and loyalty unquestionable. He closed with a strong appeal to welcome these newcomers to our coasts.

K. T. Futrell delivered the next oration on the subject, "Horace Greeley's Influence on American Journalism." Mr. Futrell spoke of the influence the press has always exerted over mankind; Horace Greeley's early relations with the press, and his guiding voice in national life, expressed through the New York Tribune, in his later years. He next showed Greeley's examples of justice, and his fight for liberty, the people's rights and the nation's welfare.

The last oration of the evening, subject "America for Americans," was given by H. S. Sawyer. He contrasted in a clear, concise manner the character of immigration preceding 1880 with that of the present day, proving conclusively that the United States is today receiving the very dregs of European society, and is fast becoming the dumping grounds of other nations. Next he dealt with the problem of assimilating this undesirable class of immigrants into our own population, predicting unfavorably the character of the future American citizen. He closed with an appeal for all loyal Americans to awake and preserve this, the greatest of all its natural resources—its men.

The judges, Messrs. B. S. Womble, of Winston-Salem, R. H. Brooks and David Sterne, of Greensboro, then retired, and after some deliberation, Mr. Womble returned to announce the successful contestant. After a few interesting remarks, he awarded the prize, a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary and stand, to H. S. Sawyer.

It is also the custom of the Websterian Society to give each year a gold medal to the man making the most improvement in debate and general society work. This year this contest was interesting, six men, J. Wade Barber, Hubert Cranford, Clifford Hinshaw, W. H. Hughes, Paul S. Nunn and Earl Pearson, having remained in the race to the end. A committee of five was secretly appointed by the president last fall to decide to whom this medal should go. This committee found it had a difficult problem confronting them, but after some little deliberation it decided that J. Wade Barber, of Pittsboro, N. C., was the winner, and that any of the other men might be considered as a close second.

As a whole the work of the Websterian Society has been very satisfactory.

THE PHILOMATHEAN CONTEST.

With Miss Janie Brown presiding, the Philomathean Literary Society held its third annual oratorical contest on the evening of May 20, 1911. The following program was well rendered:

1. Sweet MayJ. Barnby
Misses Shore, Smith and Mendenhall.
2. "Our National Amusements"—Elizabeth Margaret Cox.
3. "The Theater, A Hostage of Sin"—Geno A. Young.
4. "Learning by Doing"—Elva Virginia Strickland.
5. Witches Dance MacDowell
Lillie Maie Raiford.
6. "Unity Without Uniformity"—Mary I. White.
7. "My Brother's Keeper"—Eileen Lewis.
8. "Our Little Burden-bearers"—Anna Laura Davis.
9. Spring's Awakening Dudley Buck
Hazel Irene Harmon.

The prize, a gold locket with the society emblem, was awarded to Mary Isabella White.

THE HENRY CLAY SOCIETY CONTEST.

On Monday evening, May 29th, the annual oratorical contest of the Henry Clay Literary Society was held in Memorial Hall. For a quarter of a century this society has held each year a similar contest in which representative men, chosen by the society according to its rules, participate. The participants this year were as follows: Alpheus Folger Zachary, who spoke on "The Call of the Farm;" Hugh A. Stewart, Jr., whose oration was entitled "The Parcels Post an Exponent of Prosperity;" Dr. Waldo Holt, whose subject was "Tolstoy and His Message;" Hanly A. Carroll, who spoke on "The Conservation of Our Forest Resources," and William Graham Gilchrist, whose subject was "William Penn." Each of these contestants credited himself greatly and showed up well for the society which they represented. The winner of the medal was Hugh A. Stewart, Jr.

The improvement prize was delivered on this occasion also. The society awards a medal each year to the member making the most improvement in debate during the year. This medal was awarded this year to Edgar H. McBane. The contest for the improvement prize was a most vigorous one; so much so that the winner had no easy time in getting it, for Alpheus White, C. Robert Mitchell, Henry Cox, and Willis Braxton all did most excellent work in the society, and the contest on their part was characterized by its hard work and intense earnestness. The work of Alpheus White and C. Robert Mitchell was so good that in the decision of the judges from the society they received honorable mention. The work as a whole of the society this year has been very satisfactory and quite aggressive.

The officers for the occasion were President, Thos. J. Covington; Secretary, W. H. Howard, and Chief Marshal T. Fletcher Bulla. After the contest was over and a decision had been reached as to the successful contestant, the President introduced Rev. Melton Clark, pastor of the First Pres-

byterian church, of Greensboro, and Dr. J. L. Mann, Superintendent of City Schools of Greensboro, who had acted in the capacity of judges with Mr. O. W. Jones, of Winston-Salem, as the ones who would deliver the medals. The Rev. Mr. Clark delivered the oratorical medal in a most pleasing manner in the choicest of fitting words. Dr. Mann delivered the improvement medal in a most select manner, highly entertaining the audience while doing so, with his ready wit and encouraging remarks.



ALUMNI NOTES.

William T. Boyce ('09), who takes his master's degree at Harvard in June, has been elected to the chair of history in Whittier College, Cal.

✓ Rufus Fitzgerald ('11) is to succeed Alva Lindley ('08) as Y. M. C. A. secretary for the A. & M. of Mississippi. Alva Lindley enters Yale in the autumn.

✓ Julia S. White ('91) is to spend the summer in Pickering, Ontario, including New York and Canada Yearly Meetings in her itinerary.

✓ C. O. Meredith ('01) returned to Johns Hopkins so soon as his work at Guilford was over and this time completes the work for his Doctor's degree.

✓ The Alumni Association will sympathize with Robert C. Willis ('01) in the death of his father.

Flora Harding Eaton ('03) was a recent visitor at the college, coming down for the music recital of Lillie Maie Raiford ('11).

Joseph Cox ('04) and his wife have had many anxious weeks on account of the continued illness of their baby daughter, Mary Walton. Treatment by a specialist in Philadelphia has not proved so helpful as they had hoped.

✓ Clarkson Mendenhall and Alice Everett White ('08) have "passed meeting," and by the time this reaches its readers they will no doubt be happily married.

✓ Julian E. and Ethel (Hodgin) White ('09) write most glowingly of double blessedness. Their home is in Raleigh.

✓ Charles Benbow ('09) was married in April to Miss Majorie Long, daughter of Dr. J. W. Long. The wedding was one of Greensboro's most brilliant social events.

✓ John E. Sawyer ('10) was the first member of last year's class to become tied. How near some of the others are is not hard to guess.

✓ Elvanah Hudson ('11) took charge of a church in Maryland as soon as school closed. This is in his own church, viz: Northern Methodist.

LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

Locusts!!!!

Hot, hot, hot!!!!

Finals!!!!!!

Prof. Meredith (seeing Miss Craig seated alone on the campus)—“Hello, Miss Craig, have you lost your job?” But he immediately saw that he had said the wrong thing for the next minute he perceived Rufus approaching from the other side.

Hazel Briggs—“Well, Sister Annabella, if some one should propose to you what would you say?”

Annabella (very promptly)—“Why, I’d say much obliged.”

Margaret Cox—“I bumped my head and I declare I saw 47 stars.”

Kid Archer—“Well, Margaret, hush, for goodness sake, don’t you know Prof. White will be charging you extra for astronomy?”

For the characterization and most approved method of spelling locust, see Helen Shore.

Prof. Carroll (in Soph. Hist.)—“If you were going to spend three months in England what great place of interest would you visit first?”

Teddy Perkins—“A hotel.”

Cassie M. (in her Bible class)—“Can you name the apostles?”

Girl in rear—“How many there.”

A. H. McC.—“Are you going to see the Ben Greet players at G. F. Friday night?”

Young Man—“I don’t know, I’d like to for those G. F. girls certainly do get up some good plays.”

T. G. B.—“What did you get on college algebra?”

Lillie Maie—“95. What did you get?”

T. G. B.—“Seventy-five.”

Lillie Maie—“O that’s good, for you.”

Rebecca (when visiting Mattie Doughton spoke to two of the little Doughtons, then looked around and said quite effectively—"Where's George? He's mine."

George Dees has suddenly discovered that he likes to eat when he enjoys it. How strange!!!

If a body flunk a body,
On that fatal day,
If a body tell a body,
What should a body say?

Among the Alumni visiting the college during commencement were N. R. Hodgin, Leslie Pearson, Lucy White, Amanda Richardson and Mr. and Mrs. J. E. White, of the class of '09, Marguerite Cartland, Ovid Jones and Geo. W. Bradshaw of '08, C. C. Frazier of '07, T. D. Sharpe and J. Hoge Ricks of '05, L. L. White, W. P. Henley and E. P. Dixon of '04, Edgar T. Snipes of '03, W. C. Hammond of '01, and E. E. Farlow of '96. Other visitors were Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgeriad, Mr. and Mrs. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Bulla, Mr. and Mrs. Smithdeal, Mr. and Miss Ferral, Miss Emma Allen, Miss Caveness and Miss Lura Hendrix.

T. F. B.—"There are two things I am going to learn in Logic for exam."

T. J. C.—"What are they?"

T. F. B.—"The figures and metoric lines."

Hans Wagoner—"Prof. White can you tell me how to survey a mountain when you can't see the corners?"

Miss Louise (Virgil class)—"You will find these lines beautifully translated in the translations we used last year."

Prof. M. (scanning poetry in Virgil class)—"Miss Laughlin, draw your line and tell the number of our feet."

A BUG SOCIAL.

On the evening of Mary 18th, Miss Tecy Beaman, feeling that she owed it to her lovely parents to make a "star grade" on college algebra, decided that she would not observe regular rules and go to bed when the lights went out, but stay up and

study. Therefore she lighted her old kerosene standby. But she had hardly got settled down over that algebra, when lo and behold, old Grandfather Locust, with a trooping band of dear friends and relatives, seeing all the rest of the building dark, decided that this room would be a suitable place to celebrate their return from a seventeen years' journey to an unknown land. And right did they judge, for Miss Beaman is a charming hostess. She had prepared for a midnight refreshment from her study, peanut butter wafers, salad sandwiches, strawberry cream and red lemonade. To all of these the Locust band joyfully helped themselves, till they were perfectly satisfied, then they wiped their feet and whiskers on Miss Beaman's commencement dress which she had out on her bed admiring, and departed.

Among the round of receptions during the college year there were none to be enjoyed more than the one given by the retiring members of the Collegian staff to the new staff on the evening of May 19, 1911. The hearts of the boys became exceedingly light when they looked toward Founders and saw the girls start, burdened with sofa pillows. It was their great delight to meet them as soon as possible. When the crowd had assembled under the pleasant shade of a maple on the campus, cream and cake and punch were served; then short speeches were made by the retiring editor, Miss Brown, the new editor, Mr. Smith, the retiring business manager, Mr. Smith deal, his successor, Mr. Gilchrist, and Prof. Hodgins, the advisory member of the staff. The time for adjournment came only too soon, but all present pronounced it a most enjoyable occasion.

It is with sadness that we note the death of Mrs. O. V. Woosley, which occurred on June 2, after a lingering illness of more than four months.

On June 3rd "Aunt" Ann Brown, a good old ante-bellum darkey, who had been chief cook at Founders Hall about 30 years, departed this life. Perhaps every student who has attended school at Guilford College remembers her.

EXCHANGES.

One of the necessary things that our college magazines must possess is an attractive cover. On this point we wish to congratulate "Taps" and "The Dahionega Collegian." These two magazines no doubt had the most attractive covers of any that came to our desk for the last month. This should not be the sole aim however, for the literary productions should really be placed first. We think it would be well for these two magazines to remember this.

We are glad to see that the "Comenian" for the last month was issued in the special interest of the Y. M. C. A.. It would no doubt be a good plan for more of our colleges to place one number in the hands of the Association, thus arousing more interest in such work.

It is indeed very encouraging to note the work that our high schools over the State are doing in the edition of a magazine. Their work though amateur shows us that these students will enter college better equipped for the duties which they can immediately assume.

One of the best magazines which has reached our table is The Trinity Archive. This paper is gotten out in attractive form, and its size and contents are not disappointing. The number of departments and variety of material indicate a broad-minded and energetic management.

We would also acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges: The Chronicle, The Haverfordian, The Wake Forest Student, Old Penn, The Earlhamite, The Radiant, The Lenoirian, The Erskinian, The Oracle, The Penn Chronicle, The Wilmingtonian, The Buff and Blue, The Ides.

The State Normal Hagazine, from the little poem to "April" which breathes the very spirit of spring to the excellent editorial on "A School Girl's Honor," is well up to the standard. The combination of articles, stories, and poems is good, and all the productions indicate thought and research. "The Legend of the Red Bird" is a beautiful Indian love story, and

its sad ending only lends it charm. We feel, however, that with the number of students and evident ability which the Normal has that it should publish a much larger and more comprehensive magaizen.

The College Message, although its stories are hardly what we could wish, contains some very creditable articles. The debate on Vivisection is well worth publication and shows that good work is being done in that field. The young ladies did not exhaust their subject, but they did produce logical argument and give room for thought.



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The Guilford Collegian

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October

No. 2

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W. G. GILCHRIST, Manager



The Guilford Collegian

VOL. XXIV.

OCTOBER

No. 2

To_____

Goodnight! goodnight! and rest thyself
'Neath heavens Tyrian blue,
And may the morrow come again
With blessings great to you.

Anon.

The Unskilled Profession

In the great wave of reform, now spreading over the land, no part is richer in future possibilities than that which considers home-making as one of the arts.

The home has ever been the basis, the unit of society. For years one of our leading magazines carried as its headline this motto, "Saving the family saves the Nation." It is this ideal that has built up for America a strong democracy, that has spread its influence to the ends of the earth.

An American traveller and a native once met on the streets of Tokyo. In the course of their conversation upon this wonderful "Land of the Rising Sun," the native exclaimed, "But have you seen the Fujiyama, our Holy Mountain?" A few days later the American looked upon the magnificent beauty of that marvelous mountain. Snow-capped, towering far above the level plain, reflecting the rays of the sun in a thousand varied shades, it stood alone, majestic, incomparable. Months afterwards the Japanese visited America. Eagerly he searched from the Atlantic to the Pacific for some natural beauty that would compare with the Holy Mountain of his own land. But neither Yosemite, the majestic Rockies nor Niagara seemed worthy of the name. As he became known in the land, the homes of America were thrown open to him. At last one day he awoke and exclaimed, "I have found it, the Holy Mountain of America, and it is greater than that of my beloved land. The Holy Mountain of America is her homes."

"If we accept the conclusion of thoughtful students of human evolution and assume that no community rises above the average of its homes in intelligence, courage, honesty, industry, thrift, patriotism, or any other individual or civic virtue, that the home is the nursery of the citizen and nothing which church, state or school can do, will quite make up for the lack in the home;" then we must acknowledge that no

subject can be of greater importance than the training of home-makers.

Today the problems of the household are more difficult than in former years. The standards of living have changed. Greater knowledge and greater skill are demanded in the **administration** of every department of the household. If then the home life is to be preserved, the womanhood of today must be trained, scientifically trained in the ennobling art of home-making. To be trained in this God given work is her divine heritage, her sacred right.

The business of housekeeping has not kept pace with the growth of other industries. Up to date machinery and inventions are applied to both shop and field, while the home stands alone medieval in implements and method. The result is that America is being filled with homes that are mere stopping places of convenience. inefficiency ruled by ignorant women. These are the tottering foundations on which the future nation rests. Such home-life and such home-making is a wilderness of waste.

Look at the situation as it is. See the teeming tenements—large families crowded together in one small, dark, poorly ventilated room. Here the unkempt ignorant mother toils far into the night for daily bread while her daughter who is to write the first lessons on the mind of the next generation, shape the character of future men and women, “picks up” her education from the alleys and her manners from the street. Thousands of such organizations go into the making of the homes of America, while we, the models of democracy, spend our time and money in the “feed and feeding” of animals that they may become more efficient. Not for a moment would a steam engine be intrusted in the hands of an unskilled operator, yet thousands of delicate human machines are placed in the custody of those who know nothing of the doctrine or proper foods, suitable clothing, fresh air and

clean surroundings. Ignorant in both mind and soul they are unwittingly preparing a seed bed for vice and anarchy.

A generation ago each member of the family contributed daily some handiwork that increased the family resources. Today the industries of the old homestead—the spindle, the loom, and the shop, have been absorbed by the manufacturing establishments of the land. The family moves from town to town, residing now here, now there. The children instead of adding some improvement each day, hack the trees and bang the furniture, with no care or responsibility for property or the future. There is also an ever increasing tendency to avoid the drudgeries of housekeeping by boarding, which kills the spirit of family life and ends in social ferment.

Then there are the homes where housekeeping has become a burden because the home-maker has not learned the art of spending. Every dollar spent on the home is grudged because clothes are more important to her than books, pictures or wholesome foods. To do as her neighbor does, to be in style is her one ambition. And she does not know that through her artificialities she is losing the strength and repose of the greatest American achievement—individuality.

Equally as wanting in ideals and standards are the many homes of the very wealthy. The nobility of home life and citizenship is not taught. The father has no care beyond paying the bills, the mother's responsibility ends with dress. Trained in not a single branch of skilled productive labor, the daughter grows up useless in head and hand, a parasite to the nation, a drain on society. From these homes come the multitude of divorcees and most annoying cases of crime.

Then there is another class of homes the most pitiable of all. The home-maker doing her very best brings on pain and sorrow through her ignorance of the natural laws. With all the tender care of a mother's heart she closes the doors and windows, and shuts in the filthy germs of the sick room. She is ignorant of the tragedies wrought by the millions of germs

carried by the common house fly. She does not know that the deadly diphtheria hides in her dark, damp cellar with its bits of decaying vegetables.

Indeed most diseases lie at the door of the lack of woman's knowledge. "Every case of typhoid fever is due to somebody's criminal carelessness;" for in the eyes of the law ignorance is not accepted as an excuse. Physicians declare that the seat of all diseases, including insanity, is in the blood. The blood is directly dependant upon the food we eat influenced by our mental attitude. Yet the majority of home-makers have not the faintest idea of the properties of good foods, nor the most wholesome methods of preparation. In the City of Chicago the board of health reported two hundred cases of cancer cured by dietary treatment. Scientists are everywhere advocating a simplicity of diet as a safeguard against such diseases. The women of the land ignorantly go on preparing heavy breakfasts at seven, lunch at twelve, tea at five, dinner from six to eight, refreshments again at ten, with fruits and sweets scattered all the way between.

When the educators of today realize that "wholesome and palatable food is the first step in good morals, is conducive to ability in business, skill in trade and a healthy tone in literature," then a compulsory course of scientific cooking will be placed in every school of the land.

The new spirit of education is the weaving together of practical and cultural training. Such training develops every faculty of body and mind, lifts the profession of housekeeping out of drudgery and places it in the very lead of those institutions for educating and perfecting the ideal human being. The goal of such training is a strong, sensible, sympathetic woman, who is neither teacher, housekeeper, or society girl; but is a woman able to adapt herself to any and all of life's conditions, because her training has put her in sympathy with work and play, town and country, cultural pursuits and useful labor.

"Children are workers in preparation, are the future citizens. The state cannot afford to allow them to grow up inefficient," therefore public welfare demands that the home life shall be governed by the best knowledge which science has been able to gather with reference to health and efficiency. The corrective for the present deficiencies in the home is the schools; where life and lessons go hand in hand. And only as the universities, the colleges, the high schools, the graded schools—even the kindergartens, bind themselves together in the noble effort to instill into the next generation the art of home-making, can America rest secure.

To the kindergarten and lower grades of the public schools falls a large share of the responsibility for the betterment of homes. If the neediest class is to be reached, the little girls and boys must be taught to cook and to sew, to sweep without brushing all the germs into the air, to burn all filth. They must be taught the fundamental laws of health, given practical lessons in the care of their tiny brothers and sisters. How easily they might be taught the first principles of home economics—let them add the cost of the food they had for breakfast; teach them to subtract the cost of living from the earnings and the importance of a balance always on the right side.

The higher grades and higher schools are now ready to take up the scientific reason for such work. Here the girls are taught how intimately related are her chemistry and physiology when applied to the growth of body and mind. In her physiology she learns the care of the body, the food required to nourish it. In her chemistry she learns the composition of these food materials and the food suited to each peculiar need of the individual. And through her practical science she applies her knowledge. Under such a method "that old arithmetic" may become the most interesting study of all. The problems are practical, teaching the value of money, the cost of household articles, the rudiments of bookkeeping, the

percentage of the income needed for living. Yes, it's mathematical training and it's hard, but it's interesting because it has an interesting end in view. Thus she studies her history, her literature and art with greater pleasure and deeper understanding, because she is taught to apply them in the building of a home.

So trained each girl is now ready to take up the more specialized courses in the colleges and universities. Here she will find even more important, in the problems of home, are her science and literature. Delving deep into bacteriology she learns the destructive power of these little microscopic organisms, that the three modern fates are Darkness, Dampness, Dirt, and when they are present, the thread of life is surely snipped as if Atropas held the shears. Knowing however, that sunshine is the one great enemy of bacteria, she is able to make them her ally in every department of her great home laboratory. It is here philosophy, sociology, and art add their vital influence in the training of the practical and cultured home-maker. Not only are the girls taught the fundamental theme of psychology. "No impression without expression," but they are taught to apply this natural law in their daily life. Through the study of art in books and pictures, plant forms and perfect figures, the home-maker receives the "impression" of beauty. The expression is a life more fair, a beautiful character which strives to express itself in the construction of comfortable homes, the blending of harmonious colors, the arrangement of pleasing gardens, the selection of instructive books and inspiring pictures. Thus she passes on the impression to make other lives more beautiful, other lives more fair—a messenger through all the ages.

This is the training that is to lift the standards of the home and place it in its rightful position in American life. Not in a palace, will it result, filled with rich and costly hangings, tapestry and bric-a-brac, the lurking places of disease germs, but it will be a simple inexpensive home filled with

sunshine, fresh air, comfort and love; ruled by a womanhood thoroughly furnished unto all good works, versed in all the arts of the oldest institution on earth. This is our fortress impregnable, our Fujiyama, the home, the Holy Mountain of America.

FLORA W. WHITE, '11.



The New Term's Impressions

It was evening when a group of laughing girls passed down the front walk from Founders Hall. They were talking very rapidly and it soon became apparent that they had just returned to school from their summer vacation—"and Oh! isn't it all lovely and don't you think the new gravel adds so much to the front walk?" They, all locked arms as they walked on toward the old familiar ditch, evidently intending to continue the regular habit of past years. But the phalanx suddenly came to a standstill, and all was silent until some one exclaimed, "Why it's gone! Our dear old ditch where we have gathered together at this lovely time of the day when the sun's rays fall slantingly on the grass and the hazes of Indian Summer gather in the tiny ravine. There was a sort of inspiration as we sat on the banks of the ditch, our feet in it, sang our college songs and discussed the passing events of the day. But alas, we can never boast of this pleasure again since our boundary line has taken on a more fashionable way of performing its duties and has nice green sod for a covering."

Bemoaning the loss of the ditch no longer, the happy group of girls moved slowly onward and their conversation turned to other subjects.

"It seems to me that I have never before seen the campus look so lovely. This campus club that they have here must be using some new means by which they beautify things. Oh haven't you heard about that wonderful lawn mower that they have purchased? Why it's something immense, it takes a horse to pull it. It is really quite an improvement. But say, while we are talking of improvements, I want to ask whether you have seen the new well that is being drilled out near the power house? We loved the old big well, but it has served

its term and we are proud to have something so much better to take its place."

"Girls it must be almost time for the lights to come on, but, since we are all so interested, and have such an exploring spirit, I am sure we should not think of going in until we have gone over to the new athletic field. I guess you all remember that there was some hope of getting that square just back of New Garden Hall for our own athletics. Well it is ours and now it is being put in condition for use by the aid of that one hundred and fifty dollars which was given us a few years ago. We are to have two tennis courts, a basket ball field and a croquet ground. I guess our Athletic Association will no longer be a fake as it used to be. Oh it seems as though we can never stop talking. I think we all forget that we shall have almost nine months to go around to see all the changes and talk over the many things that seem so urgent now."

The merry group turned, loath to go in, when they saw Miss Louise coming down the walk calling to them that they must come in as it was growing late, but she could no longer use the familiar phrase "As far as the ditch." Girls don't you wonder what she will substitute in its place.

A Dream of Home

Beneath the sunny tropic clime
I lay me down to sleep,
But in my mind there comes a rhyme
Of home across the deep.

Again I wander o'er those hills
And fancy that I hear
The plaintive songs of whippoor-wills
Which to my heart are dear.

All is so very bright and gay
Within my native land
Across the seas and far away
On Carolina's strand.

In early spring the apple trees
Put forth their snowy blooms,
And busy humming honey bees
Are sipping their perfumes.

The little corn begins to grow
And form its tiny stalks
While roses when the soft winds blow
Unfold by garden walks.

Those many places that I love
I never shall forget,
And like the gentle cooing dove
My heart there lingers yet.

Around them all my memory clings
And often to my eyes

The tears of joy or sadness brings
As back my memory flies.

'Tis once again I go to sleep,
Then in my slumbers dream
Of friends across the rolling deep
And see their faces beam.

Again I fancy that I'm there
And blissful it doth seem,
When lo! I wake and find me here
And all my joy a dream.

The New Members of Our Faculty

Alfred A. Dixon, A. M.—All alumni who have known Mr. Dixon as a student at Guilford will be interested in his return and in his career since graduation in 1909. These two years he spent at Haverford College as an assistant in the physics laboratory. He had time, however, for the further study of physics and mathematics, and in June last he received the degree of A. M. He was held in high esteem at Haverford, as he has always been at Guilford, and his return as head of the department of physics is specially pleasing.

Alpheus D. Crosby, A. B.—Mr. Crosby comes to Guilford as a new man and is the successor of Samuel H. Hodgins in the department of English. Mr. Crosby comes from Brooklyn, N. Y., and is recommended by the head of the department of English in Dartmouth College, New Hampshire, as a young man of sound and thorough scholarship who has a fine appreciation of literature and who is a writer of considerable merit.

Blanche Dawson—The music department has been strengthened by the employment of Miss Blanche Dawson, who comes to Guilford this year for the first time. Her training and experience specially fit her for her work.

The COLLEGIAN accords a very cordial welcome to both these young men and to Miss Dawson, and wishes them all great success in their respective departments.



The Guilford Collegian

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Editorials

The standing of a college is determined not so much by the number of units required for entrance, not so much by the caliber of the men who compose its faculty, but by the character of work done by its student organizations. The athletic record, the standing of the college magazine, the excellence

of debate and oratory produced, the work of the Christian associations, these are the things which determine the standing of a college. In order to assure the best results from these various organizations it is absolutely essential that the men who are placed in positions of trust, should be in every respect capable to perform their duties. The selection of leaders then, should be made wholly in accordance with capability and not from a desire to bestow an honor upon a certain man. In many cases it would be to the interest of fraternity, society or class to place one of its members in a certain position. It might strengthen this particular organization to put a certain man in office, but because of his inability, the selection would injure the college. Each organization should do all it possibly can to build up the college and not seek to take from the college for its own interest. Every election and appointment should be made with the view of raising the standard of work and thereby uplifting the institution. In the end nothing will be lost by putting the college first for to hold the highest honor in a school of low grade is less than to receive a very small honor in an institution which ranks first. Every sacrifice, therefore, which is made for the sake of the college serves to strengthen all its organizations.

P. S. K.

In every phase of life there comes a decisive moment. *Crises in Character* There comes a time when one can swerve neither to right nor left without weakening his prospects in life. Then, again one comes to a parting of the ways when he must decide which course to take, when one course leads to strength and ability and the other to weakness and destruction. Many of the opportunities to the average person seem so insignificant as to appear to require no consideration. But the fallacy of such an idea should be rooted deep into the mind of every youth. The importance of preparing to meet these crises

should be brought to bear upon his mind. In business it is the man who always attends to the details of his business and keeps everything in perfect running order that is able to stand the strain of a commercial crisis and not be financially ruined. Likewise, the person who cares at all for his physical system is the one who is best able to ward off disease; or in case he is stricken with severe illness, is able to put up a fight for recovery. The case of our personal character does not greatly differ. The opportunity to win world wide fame, by a single act or deed certainly does not come to the great majority of people. Yet there comes to every one a moment when his decision is vital. It may be said emphatically that the opportunity for one to exhibit his real manhood does not come often. But when one is called on to exhibit the best there is in him it is surely a crisis in his character. If one is to fit himself to be able to decide rightly when the whole value of his life is at stake, he must endeavor to look out for the right in the little and insignificant things. Especially should the student while in a plastic stage aim to keep on the right side and at all times be guided by his instructors and experience. So many students get the idea that they can be careless in their habits while young, do whatever they wish and then come out all right when the crisis arrives. This is folly, our habits will stay with us in most cases, whether good or bad, and as we have sown so must we reap.

Y. M. C. A. Notes

The opening weeks of this year have indeed been weeks of hard work among the Y. M. C. A. men. In this time the various phases have had to be initiated. Every train was met and handbooks given to the new students and no little amount of energy has been spent in trying to domicile them.

The Y. M. C. A. rally was held at the first regular meeting of the Association. At this time the president spoke briefly of the aims of the local organization and after his talk various members of the Association spoke briefly of its influence over them. Then, following the meeting a canvass was made and all but five of the students were enrolled as members. This we consider to be an unusually good record and we trust it can be maintained.

The social given by the two Associations to the new students took place on the evening of the ninth, and despite the fact that a little shower broke into the plans of the social committee, the social was from many standpoints a success. This phase of college life is considered important and it is the hope of the two Associations so to regulate the social functions of the institution, as best to suit the needs of the students and meet the approval of the higher authorities.

The Bible study movement was launched on Sunday morning September 10th, and it is gratifying to note that every man is enrolled and the attendance so far has been good. It is the hope that every man in college will recognize the great value of Bible study and seek to make this phase of Y. M. C. A. work especially beneficial.

So far the weekly prayer meetings have been well attended and intensely interesting. The leaders have done their very best to bring forward those things which will be useful and practical. No one can afford to miss these weekly meetings of spiritual uplift.

There has also been a change in the personnel of the cabinet owing to vacancies created by the failure of men to return to the college. The vacancy of Vice-President was filled by Paul S. Kennett, and in his place as chairman of religious meetings committee, H. W. Smith has been appointed. Geo. C. Dees has been appointed to take charge of the social department.

Thus with the splendid impetus which the Y. M. C. A. has secured, and the extraordinary beginning in all lines, let us look to our Heavenly Father for advice and guidance remembering that, "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me."



Y. W. C. A. Notes

“Whatever ye do, work heartily as unto the Lord and not unto men.”

Almost every former member of our Y. W. C. A. who returned this fall did so with renewed energy, strength, zeal, enthusiasm; with a purpose to strive unceasingly for the good of the Association, and with the intention of causing as far as possible a real earnest Christian spirit to prevail among the girls of the college. We are indeed glad to see some of our members, who heretofore have never exhibited much interest in the Association, really to seem enthusiastic and interested, willing to lend a hand in the work which we are trying with all our might to accomplish for the furtherance of the kingdom of God. This is encouraging to those of us who have always from the beginning of our college life been interested in the Y. W. C. A. As our work was well organized from the first, we found no difficulty in falling in line with the duties of the Association where we left them in the spring. All of the cabinet, with the exception of two members returned. To fill their places Leora Chappell was elected Treasurer, while Grace Hughes and Virginia Helms were appointed chairmen of the Intercollegiate and Mission Study Committees respectively. These girls have all entered enthusiastically into their work. The membership committee has had excellent success in its canvas for new members. With the exception of six girls we have every girl in college a member of our association, and a part of these we hope to have soon. This committee along with other members of the cabinet have done everything possible to make the new girls become acquainted with each other and accustomed to their surroundings. Personal letters were written and handbooks sent to all prospective new girls. Some members of

the cabinet also made it a point always to be on hand when the hacks came in from the station in order to assist the girls in any way they could. Owing to the good, hard, earnest work of the social committees of the Y. M., and Y. W. C. A.'s the opening reception was declared a profound success by every one present, both old and new. The Social Committee now has in hand plans for a picnic to be given soon in honor of the new members of the Association.

The Bible Study is very favorably organized and is now in good running order. We are working these classes on the same plan as last year, namely, having them in the place of Sunday school under the auspices of the two religious organizations of the College. We found last year that more real interest was manifested and thus more real good accomplished than ever before. Our courses and leaders are as follows: "Life of Christ," by Bosworth, Miss Osborne; "Comparative Religions," Miss Julia White; "Life of Christ," by Murray, Hazel Harrison; "Life of St. Paul," by Leacock, Mary J. White; "Life of Christ," by Murray, Leora Chappell; "Men of the Old Testament," Mary Mendenhall. Our Thursday evening prayer meetings have been all we could wish due to the careful and considerate planning of the Religious Meetings Committee, and to the interest taken in them by the individual girls. Each time posters have been made which well illustrated the subjects of the leaders. The reports of the delegates to the Asheville Conference is scheduled for September 28th. To increase the supply of our financial department the Finance Committee is planning for a play to be given in November and a Bazaar early in December. The co-operation and unswerving interest of every Y. W. C. A. girl is needed to make these two projects realized with all success possible. To aid in the support of a Sunday school in Tokyo, Japan, under the supervision of Miss Edith Sharpless, a former member of our faculty, we have promised to give \$10.00. We are

glad to have this opportunity for spreading and increasing the influence of the Young Women's Christian Association.

Plans are now being made to invite Miss Crane, our Secretary, to visit us near the middle of November. Her visit is always looked forward to with great anticipation, for she brings to us new ideas and thoughts which are very profitable to us in carrying on our Association work.

We are aiming to accomplish great things in our work this year, but to do this we need the wholehearted support of every girl connected with the Association, and above all things, do we need to keep close to Christ asking his divine guidance and help in all our undertakings. Then let us every one work hard and unflinchingly. Thus we will

“Do noble things, not dream them all day long,
And so make life, death and that vast forever,
One grand sweet song.”—Kingsley.

Athletics

Some years ago scholarship was considered the only important aim when one contemplated a course in college. Scholarship means much, but along with the text book comes another phase of college education—the subject of physical training. Since mental training alone is often injurious to the mind, it has been shown that a certain amount of recreation is absolutely necessary for the best development in school. Then to accomplish the most and get the best out of college life, a union of the two, recreation and study, is expedient for they go hand in hand, and one is necessary for the life of the other. Since this is true, we have the various branches of athletics for college recreation and should take every advantage of same.

Athletics are fast gaining popularity in the American college. One reason is that athletics are essential for a student's best progress in his studies. Another is that the amateur players have a better chance on teams, since the professional player is eliminated from college contests.

Again we might recall a time when athletics were not encouraged and see what was the strength of college spirit. It is needless to say that without a baseball team to represent a college, college spirit would be dead. We all know baseball is the main source of college spirit. Who, for instance, would not be aroused at a home run when that run meant victory for his college or sit idly by with no interest in the enthusiastic yell of his alma mater. Such contests arouse a spirit of loyal devotion to a college.

In estimating the value of athletics we cannot say too much. We feel athletics are an essential element in the process of making the college bred man.

BASEBALL

The new athletic field is now completed. It is a beautiful field encircled by a new cinder track which was completed last spring. We can indeed boast of having one of the best all-round athletic fields in the state. Every afternoon that the weather permits the men who are trying for the team may be seen on the ball ground. Among those who are back of last years team are Benbow, Shore, Fike, Edwards, R. Thompson and G. Short. With this nucleus to build to we hope to put out a strong team in the spring.

Mr. C. G. Doak will coach the team and it is needless to say that under his efficient direction everything will be conducted well toward putting out a winning team. Manager Woosley is hard at work on a schedule which will appear in due time. The game with Davidson, as usual will be played in Greensboro on Easter Monday and we hope we shall be no less fortunate than for the past three years.

BASKET BALL

Probably there is no phase of athletics at Guilford that is looked forward to with more genuine interest than basket-ball. It is in this particular department that we have thus far so advanced. We are extremely proud of our past record in basket ball. We note with regret the loss of three of our last year's team but we are glad to see two of the old men return—Benbow and Hayes. We feel sure with these men and a number of fellows to select from a good team may be put out. Old "Warhorse" Benbow has again been elected captain, and when the choice material will have been selected, he hopes to get down to some hard practice. Manager Richardson is working on a good schedule which will appear later and in which it is hoped there will be games with other colleges in the state that put out the best teams.

TRACK

The new track is such a great temptation to the students, and especially the new ones, that every afternoon a number of fellows may be seen tripping around it. The track is in fine condition since the cinders were spread, and is an inviting place for exercise. Manager Gilchrist is planning to have some intercollegiate meets here next spring and we hope to be no less fortunate than last year. Ernest Moore has been elected captain and we feel sure an excellent team will be fitted out next spring. We cannot forecast the prospect for a track team so early in the season but every indication appears favorable thus far.

TENNIS

Tennis has been handicapped to some degree as a result of putting down the new track, but we hope in time to have some more courts available.

The usual Tennis Tournament will be held soon in which several are planning to enter. Manager Sawyer has a few meets arranged and we hope victory will attend us as in other athletic meets.

The girls new athletic field is now under construction and it is hoped will soon be ready for them. We are pleased to hear that they are planning to have a variety of games some of which will be with other colleges.

K. T. FUTRELL.

Locals and Personals

Water? ? ? ? ?

Prof. Carroll (In Soph. Hist.): What is this small strip of land south of the Mediterranean Sea called?

Chas. White: Asia.

Prof. White (In Sol. Geom.): Can some one suggest a better way to prove this proposition?

Mary F.: Can't we prove that by the rule that says: when two things are equal to another thing all of the things are equal?

S. J. L.: Who is that woman with Miss Mendenhall?

C. W.: I think it's her step-mother or half step-mother one.

Prof. Carroll (In Soph. Hist.): Alpheus White, what is it about the life of a monk that would prevent you from following it?

A. W.: Why very few of them ever married.

R. Martin (to new student): What class standing have you?

New Student: Freshman, I think.

R. M.: What math are you taking?

N. S.: English B.

R. M.: Oh! I meant arithmetic and other math.

N. S.: Oh! I have passed off my math and am taking algebra now.

E. M. (To Surratt): I notice that you don't talk much at the table.

Surratt: Oh yes, yes I do. I call for bread very often.

Prof. C. (In Soph. Hist.): Chas. White, can you tell me what are the present nations that formerly comprised the Roman Empire?

C. W.: Italy, Spain and Europe.

R. Barber: If a crazy man were a fool what would he be?
Surratt: A barber.

New Student (Knocking on the columns at the Library):
The Library must be closed today.

Have you heard of that fellow who is nusing a sprained ankle as the result of trying to bite the top out of a pear tree? His name was Robinson.

Miss Louise (In Livey.): They were carried to the river. What sort of a dative is "To the river?"

E. Raiford: Dative of case.

Ethel, coming up behind Miss Julia and mistaking her for Elva: "Boo!"—no answer. Louder—Boo-oo! Still no response. "Boo-oo-uh!" shouts Ethel. Miss Julia turns around in mild surprise.

Ethel: "Why, er, oh, ah, um, I thought you—O, your're drying your hair aren't you?"

Prof. Carroll at table: "Mary, what are you taking this year?"

Mary relates her list of studies.

Prof. Carroll: "Well, Callie what do you have?"

Callie, viewing her plate: Not anything just now, thank you.

After having sat by Miss Dawson for over two weeks, Tommie Allen finally got up courage enough to ask her if she has to sit in Prep. Parlor.

The following ad. appeared on the bulletin board at Founders Hall a few mornings ago: "Lost! somewhere be-

tween sunset and sunrise; a set of puffs. No reward offered, they are gone forever.

Annie M.: "What was that last song we sang tonight?"

Ethel: "It was, 'I'll keep my eye on you, or something like that.'" "I will guide thee with mine eye."

We understand that Mr. Gilchrist insists on having his meals on time, and that he intends to remain outside until time for each meal to be served.

Annabelle declares that if she continues to take German she will be obliged to drop her Foundations of Christianity.

For discussion of the latest styles, see Mr. Wood, from New York? ? ? ?!

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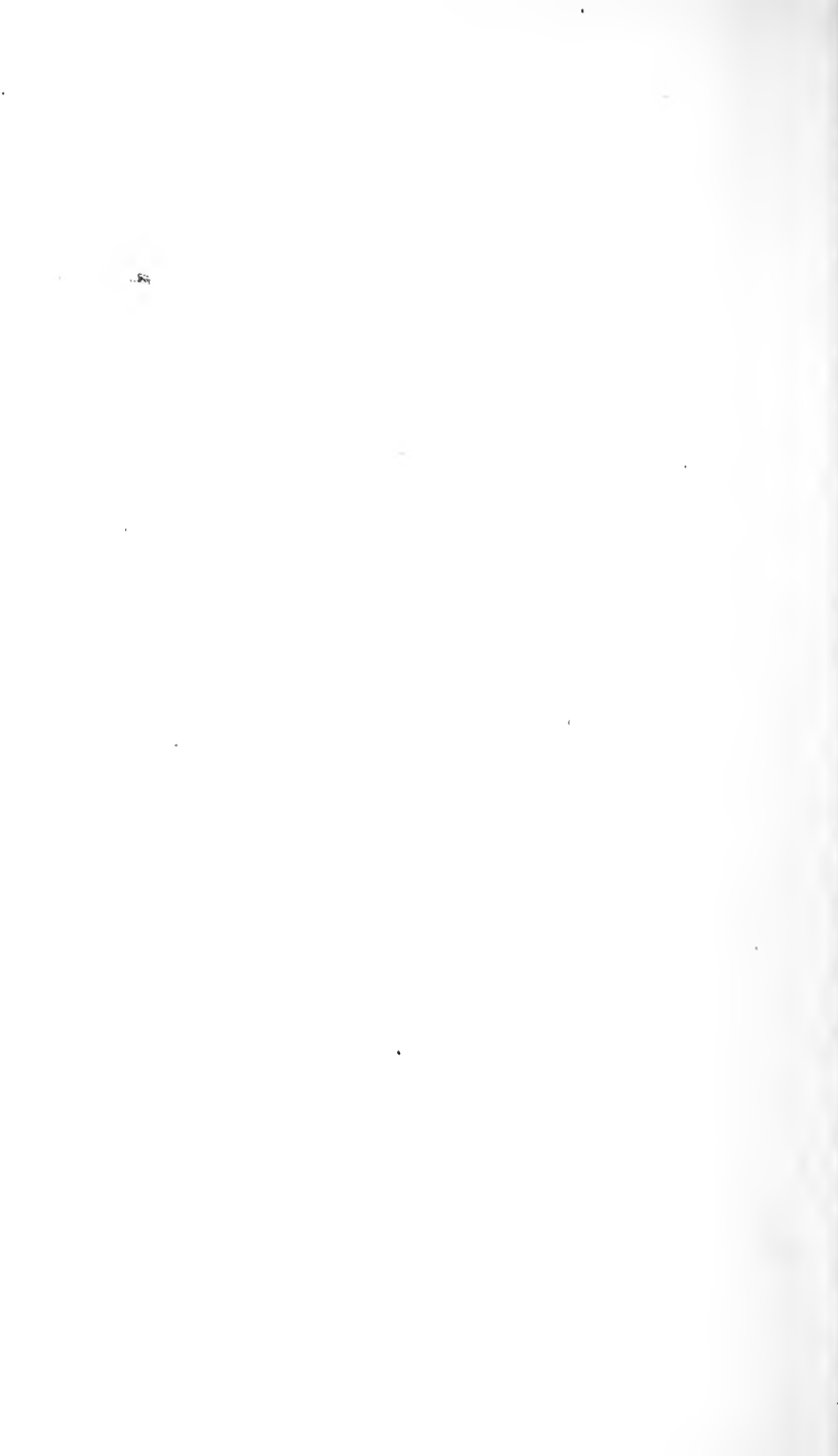
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W. G. GILCHRIST, Manager





The Guilford Collegian

VOL. XXIV.

NOVEMBER

No. 3

A Lament

Cruel Death hath stung today
Brought forth his scythe
Hath mowed his hay;
Hath reaped from earth
A precious pearl
That now bedecks
The Godly world!

'Tis Better to Have Loved and Lost Than Never to Have Loved at All

It was a glorious autumn afternoon when Lucille Staunton walked buoyantly up the steps of the spacious city home of the Kelly's. The door was flung open and she was enveloped by a pair of arms while a voice that distinctly belonged to Mary Kelly, her school chum, cried delightedly,

"Oh Lucille! Is it really you or your ghost? What a perfectly grand surprise! When did you arrive in the city? Let me have your wraps. Why didn't you let us know about your coming?"

When she stopped for breath, Lucille laughingly explained that the visit was almost unexpected to herself and that it would necessarily be short as she was on her way to visit relatives in the far west. Then as her eyes grew large and frightened and she stopped in the midst of her happy prattle, her friend enquired the trouble.

"Oh my purse!" she exclaimed, "I've lost it, and not only it but a—there was a ring in it especially valuable to me. What shall I do!"

"What's up? I'll tell you what to do," they heard a pleasant masculine voice say, as Howard Kelly appeared in the doorway. As soon as he had greeted the newcomer, the loss was explained. "There might be some chance of finding it somewhere along the street. I shall go and look for it," he said.

Lucille begged to go too, declaring that two pairs of eyes were better than one any day; to which Howard retorted with a knowing look.

"Yes, when one pair has no difficulty in keeping from looking at the other pair all the time."

But the distress on Lucille's face discouraged such pleasantry. Hence their conversation turned to serious things.

Yet the thought of the two were very different as they coursed their way thru' the streets; his were full of pleasure at the opportunity to be with his sister's charming schoolmate, mingled with a certain sense of gratification to be able to do something for her; hers were so lost in anxiety that she could only answer his questions in monosyllables. So much did the ring mean to her, that her heart sank at the probability of never seeing it again. As they passed on, they noticed a shabbily dressed man standing on the corner who suddenly thrust something into his pocket and peered at some article he held in his hand. His manner caused Howard to approach him with some pretext of a question. As he closed his dirty hand, Lucille spied her ring. Just at the same instant he looked up, caught the expression on the two faces, dodged the young man's detaining hand and darted quickly away. The pursuers almost immediately lost sight of him. Nor was a longer search of any avail when the man had already lost himself amid the darkening shadows of alleys and recesses known best to people of his appearance. Thus the young couple heavy of heart and weary of body, turned their footsteps towards the Kelly home.

Howard and Lucille resolved to resume the search on the morrow, so the latter as much as possible, threw off the shadow which hung over her while the kind friends tried in every way to add to her pleasure and comfort. They felt that the piece of jewelry had an unusual story connected with it. Nevertheless, the girl's sleep that night was restless and troubled. She dreamed she had fallen overboard from a ship and was struggling with the waves, when a hand stretched out to rescue her. But each time she almost reached it she was swept away by the foaming water. At the point of complete exhaustion she was awakened by a knock summoning her to breakfast. She found Mary, half sick with a headache, unable to help in the search of the ring as she had intended. However, Howard was as restless as Lucille, so they soon started.

They visited the police station, jewelry stores, pawn shops, and, as a last resort, placed an advertisement in the city paper. Still no trace of the ring was found, nor of the man who they knew had discovered the lost articles. It seemed as tho' the morning's work were futile. The visit, so long held in anticipation, was being spoiled by one small piece of jewelry. So Lucille apparently grew gay as the last vestige of hope began to fade in the distance. She played and sang, talked and laughed and charmed them all with her gentle mirth. But Howard Kelly would often rivet his eyes on her face as if to fathom some mystery there. He would wonder what thing of especial interest was attached to the lost ring—whether it was a family relic, a present or some dear relative, or—of some one else. At this juncture he would arouse himself, wondering why he took such interest in affairs not his own.

Still Lucille prolonged her visit, possessed of a lingering tho't that perchance the lost property might be found. One afternoon Howard asked her to accompany him as he went for a ride in his runabout, saying that since she had expressed the desire to do a little shopping that day, she could do that on their return. The day was perfect, and the girl came near forgetting her recent trouble in the pure joy of living. Time passed as quickly as the cool wind that fanned their glowing faces while the car glided smoothly onward. It was only with a sense of regret that they betook themselves home. When they came to the business part of the city, they separated with the agreement to meet in a well-known store at six o'clock. As Lucille walked down a nearby street, her attention was attracted by a pawn shop which she had not remembered. She obeyed an impulse to enter. The room was small and dingy. At one corner the Jewish proprietor stood arguing with a lady concerning the price of a violin. The only other occupant was a gentleman who stood with his back to the door, eagerly looking at some object in the show case before him. However,

oblivious to the presence of the people, her eyes wandered about the room as if in search of something. They finally rested on the same article that so interested the gentleman. She gave a gasp, recognizing here a curiously shaped ring—hers. A second shock awaited her, for glancing up, her eyes met those of the man who had given her the ring,—the man who had loved her and to whom she had pledged her love in times gone by. He grew white but controlled himself and extended a supporting hand to her for she was about to fall. Not one word had been said but his whole attitude asked the question, “How came it here?”

“Oh!” she cried, “I’ve found it at last! It meant so much to lose it!”

“Then you cared for it?” he asked hoarsely.

Quick tears sprang to her eyes as she answered him, “You can never realize how much. It was dearer to me than anything else.”

“Then why did you care for it and not for me?” he said softly.

“I tho’t you were untrue,” came chokingly from her lips. “Your own cousin thru jealousy misrepresented your conduct towards her so that every act of courtesy appeared as one of a lover. She even showed me love letters from you which she had forged. After our quarrel that awful night, you left unexpectedly for parts unknown. I could not then return to you this ring as I had intended. When it was too late, your cousin saw what a terrible thing she had done, for I was growing pale and thin. I lost confidence in everyone, since, as I thought, you had proved false. She became remorseful and, fearing I would die, confessed all. Oh, what joy and agony I suffered!—joy to know you were unchanged and agony to think I had given you away. I tried by every means to gain some trace of you, but to no avail. I then resolved to travel, and stopped here on my way out West. Now, I will regain this ring and give it to you to do with it

as you like. During the long months you've been away it has been everything to me. My heart is so much lightened since I've had an opportunity to explain. I cannot ask you to forgive me for doubting your constancy even in the face of apparently convincing argument."

"You are the one to forgive," he whispered tenderly.

Just then the proprietor walked up to them. The young man with a gentle tone of authority insisted on regaining the ring himself in spite of protests from Lucille. He then glanced hurriedly at his watch and said to her, "I'm so sorry but I'm compelled to go to some important business just now. But may I not call on you tonight—and bring the ring?" Being under the scrutiny of the proprietor, she simply granted the request and gave him the address of her friends. She felt that he had understood her broken explanation, for her true woman's instinct read in his face surprise and disgust for his cousin, and complete forgiveness, pity and love for herself. Then she went to meet Howard with a quick step and radiant face. Immediately she informed him of the discovery and return of the ring to its owner, only dwelling lightly on the latter.

"So," Howard mused to himself. "the reason she was so anxious about it was simply that it belonged to some one else."

All the family rejoiced with Lucille, but no two hearts were as full as those of the girl and her lover that night, for they alone realized the full significance of the ring and its discovery. Howard, on the other hand, did not long remain in ignorance, for not knowing the parlor was occupied, he started to enter just as Lucille's lover reverently took her hand and said with suppressed emotion. "Will you let me once more place this on your finger as a token of our pledge to each other for all time?"

Howard Kelly's face underwent a great change in that instant. It grew pale, he bit his lips to check their quivering, but as he clenched his hands, a look of gentleness and deter-

mination crept into his eyes so that from his enobled countenance one might have read, " 'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

LEORA CHAPPELLE, '13



A Birthday Greeting

One more course in the mansion laid,—
Thine eternal home,—
Clasp and crown of the years that are past,
Waiting those to come.

Oft unquarried thou found'st the stone,—
Granite all unplanned,
When thy soul longed for marble fair,
Ready to thy hand?

Yet rejoice, for the base needs strength;
Free thy hand and will:
Rough stone taught what the fair stone needs—
Master-builder's skill.

Drink thou deep of the fount of life,
Drink to the building begun;
Beauty and triumph for toil and pain,
Thanks that they all are one.

Drink.—the quarries of God's pure truth
Wait hands skilled and free;
Lo! th' ideal, the promise of youth,
A mansion worthy of thee.

Food Iron

Of the work that has been done recently in tracing the fate of foodstuffs in the nutrition of the body, none has interested me more than that which is concerned with iron;—perhaps because “plenty of iron in the blood” is suggestive of abounding courage, vigor and life.

For years physiologists have said that our food consisted chiefly of fats and carbohydrates (the fuel foods), and proteids (the building material); and that, in addition, we must have water and certain mineral compounds. The former are complex organic compounds; but the latter, it was thought, might be simple, inorganic salts of iron, lime, sodium, potassium, phosphorus, etc., such as exist in the soil and, to some extent, in drinking water.

Since most of our food materials, such as potatoes, bread, and milk, consist of a mixture of “nutrients” (fats, carbohydrates and proteids), together with a large percentage of water, the organic chemist set to work to determine the kind and relative amounts of these nutrients, estimating them in terms of heat energy (expressed as calories) which they were able to furnish; and according to his report the food in question was valued. In addition to the nutrients and water, there was always found a small amount of ash left after burning the combustible part, and this ash was understood to contain the mineral matter; but no great importance was attached to its amount or composition, nor was there much effort to find out in what kind of compounds the mineral matter had been before burning, since this last was assumed to be a matter of indifference to the body. The body’s requirement for mineral matter is so small that it was thought the need would certainly be met when almost any ordinary food was taken in amount sufficient to meet the requirements for nutrients. Gradually, however, it became clear that fruits and green vegetables,

which contain little of the recognized nutrients but are rich in ash constituents, are necessary to health,—at least for most people. Moreover, the physiological chemist has learned more accurately the chemical changes which go in the human organism, and how much carbon, nitrogen, phosphorus, chlorine, sodium, potassium, lime, etc., is lost daily as broken down waste, or in secretions such as the digestive juices; he has made careful quantitative experiments to discover what kind of compounds may be digested and used to replace this loss; and he has found that the body, while capable of using common salt and, to some extent, inorganic compounds of lime, phosphorus, and some other elements, nevertheless requires a part of its phosphorus and probably all of its iron to be in the form of complex organic compounds.

Since iron is essential to the red coloring matter of the blood and the chromatin of the cells, any deficiency in its amount is important, and is quickly noticeable in the paleness and lack of energy of the sufferer,—a condition called anaemic. But it is well known that simple inorganic compounds such as ferric chloride (tincture of iron) are used successfully in treating anaemia, and this was held as evidence that haemoglobin was manufactured from these compounds. Closer investigation showed, however, that improvement is much more rapid when the treatment is accompanied by food rich in organic iron, and that the ferric chloride, altho absorbed into the blood, is little, if any, used in building tissue, but acts simply as a stimulant to the blood-making organs. To quote from Dr. A. C. Sherman's *Chemistry of Nutrition*: "We must look to the food and not to medicines or mineral waters for the supply of iron needed in normal nutrition." Many foods, however, such as sugar, butter, starches, and fat meat contain little, if any, iron, and even such an excellent "allround" food as milk contains but little,—tho what it does furnish is very easily used. It appears then that especial attention should be given to the inclusion in the diet of

some foods rich in iron, such as egg yolk, fruits, and green vegetables:—lean meat is also rich in iron, but it is in a form not very readily used by the body. Especially does this apply to children, where not only the wear and tear of life processes is to be met, but growth must be provided for. Infant animals, it is true, are provided with a reserve of iron, but this is sufficient only for the periods when they live upon milk alone.

If the ash of foods is examined by the usual methods of analysis, the amount of iron is likely to be overestimated, and it is difficult at present to obtain reliable data for some kinds of food. The quantity to be determined is very small, ranging from .0072 of one per cent in lima beans,—a food rich in iron,—to .0002 in cream. Methods of requisite accuracy have as yet been applied in a limited number of cases only, but it is clear that vegetables, fruits, eggs and whole grains (i. e., including the bran) are large sources of food iron, as well as of the other mineral matter required by the body.

ADA FIELD.

The Meeting by the Lake

Aunt Ann's usually quiet little home was thrown into a state of buzz and excitement today, because,—Well there was to be a new arrival. After many years of quiet and rest, without any young people around, Aunt Ann had invited her neice to spend vacation with her. She had always felt deeply interested in Geane, since six years before, when her mother had died leaving her an orphan, and at which time Geane had entered St. Agnes Convent. More than once she had felt a love and pity for the lonely girl and more than once wondered who she resembled, her dear sister or the father. Well she was soon to see.

Yes! Aunt Ann was pleased when Geane arrived, exceedingly so, and did everything possible to show her affections to the sweet, timid girl, with the large innocent grey eyes and serious face.

Geane had been at Aunt Ann's about three weeks and now felt almost at home, in fact that was all the home life she had ever known, because at the age of ten she had entered school and now at the age of sixteen was to see some of the outside world,—the world of which she read, studied and dreamed. Today she and the collie dog, Laddie, romped through Aunt Ann's choice flower bed, down the crooked, winding path to the shore of the quiet little lake, where she dropped in the grass exhausted, fondled Laddie for a moment or two and then sank back into a comfortable position to think. For many days Geane had been putting off the hated task of thinking about the future, but the time had come now when she must decide about her plans. Oh! if only I could spend one more year in school, just one, to live over again the days, the weeks, the months. How she would miss the bells and early mass, the singing and prayers, the peal of the angelus and the sight of the statues of the Saints. Would

she longer be called upon to say the Hail Mary? Even now she could almost hear the chant of voices and feel the beads slip through her fingers. What idle dreams and wasted thoughts, for her school days were over and the daily life of the convent gone forever.

She had been considering the invitation of her second aunt, so different from dear sweet Aunt Ann, for Mrs. Rodman's position in life was so entirely different from her sister. Mrs. Rodman's stately residence and her equally stately husband required the reign of a social leader of which Mrs. Rodman was a good exponent. It was only fair and as she termed it, her conscientious duty, to invite the child for a visit, and try to do as much possible for her. Geane had been thinking of these things, of the convent and the prospective visit to Mrs. Rodman, when she was startled by an angry growl from Laddie, who sprang suddenly into the bushes. Within a few moments she heard a low muttering as if some one were trying to persuade Laddie not to devour him. In a short time Laddie and a stranger appeared through the bushes and stood in front of Geane, who was too bewildered to grasp the situation. She stared, her big grey eyes opened wide regarding first Laddie and then the stranger, who was evidently ill at ease, and looked appealingly at Laddie to relieve the situation. That was the first meeting between Leonard Greenleaf and Geane Fairfax. During the weeks following we found Leonard and Geane together every day. Walking, riding, fishing or boating. There was always something to go to Aunt Ann's for and if the young man could not invent one excuse he surely would another. At all events he always found himself at Aunt Ann's seeking Geane. It was the same old story and Geane was as happy as the days were long, there never was a cloud on the sunshiny face, never a sigh from the full red lips, or a tear in the big grey eyes.

The hours slipped by and the days rolled on, until the time came for the sweethearts to part. Leonard had to leave

for the city and return to college, Geane remained at the cozy little cottage amid the hills all the winter. Leonard wrote often at first, but about Christmas time his letters were more brief and less numerous, and three weeks after Christmas they had ceased altogether, with the explanation that he was "too busy."

Geane could do nothing. She sighed in vain for the boy who had ruthlessly thrown aside her love. "Out of sight, out of mind," so it was with Leonard, but alas, not Geane. Her eyes were dry and her lips firm while during the dreary days that followed the dear sweet Aunt's kind words were her only consolation. Mrs. Rodman's party was to be the social event of the season, and truly it was. That night as Geane sat amid an admiring group of men she started forward and the fan slipped from her hand. It was all over, the little quiver at the heart ceased, and when Leonard stepped forward to meet the charming neice of Mrs. Rodman, it was she and not he who was prepared.

No wonder that the fellows laughed and dropped remarks at the club next day, of Greenleaf spellbound, speechless and gazing, his awkward manner and his quick departure.

Shall we ever cease at the marvel work of Cupid. First he sends his deadly little dart into the throbbing young heart of the girl; the heart is pierced but the arrow does not stay, for it falls out, and after many aches and pains heals and becomes whole again.

Cupid had gathered up this same dangerous little weapon and tonight sent it into the heart of the man. True was the aim, for it did not merely pierce a part, but buried itself with a deadly intent, with a lasting meaning, and was there to remain.

Mrs. Rodman would not hear of Geane's departure and as time sped away the names of Leonard Greenleaf and Geane Fairfax were linked closer and closer. It was quite plain to all that Greenleaf was madly in love, but Geane was not

read so easily. Many were the guesses and many were the hints, but to no avail. Leonard Greenleaf was confident therefore he was a satisfied happy man. His friends smiled knowingly, but said not a thing. Surely there would be a wedding, a grand wedding too, and soon. When Leonard first met and was attracted by Geane she was a simple innocent maid. She is till the sweet simple girl, but only a little bit more wordly wise and versed in the ways of men.

The wedding was a grand affair and everybody was happy. Everybody, did I say? Ah, no there was one, Leonard Greenleaf who sat alone in his bachelor quarters, gazing into the dying embers of he smoldering fire and as he heard the merry peal of the wedding bell, a sad lonely feeling stole into his heart and yet he realized that it was only fair.

The simple innocent convent bud whom he had so basely deceived did nothing more than pay him back in his own coin.

MARY HARRIS.

Autumn

'Twixt the summer days of lightness
And the sullen wintry dark,
Comes the autumn with its brightness,
And the hoarfrost with its mark.

From the hollow of the oak tree
Starts the squirrel with chattering din,
Frisking as though fain he would be
First to lay the horde within.

Now upon the silvery swinging
Branches that are crowned with gold
Sit the robins sweetly singing
Songs thy'd sung in days of old.

There not only mid the bowers,
Can be heard the medley sweet,
But as well among the flowers,
And the ripening golden wheat.

Here is heard the lark still nearer,
Pouring forth her merry notes,
And the echo—What is dearer,—
As the song o'er meadow floats.

'Tis the merriest time of living,
Crowning days of gold and gray,
When the harvest all is giving,
Oh! dear Autumn, won't you stay?

W. H. R.

“The Lowry Outlaws”

(If, in trying to relate this story I may use fictitious names, it should not in any way throw upon the mind of the reader, who may also know the facts, the least shadow of falsity. It is not a narrative planned in the field of the poets, or prose writer's imagination, but one that has really happened within the state of North Carolina, in the days following the close of the Civil War. Many times when a mere boy on cold winter evenings, as the large oak fire blazed and cracked from the old colonial fireplace, have I sat still in the chimney corner, eyes wide open with wonder, listening to this very tale of, “The Lowry Outlaws.”)

This story which concerns the adventures of one of the greatest personages among the descendants of the “Lost Colony of America,” has its beginning during the hard fought struggle between the North and South, when that great struggle was to decide whether two nations should exist in that part of North America which is called today the United States, or whether we should abolish slavery and unite under one government,—as one people,—as brothers. It takes its beginning during that part of the struggle when the resources of the South were at a low ebb,—when boys, mere boys of fifteen were pressed into the Confederate army, an army fast losing its strength,—an army pressed, on account of such youthful recruits, back to the last lines of defense.

The Croatans, (for such is the term given to that race of people of Indian descent that inhabit a district of very great size in Eastern Carolina), have always lived in peaceful life and it is this race that has been traced back to “The Lost Colony of America.” They have always since the days of the spread of civilization lived a hard working life, but still retain even unto this day the Indian daring, strength and cunning along with great many other peculiarities of character.

When the Croatan youth loves, it is the same old love of the Indian—with all his soul, mind and strength, and when he hates it is with the hate of a deamon, true to his Indian instincts—proud as Lucifer of his blood. In regard to this one characteristic, we should not be surprised when we review the early history of North Carolina, and find them—the true descendants of “The Lost Colony,” with a mixture of Indian blood.

In speaking of the Croatan we should not associate with it the barbarous nature of the Indian, or their ignorance, or laziness. We should cast all this aside and think of them not as we would negroes, but as men of intellectual ability. Years ago it could be said that a vast number were very illiterate, but now it is the opposite. They were loath to put aside their old Indian customs, and institutions to take up those of the white—the broader and more intelligent way of dealing with all truth. They wished to hold to those things of superstition which were rooted far deeper in them than the pine, from their Indian forefathers. They still hold today, however, as great number of these characteristics in spite of the inroads in their minds of education. But the Croatan of yesterday is a far different type from the one of today in spite of his stubbornness toward civilization. Owing to the good influence of schools established for them in a great many localities, their manners have become a little polished. Some have become great lawyers, some have recognized the great importance of economy, and along with their hard working qualities, have arisen to be men of wealth. Many of them in Scuffle Town near Maxton, N. C. are wealthy farmers, owning large tracts of land and having great influence among their people. It was but a few years ago that a Croatan youth, Andrew Revels, left his fathers home in Scuffle Town and the last heard of him was that he owned and controlled a large lumber concern in Georgia. This shows you, dear reader, that the Croatan is not a person to whom the unmoving finger of

scorn should be leveled. It shows that nearly every one of the once thought Lost Colony is to return after their wanderings as an example of Nature's great power on the human race.

The Croatan being a distinct race among the inhabitants of the United States—now interested in government and the system of society, was not considered as a citizen of this republic, at the time this story takes its beginning. They, therefore were excluded from the ballot—were not allowed to have a hand in selecting government officials, and could not be forced to take up arms to fight for the United States against any foe—they were a nation within themselves, without a country. Nevertheless, if they chose, they could enter into active service, as that usually brought a smile of satisfaction to the recruiting officer's face—that worthy gentleman who knew the bravery, daring, and a constitution that easily withstands the ravages of hardship and other fighting qualities. He knew that in battle, they were the first to charge the enemy—the first to grapple with them with "bull dog" tenacity—and to fight with the old indian cunning which he had related to him by his forefathers, who perhaps had dealings with the true men of copper color and high cheek-bones. Therefore when the Southern army was being daily thinned by excessive fighting before Richmond between Lee and Grant, and by the ravages of the Federals under Sherman, when he made his devastating march through the South, the home guard of Lumberton, N. C. began to ask aid of the Croatans. They realized that this race of people who had remained neutral—allying themselves to neither the South, nor to the Yankee Doodles, to be a great mass of potential energy. Why not, by using force develop this mass into kinetic energy? Why not force them to fight for the South? But yet they thought this tribe of people who inhabited the region about the swamps near Lumberton, or rather largely in Robeson County, would yield to their entreaties. And if they did yield, the home guard then would not have to use the strenuous means, it

had thought upon. Therefore, time and time again the Croatans were entreated to cast their large fighting force on the side of the South. But it seemed to be as the old saying goes, "pouring water on a duck's back," for the great men of the tribe replied thus to the supplications of the whites: "Mons" (using the old English word for man, which is used wholly among them when addressing strangers, and which serves the place of Mr.) "let me tell ye. We did not start this fuss over the nigger, and we haint a'gine to aid ye. We are free men of color. We hate the nigger anyhow. And we haint a'gine to fight over no sech trash!"

Even at the present day their hate for the negro seems to be undying and they will not associate with them. A few years ago a bill passed the legislature giving suffrage to them. Therefore, we now see the Croatans riding along beside of the whites in passenger coaches. We see them have separate and distinct schools from the colored race, taught by whites, and perhaps as the case may be by one of their own race. Men were needed before Richmond—men were needed here, and there to cope with the oncoming Federals, but where were these recruits to be found? President Davis called for volunteers, issued orders for all those over fifteen to be pressed into service. But none came forward, for how could they when the South was drained of its men? The reservoir had constantly given forth its water while none had come in.

Therefore orders were given to compel the descendants of the Lost Colony into the army of the South. Everywhere in Eastern Carolina the males of this tribe were carried off to war. Some resisted and were left dead at their doorsteps; some were sent to this fort and to that; and others were sent to Fort Fisher near Wilmington, N. C. Thus they were scattered throughout the ranks of the fast weakening South, as the French of Arcadia, were scattered abroad by the English in the French and Indian war. A few were fortunate

enough to hide in the dark swamps of the Counties of Eastern Carolina, escaped being pressed into service.

Under such conditions did old Washington Lowry live with his family, as an old patriarch among his Croatan brothers in the thinly settled district near Alma, N. C., called Scuffle Town. His family on account of the remote situation of the house was not attacked immediately, after some time. Nevertheless the old man awaited his certain fate with Indian stoicism.

All was deathly still in his home on a cold November morning of 1864. That silence which sends an uncanny feeling through the body, that silence which forebodes evil. Well can I see the picture of that venerable man—hair white with age, sitting before the large old time fireplace, with his wife and children gathered about him. It was related to me by my father and well can I see those three stalwart sons and daughters of his. Henry Berry was the oldest—standing as a giant above the rest of the household. Then the picture is changed, as the clatter of hoofs, the clanking of swords were heard nearing the cabin. The old man being aroused, as from a dream, by the noise, shambled to the little window that opened on the “big road,” and peered out. Then tottering to the floor groaned, “The Home Guard! The Home Guard!”

“Cy”

TO BE CONTINUED.



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Editorials

There are to be found in every phase of life people who go to the extreme in one way or another. In society, in business, in college, in the high or humble walks of life, extremists are to be found. Even in so large an institution as a national government, there are those who uphold an absolute or extreme democracy, and those

who believe that extremely centralized power gives a better form of government. In fact, there is nothing in which human nature plays a part where there is not a tendency toward the extreme. This tendency is prevalent even among students and educated people where it should be least expected. There are some few who go to the extreme of studying so much that they injure their physical constitution. Others sacrifice their study hours for athletic sports, when others while their time away in idleness.

When we remember that much of our treasured knowledge and many of our valuable inventions have come only after extreme perseverance and mind concentration we will not condemn it in its every phase. Yet we shall contend that there is a medium between extremes which is well for young people to seek if they wish to develop into well rounded characters. If one wishes to develop into a well rounded man or woman it is necessary to avoid extremes. We cannot make the very best of our opportunities by sticking too closely to one particular phase of life. We must remember that psychologically speaking we are composed of many potential selves, of which a great number lie dormant until voluntarily called into action. The young person must bear this in mind while seeking an education, and consistently follow the plans wisely and considerately laid out by the college authorities. We find that by these plans time for study, exercise recreation and social intercourse is allotted to each one, all of which go to the development of the well rounded man or woman. We find that in nearly all cases extremes are avoided. Therefore the sooner we accustom ourselves habitually to follow these plans, the sooner we may call ourselves well rounded students.

Among the girls of Guilford College and those interested in them, there has been too little stress laid on athletics.

Athletics for Girls There seems to be a prevailing idea that girls may be just as efficient students and can prepare themselves just as well for after life, if they take practically no bodily exercise, except perhaps a leisurely walking around the campus. Such an idea is contrary to the laws of nature and very likely few of us after life, if they take practically no bodily exercise, except perhaps a leisurely walking around the campus. Such an idea is contrary to the laws of nature and very likely few of us have thought that when we wilfully break one of these laws, thereby making ourself less fitted for service, we have just as surely committed a sin in the sight of God as when we wilfully take a neighbor's property—. We have often heard the wail: "What must we do? when the Association has only one tennis court and three hours a week in the gym." The Athletic managers appreciate these unsatisfactory conditions and for that reason they have not urged the matter of membership and fees. But there is always the possibility of an invigorating walk, which after all is the best exercise for a girl when taken properly. It is therefore absurd to think that any girl will stay indoors from school till supper because she can't get a place on the court or because it isn't her day in the gymnasium—when she knows it will be at the expense of her health to do so.

This problem of athletics for girls is soon to be met, however by the completion of the field now in preparation back of New Garden Hall. Situated in the South as we are, the climate is such that students may play out of doors the greater part of the winter, and surely it is preferable to do so from the standpoint of health and real pleasure. There will then be absolutely no excuse for the neglect of this phase of our development with four well equipped tennis courts, a basket ball and a croquet ground at your disposal: and it is hoped

that no part of this field will be found vacant any afternoon when the weather is suitable. Let each girl choose the thing that she prefers and which is best suited to her physical abilities and persist in becoming efficient in her chosen sport. Do not play basket ball one afternoon to the point of exhaustion and then forget it for two weeks, but be moderate, use common sense and play every time that you get a chance.

It may be an air castle built, to be torn down, but stranger things have happened than the converting the old meeting house into a large, airy, well equipped gymnasium for the girls, with the erection of the new church. Such plans will require a physical directoress to be added to the faculty and then gymnastics will be a prescribed course for all girls. It is a very practical castle, nevertheless; one that every present student would like to see under way of construction and one that all former students must feel the need of. It appears that classes leaving their college could show their love for her in no better way than by making this now seeming air castle a reality.

Y. M. C. A. Notes

Nothing is perhaps more difficult than to judge accurately the progress of any religious organization. For its progress is determined not so much by the religious fervor of its leaders nor by its material advancement, but rather by its influence upon each individual connected therewith. Such is true of the Y. M. C. A. and its influence here. But judging from all possible evidence the past month has been one of progress in all lines. In Bible study we feel sure that great good is being accomplished. The interest in this phase of work was never been more intense. It is not unusual to see various student group of ten or twelve earnestly engaged in the discussion of some practical point. And here it must be said again is the greatest opportunity for personal work, and we must not let it pass unheeded. From the attendance and especially from the interest shown we feel sure that the present system of Bible study which superseded the Sunday School method is undoubtedly the most effective. There is, however, a small number of fellows who persist in being absentees. This class, while small, must be reached by some way if only by formation of a compulsory attendance group. It is hoped, however, that this will not be necessary and indeed it should not be for who can fail to realize the value of a scientific and practical knowledge of the Bible.

The Mission study rally has not yet been made as we have postponed it until Mr. Hounshell of the Volunteer Movement can be present to help us. We are expecting him November the tenth.

Hallowe'en night was properly observed by the two associations. The various plays, stunts etc., which were pulled off in the Memorial Hall were intensely appropriate and fitting. Dramatic scenes of various plays, local stunts of

amusing nature, and historic incidents graphically portrayed, made the evening one to be remembered. The social committees and Prof. Crosby are due the thanks of the two Associations for the pleasant evening.

Mr. Henry S. Johnson, student secretary of the Carolinas, was with us recently and gave us a splendid talk on "Why I should study the Bible." Mr. Johnson said in part: "That we should study the Bible because by so doing we will be better able to resist temptation. And not only for this reason, but also we will be drawn into that fuller and nobler life, and by Bible study alone can the needs be reached. Mr. Johnson spoke very frankly, and his speech was much enjoyed. We hope to have him with us again soon.

As this goes to the press the State Intercollegiate Convention is in session at Wake Forest. Guilford has sent ten delegates, and we have no doubt that the reports and renewed inspiration they bring back will be of great help to the Association. The next issue of the Collegian will doubtless contain a report of the "Echo Meeting."

Y. W. C. A. Notes

Within the realm of the Young Women's Christian Association many things have transpired since the beginning of school year. Plans which were reported in last month's Collegian have been developed and in fact the Association is as a whole well organized and in excellent running order, with each girl—although sometimes under difficulties—trying to do her part of the work conscientiously.

The Mission Study Rally was led by Rev. Earl Harold, of Greensboro, the nineteenth of October, after which a room to room canvas was made and every girl with the exception of two were enrolled as members of one of the following classes; Korea—Olive Smith; China—Callie Nance; India—Elva, Strickland; Effective Workers in Needy Fields, Margaret Cox; Social Evils in non-Christian Lands, Gena Young. Judging from the interesting way in which the leaders and students are now entering into the work we have no doubt but what the Mission Study Classes will be a great success. Our prayer is such may be the case.

Our Student Secretary Miss Crane visited us from October the thirtieth until the first of November. Much interest was manifested in her visit and an effort was made to have each girl meet her personally. We believe our Association was wonderfully helped and will go forward with even greater progress than before.

The "Association Monthly," "Intercollegian" and "Student World" were subscribed for last month. We are aiming to have members of the Cabinet appointed by the President each consecutive month to read these magazines and report to the Thursday evening prayer meetings and sometimes in these papers.

On Saturday night preceding Halloween an entertain-

ment was given by the two Associations. Some of the features of this occasion was pantomimes of "David and Goliath," "Bluebeard and his wives," "Queen Dido" and "John Alden and Priscilla", besides these the "Witches' Scene" from Macbeth was given. The whole program was well gotten up and showed the originality along which lots of hard work were the causes of its success. We owe much to Prof. Crosby for his assistance to the two Social Committees.

To the different Y. W. C. A.'s within the territory over which the Collegian is spread we send a special invitation to write the Chairman of our Intercollegiate Committee letters regarding the work of your association and asking us for the different plans which each department of our Y. W. C. A. has for carrying on its work.

Alumni Notes

We were glad to have a visit from W. P. Henly at the College recently. He had just returned from an extended trip west. He is now in Wagram, N. C., as depot-agent.

✓ Terry Sharp, who is with the Southern Loan and Trust Co. Greensboro, N. C., has a fine little daughter about one month old.

✓ Wiley Pritchett is now an ordained minister, located at Ridge Way, South Carolina.

✓ Wilson Carroll is principal of the new High School at Summerfield.

✓ Newton Farlow is principal of the Graded School at Guilford College.

✓ Joseph Peele, and family are located at Lynn, Mass. He is pastor of the Friends Church there; and is also taking some advance work at Harvard University.

✓ Margaret Davis is teaching at Farmer, N. C., and is quite pleased with her work.

✓ Wilson Hobbs is taking advance work in mathematics in the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.

✓ Richard Hobbs is taking law in Columbia University, New York.

✓ Alva Lindley is engaged in Y. M. C. A. work in Baltimore, Md.

✓ Walter Nicholson is principal of the Graded School at Monbo, N. C.

✓ Arthur Moore spent a few days at the College, recently, visiting his parents and friends. He is now located with a contracting firm in Wilmington, N. C.

THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN

✓ Eunice Darden Meodel was a welcome visitor at the College recently. She had not seen Guilford in eight years. She was very pleasantly surprised at Guilford's progress.

✓ Hugh White has again returned to Lynn, Mass., to resume his work in electrical engineering.

✓ Cabel Lindsay is principal of the high school at Madison, N. C. He expects to locate in some suitable place for the practice of law as soon as his school work is ended.

✓ William Lindsay has had quite an experience in base-ball this season. He began the season with New Orleans, was soon drafted to Cleveland in the National League, then, in the latter part of this season played with the Pacific Coast League, Portland, Oregon.

Exchanges

(Paul S. Kennett.)

A College Magazine in the first number of the year can hardly be expected to measure up to the full standard of excellency. It is therefore with some hesitation that we attempt to criticise those exchanges which have come to our table this month. We shall, however, do our best to render a just criticism of some of them.

Among our new exchanges we notice with particular pleasure The Tennessee University Magazine. Not being familiar with the usual contents of this magazine, we are unable to say whether it does credit to past records, but we feel that it will be one of our most valuable exchanges. "For Love of a Woman" and "Uncle Ted's Prediction," are stories which reflect the life of the South in its most romantic period. They are well written and very interesting.

The "Wake Forest Student" contains a number of strong articles among which "The Call of Public Health" deserves special mention. It deals in a very striking way with the problem of preventable diseases, the facts advanced being convincing and the style excellent. The author occasionally leaves cold argument and rises to oratory, and he always presents his material in a way which holds the attention of the reader. Goethe: The Man of Science gives evidence of serious investigation and deep thought. If students could see the needs of the College Magazine and spend some labor on their productions the character of all our publications would be greatly improved. A noticeable weakness is the absence of

real stories. A detective sketch, a short account of an attempted crime and one other compose that department. A few good stories really worth while would make "The Student" one of the best magazines in the South.

In striking contrast is the Trinity Archive a paper of forty pages, containing a single article. The number of poems is worthy of congratulation, and some of them are very good. The stories while rather interesting, are hardly in keeping with what the magazine should be. In the Wayside Wares department is published a little gem of the sweetest sentiment, the influence of old fashioned pinks on the life of a true man.

We notice that the Editorial Departments of practically all the magazines are receiving special attention. The College spirit dominates these giving good advice both to new and to old students and outlining a good year's work.

Locals and Personals

Prof. Meredith (in Caesar): Now Anthony you have given an almost perfect translation of the reading, so let's have a little construction.

L. A.: Professor that I studied my lesson from didn't say a word about the construction.

C. R. H.: Cranford, about what does Prof. Crosby generally give you on your compositions?

H. C.: Red Marks.

N. Farlow (to Zac): What position on the basket ball team are you playing?

A. F. G. Off side on the back end.

G. Gossett (to Surratt): How do you spell mule?

Surratt: M-L-E.

G. G.: No you left something out didn't you?

Surratt: Yes I believe I left you (u) out.

L. A.: (Reading Collegian): Cassie Mendenhall '12. Why I thought he was a prep.

Prof. C. (in soph history): Wagner, why did King Charles and Louis get control of Lolhaire's Kingdom?

J. W.: Because he did not have any ancestors to give it to.

R. Johnson: Now honorable judges pou know that the United States needs a large navy just as bad as any other continent.

Prof (Jay in Bibical Hist.): Now class you can find a splendid account of the prophecy of Abraham in Homer's Aneid.

New Student: How much extra does one have to pay if he sits in the Prep. Parlor?

Carrie Morgan. "How often does mid-term come?"

Mabel Moore (taking notes in Bib. Hist.): "The promise of an heir to Abraham."

Leora Chappell (in the Bible class) to new girl: "Is your Bible the revised edition?"

New Girl: "No it is a Holy Bible."

1st New Girl: Do you have any math?

2nd. New Girl: No.

Old Girl: "Aren't you in my Algebra class?"

2nd. New Girl: "Oh, yes, I have Algebra."

1s. Girl: What do you study in Bible class? The life of Christ?"

2nd. Girl: No I study the life of Jesus.

Mabel Moore: (Looking through a Livey book) "Carrie, what page is our Cicero lesson on? I can't find it in this book anywhere."

Foxy Grandpa's girl was found weeping bitterly. On being sympathized with she showed a tiny lock of hair—"That's Tom's hair" she sobbed.

"Well, what's the matter, is Tom dead?"

"O no, no, but his hair is all gone."

Willard White (reading from bulletin board): "Miss Rustedt will give permissions this afternoon."

Louise Osborne: "Well what in the world are permissions?"

Fike—Plane Geometry—"Say, if I got 83 with my book open, I wonder what I would have got with it shut."

Freshman: Prof. Crosby, for this composition, will it be all right to write a geographical sketch of man?

Ethel (gazing at Mr. Edward Cox's machine): "O, that automobile does make me so homesick."

Annie Maude (Pointing to Aunt Ruth's turn-out) "Humph! that mule and wagon makes me a lot more homesick."

We hear that Hans Wagner has decided that 'Simmons are no good after frost bites them. This is contrary to the usual hypothesis.

Mary White: "Who is that boy from Elon at Mr. Crosby's table?"

Hazel H.: "It's Mr. Hearne."

Mary: "Mr. Who?"

Hazel: "Mr. Hearne—the feminine of his'n."

Miss Rustedt—Anc. History. "Tell about the sojourn in Egypt."

Bright Student: "O, he was a king who 'upsurped' the throne and ruled in Persia."

E. Moore (Plane Geometry): "Given two triangles with one angle of one equal to one angle of the other and two sides proportional. To prove the two triangles similar—and that's as far as I got Professor.

One society had discussed cremation in the meeting and a crowd of girls were talking about crematories when Margaret Cox broke in with, "Well what in the world are crematories? Isn't that the place where they make butter?"

The following men have been elected to represent their classes in the annual inter class debates, Seniors: John B. Woosley, Herbert S. Sawyer, and Henry W. Smith.

THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN

Juniors: Baxter K. Richardson, John T. Chappell and Hugh A. Stewart, jr.

Sophomores: J. Wade Barber, Edgar H. McBane and Gus W. Hayworth.

Freshmen: Clifford R. Hinshaw, Robert Brown and Paul S. Nunn.

Saturday evening, December 9, the Juniors and Seniors will debate on the question, Resolved: That party allegiance is to the best interest of a democratic form of government.

On the evening of the 16 the Freshmen and Sophomores will debate on the question, Resolved: That United States Senators should be elected by popular vote.

Directory

Guilford College

L. L. HOBBS, Pres.

GEO. W. WHITE, Treas.

Literary Societies

HENRY CLAY.

A. F. Zackery, President
W. A. White, Jr., Secretary
H. P. Cox, Marshal

WEBSTERIAN.

Geo. C. Dees, Pres.
G. W. Hayworth, Sec.
D. E. Henley, Marshal

PHILOMATHIAN.

Geno Young, President
Eileen Lewis, Secretary
Mabel Edgerton, Marshal

ZATASIAN.

Callie Nance, Pres.
Grace Hughes, Sec.
Eleanor Fox, Marshal

Young Men's Christian Association

John B. Woosley, President

H. A. Stewart, Jr., Sec.

Young Women's Christian Association

Mary Isabella White, Pres.

Elva Strickland, Secretary

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Miss. Gainey, Sec.

Prof. Crosby, Vice-Pres.

Joseph Moore Science Club

Prof. Kibler, President

W. G. Gilchrist, Vice-President

Cassie Mendenhall, Secretary

Miss Field, Ausseher

Athletic Association

H. A. Stewart, President

S. S. Nelson, Sec. and Treas.

J. B. Woosley, Base Ball. Mgr.

Pro. tem.

W. G. Gilchrist, Track Mgr.

H. S. Sawyer, Tennis Mgr.

B. K. Richardson, B'sk't Ball
Manager

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Mary Ruth Lamb, Secretary

JUNIOR

Paul C. Edgerton, President
Era Lasley, Secretary

SOPHOMORE

Geo. A. Short, President
Cathline Pike, Secretary

FRESHMAN

David E. Henley, President
Eleanor Louise Fox Sec.

The Guilford Collegian

Volume XXIV

December

No. 4

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W. G. GILCHRIST, Manager





The Guilford Collegian

VOL. XXIV.

DECEMBER

No. 4

The Letter That Arrived Too Late

It was in the heart of winter when the bloody Paene war in Iowa began which was to make many homes dark and desolate. Every man between the ages of twenty and sixty was required to go and serve his country. It meant life imprisonment and death in some instances to those who refused to go.

In the flourishing town of Star, Georgia, lived a multi-millionaire with one very beautiful and attractive daughter whose name was Lucy Liszt. In her lovely home of luxury and comfort she dwelt with her father together with many attendants and servants. Lucy was her father's pride and many young men wished to sue for her hand but one alone had been accepted. Her whole life was centered in this one beloved youth of the town and he on the other hand seemed truly devoted to his fiancée. The date for their marriage which was to take place in the spring or early summer, had previously been announced. It was in this eventful winter that the unexpected call to the West threw this quiet city of Star in a deep state of excitement and Lucy Liszt was especially alarmed when she received news of Fred Hall's summons. Her future happiness seemed to vanish and thoughts like these ran through her mind—"What had she to live for if Fred was to be taken from her? Was her life to be one of perfect misery anyway? Would she be permitted

to see Fred before his departure? When he went away to the Western plains would he forget her?"

Fred did pay Lucy a hurried call, and as they parted, he slipped the little plain gold ring on her finger which would have been used later and meant for each to be true. Imprinting a kiss on her cheek he turned hurriedly and bravely strode away.

For many months after Fred's departure Lucy lived the life of a recluse. This exiled life, she thought would help her forget Fred's absence better than appearing in public to be questioned by outsiders. Fred wrote often and his letters were always filled with good cheer for his brave heart would not allow him to confide even to Lucy his hardships and temptations. She little dreamed that she was the cause of the stand that he took in deciding for right and wrong.

After Fred had been at war for about a year he had proved himself to be so valiant a chief and leader, that he won for himself the rank of Colonel. One night as he and his regiment pitched their camp on the river Trace they discovered that an enemy's camp had been placed down the river about a mile but on the opposite side. Colonel Hall's officers thinking that now would be a fine time to use their treachery and strategic ability on the enemy, sent news to Colonel Hall of the enemy's position. Although they knew that he had always been true and upright and probably would not consent to their evil motives they told him to throw away that part of himself called conscience and use tricks and cunning devices of war. Thus everything would work well. "Don't be a coward, Colonel Hall, you will win for yourself a coveted place" they argued.

Colonel Hall dismissed them with a salute and said, "Sirs, I will think about it."

Years before he never would have dreamed of such a thing but since he had lived the life of a rough soldier he had slightly dulled his conscience and the terrible idea presented itself

in a very favorable way to his mind. However something told him that that was not the manly thing to do and until late in the night he turned this question over and over in his mind. Suddenly as he heard the mail wagon which was later than usual, pull into camp he happened to remember that this was the night for Lucy's letter. Despite the fact that the mail man was almost asleep he demanded his letter. He read what came as a rebuke to his conscience. Lucy unconsciously urged him by all means not to forget his manly habits. He was startled to think how near he had been to a precipice of cowardice. Next morning the pendulum of his life swayed back to its old socket and he was ready to withdraw from all temptations, that might have taken his life, when he met his comrades. Suspicion was immediately aroused and the enemy decided at once to remove their camp, so the treacherous deed was not committed after all. Colonel Hall and his regiment were sent over to protect a little village which brought on more hardships. His vitality was gradually being sapped during his stay there, and he developed a case of fever. He was hastily removed to an Iowa hospital for best medical care.

Lucy, in the meantime, had not heard from Fred for many days and she watched the papers with fear lest he had at sometime received a mortal wound. Weeks and months passed and still his name never appeared. Lucy could not fathom the mystery and her friends began to reprove her by saying that she must not throw her life away. Doubtless Fred had been taken by treachery and would never be heard of again. Most unwillingly she again entered society and soon formed close friendships with others. She still had not heard from Fred and thinking that probably he might get a letter, if alive, she resolved to send him a short missive and tell him all.

Fred still lay ill at the hospital. He very often inquired of his nurse if any mail had come from Georgia, but for many weeks all expectations had proven fruitless. His condition was becoming more alarming till finally he lay unconscious.

For three days before his death he was in this condition and on the third day a letter from Georgia was handed to his nurse addressed in a delicate, feminine hand writing, which she recognized as the letter that had come too late. Breaking the seal she read its contents which closed in this manner—

“I have waited long. My last hopes have fled. I have the same feeling for you and shall always reverence you.

Sincerely,

Mary.

Thus the letter that no doubt would have made the poor sufferer's heart bleed, had arrived too late.

BLANCHE FUTRELL, '14.

Eugene Field

“With gentlest tears, no less than jubilee
Of blithest joy we heard him and still hear
Him singing on, with full voice, pure and clear,
Uplifted as some classic melody

In sweetest legends of old minstrelsy:
Or swarming elfinlike upon the ear,
His airy notes made all the atmosphere
One blur of birds and bee and lullaby.”

This is the tribute paid to Eugene Field by one of the greatest of our western poets and this is the tribute that we as Americans ought to pay to him as an American poet. No one can read any of his works without seeing the truth of these lines of Riley: no one can read any of Field's works without acquiring a greater love for the little things of life. We look beneath the jest and mirth of this man and see there his true character.

Eugene Field was born in St. Louis, Missouri, September 2, 1850. His early years were however spent in Massachusetts and it was here that he got much material which he later used in his writings. Field was a graduate of both Williams and Knox College and the University of Michigan. After his graduation he became engaged in journalism. In this work he was connected with various papers in St. Louis, St. Joseph, Kansas City, Denver and Chicago.

But it is not as a journalist but rather as a poet and writer of short stories that we wish to discuss Eugene Field. All of his poems are marked by a daintiness and a pathetic beauty. They are all clever, witty and beautiful. But we have to go beneath the outside of his poems to find their true worth. Each one has some lesson for us, something that makes us better

for having read it. There is no better way of seeing their real value than to examine a few of them. In "Our Lady of the Mine" we have to go beneath the rough exterior to find the true lesson that Eugene Field wishes to impress upon us. Upon the first reading of this poem we may think that the poet's sole aim was to entertain us at the expense of a crowd of ignorant miners. But let us look deeper; throw away the rough dialect of this poem, throw away the clever way in which it is written and see the true message that this poem has for the world. Is it not plain to see that Field wishes to give us a true picture of a mining camp, not only how they work and their friends in camp but their true characters. He plainly shows us that though we may regard them as rough and uncouth, as men that care for nothing beyond their coarse pleasures; yet after all they are human beings, they still have souls. They still think of home and their loved ones there. Amid all their temptations they still had that reverence for women, that deep reverence which would make them willing to fight and even die before they would see a woman insulted.

Eugene Field never wrote a poem or a story without in one way or another, either directly or indirectly showing his deep respect for women and his love for children. His respect for women is clearly shown in his "Father's Letter." A smile may curl about our lips and a twinkle come into our eyes when we begin to read this poem about this old New England farmer's letter to "his oldest boy who went out west." We do not read long however until we see underneath the outer layer the father's love for the son away from home. How careful he is to tell him of the things that he knows his boy was interested in at home. Every little detail about the farm and the boy's friends is told. Much space is taken up with the pleasant things that have happened, but not a line do we see of the unpleasant things or of the things that might make his son regret that he had left home. And now we come to the most beautiful part of the whole poem. Here Eugene Field

turns aside from the letter and pays the highest tribute that he could to his or any one else's mother.

"For when I went away from home the weekly news I heard
Was nothing to the tenderness I found in that one word—
The sacred name of mother—why, even now as then,
The thought brings back the saintly face, the gracious love
again;

And in my bosom seems to come a peace that is divine,
As if an angel spirt communed a while with mine,
And one man's heart is strengthened by the message from
above,
And earth seemed near heaven when 'Mother sends her love.'

Perhaps it is as a poet of childhood that Eugene Field is best known. All his poems for children are admirable in their simplicity and in their sympathetic insight into the child's world of thought and feeling. It is said that of all his visitors the most constant and appreciative were children. He was never too busy to welcome his little friends. There is in these poems of child life more than the idea of entertainment. In his "Little Boy Blue" it is easy to look between the lines and see there the longing for his dead child.

"Aye, faithful to 'Little Boy Blue' they stand,
Each in the same old place—
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face;
And they wonder, as waiting the long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there."

Besides his poems, Field was a delightful writer of short stories. His stories are characterized by the same elements that are found in his poetry. Beneath the rough exterior,

beneath the surface and underneath the rough dialect or peculiar phrasing we find that love for the "old home," that deep reverence for woman and that admiration for all that is true, beautiful and good.

The poems and stories of Eugene Field are indeed clever, witty and beautiful, but he was more lovable than them all. This man possessed a wonderful personality. No one could be present in the same room with him without experiencing some change. He was a good talker and knew how to carry on a conversation in such a way that every one would be drawn into it. To meet Eugene Field was to know him. He always had a smile and kind word for every one. This man, indeed, loved humanity and drank in the sunshine and beauties of nature until there blossomed from these the beautiful flower of his verse and his scarcely less poetic prose.

OLIVE SMITH, '14.

Who Says God Is Not

"The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God."—Ps.
14:1.

Sunlight shimmering on the trees,
Perfume of flowers in the breeze,
Shadows resting on pasture lot,
Who says God is not!

Moonbeams playing along the floor,
Jessamine waving by the door,
Mocking-bird singing in a leafy spot,
Who says, God is not!

Fishes darting in limpid pool,
Violets growing in shadows cool,
Swallow flying far up—a dot,
Who says, God is not!

Green leaves changing to crimson and gold,
Flowers springing from leafy mold,
Roses blooming in the garden plot,
Who says, God is not!

Sunset sky, the tints of the rose,
Ripening grain, the wind that blows,
Starlight night, the hidden grot,
Who says, God is not!

MARY E. WHITE, '14.

Our Merchant Marine

While the United States has been making rapid progress in many respects, yet there is one thing that seems to be neglected: that is the protection of our merchant marine.

The trade with the Orient is a thing that has been coveted by all nations but our trade at present is a tale of lost opportunity. So far for some reason it has been found impossible to give proper Federal encouragement to cargo carriers without opening the treasury wide to the demands of concerns operating swift passenger steamers, and contributing little or nothing to the growth of foreign trade. So the actual carriers of our produce to the Orient and elsewhere fare like Mother Hubbard's dog.

The maximum proportion by value of our over-sea-trade was reached about 1830 when it amounted to 90 per cent. Since then it has steadily decreased, until it has reached almost the vanishing point, less than ten per cent. The tonnage registered for the foreign trade reached a maximum in 1861; and in 1909 when our commerce had increased fourfold, was about one-third of the tonnage of 1861. Thus do we not see that our trade is decreasing with all Europe? Then, the American who has put his money into vessels to be sailed under the flag of his country, and wishes to help his enterprise by earning the small compensation provided for carrying the United States mails. can qualify for this only by having his ships built by the high-priced labor out of the high-priced material of his country; officered by American citizens, and on each departure from the home port for the first two years he must prove that one-fourth of his crew are American citizens; next three years one-third, and ever after that at least one-half. His competitors may man their vessels with cheap Mongolian labor. He must make lower rates and pay higher wages. The sharpness of such competition is felt. As it affects transportation so it

reacts upon the American merchant and the American producer. The American ship owner is discouraged because he cannot earn a reasonable profit. The American merchant marine among the commercial nations of the earth is practically unsubsidized, yet it has to compete with foreign vessels government paid under one disguise or another.

Twenty years ago lumber could hardly be sold in Oregon and Washington for there was practically no market they could reach. Now lumbering is a flourishing business in those states, due to the fact that railroads have been built so they can get the lumber to market. A delegation from Japan passed through this country on its way to conclude a purchase of steel rails in Europe. The railroad guaranteed that the order would be duplicated at the price in this country. It could be done only by making a freight rate that would get the business; but it was done. The railroads could afford to carry this steel at a cheap rate because when they took a train load of steel from the East they could bring back a load of lumber. In nails, wire, machinery, and other similar articles a good business was built up with Japan and China. Of course it had to be done as all other markets have been created and conquered since commerce began; that is by making prices and rates that will beat all competitors. This is just what our ships will have to do in order to gain their rightful share in the commerce of the world. To do this government aid of some sort is necessary.

Practically all the nations of Europe subsidize their merchant marine. As a result they govern the commerce of the world. If England were to go to war, we would simply be cut off from many valuable supplies. Does the foreign shipman have the welfare of our commerce at heart, or does he work to promote his trade and retard ours? What man is there, who, if he were running a large store, would hire the wagon of another man to deliver his goods who was doing a similar business? The man that delivered would soon con-

trol the whole business, for he would work for his own interest and not for the interest of the other fellow. The European nations are acting as delivery wagons for the United States, and as a result our commerce which they carry is decreasing. If our commerce is to be pushed throughout the world, there is no better agency for pushing it than the American vessel with the American master under the American flag. While the foreign powers can make an operate vessels chaeper that we can, yet we cannot afford to let them do it for us altogether. If war should break out, the foreign powers would have to withdraw their ships from us, then we would indeed be in a critical condition. Aside from this material advantage of owning an controlling our merchant marine, under our own flag, it ought to be humiliating to our pride and self respect, that the industry, capital, labor and living of our people must upon the ocean be dependent on the whims and jealousies of the sovereigns and cabinets of Europe.

We pay about two hundred millions yearly to foreigners for transportation charges. This is a large amount, sufficient to be an important factor in the balance of the trade and a serious matter when our exports of natural products are rapidly decreasing. While the opinions may differ as to who pays the freight, one thing is sure, that the foreigner gets the money, and also all the side issues of insurance and commercial connection that go with it.

In addition to these undeniable facts there are many other cogent reasons why the United States should, in a policy of the most enlightened selfishness, carry a large part of this traffic in its own vessels and under its own flag.

We have subsidized the Pacific railroads to go over the mountains; we have spent hundreds of millions of dollars improving our waterways, rivers and harbors. Now why should we shriek at the ten or fifteen millions it would take to put our merchant marine in good condition? Let us suppose that with the investment of twelve millions a year for ten years

we should gain fifty per cent. of our commerce and thereby keep about eighty millions more each year in the hands of Americans. That is surely a consideration of value to us as a nation, and one which we can afford to endeavor openly to secure.

GEO. A. SHORT, '14.



The Betrothal of Isaac and Rebekah

In the ancient tribal days of the Hebrew nation, as the men gathered around the camp fires, their manner of entertainment did not vary greatly from that of more modern times. It consisted of singing and story telling, more often perhaps latter. And this nation was rich in its store of traditions of their glorious race, which they believed was founded and had developed through divine guidance for some great purpose. One of the most interesting of these stories—because romance is always intensely interesting—was the story of the betrothal of Isaac and Rebekah.

If you will go back to those ancient times and gather with the men around their camp fire, you may hear an aged chief, with eyes and memory still bright, relate the story of love and its reward. All eyes are turned toward him. And as the fire light plays with the smile on his rugged face he begins in a deep clear voice:

“When our Father Abraham was old and he knew his life was nearing its close he called his faithful servant to him and told him to take the solemn oath, by swearing with his hand under his thigh to bring his son Isaac a wife from the land of his Fathers. God had promised him, he said, that Isaac should have a wife, not from the Canananites, but from his own people. The faithful servant after some questioning and hesitancy gave the oath, assumed the grave responsibility, and taking ten camels he started forth on his long journey to the distant city of Nahor. At a well just outside the city he stopped. It was evening and as the sun cast its slanting rays across the landscape, the women of the city came thither to draw water. This godly servant bowed his head and prayed that God would bless his master by showing him, his servant, the young woman that he should take for Isaac’s wife. The distinction he asked for was that the young woman whom he

should choose would take her pitcher from her shoulder and offer him drink and then draw water for his camels. As he raised his head and beheld the women coming through the twilight with their pitchers, he noticed a maiden beautiful and graceful, with the pitcher on her shoulder. Struck by the beauty and nobility portrayed in her face and form he eagerly approached her and asked a drink from her, whereupon she graciously lowered her pitcher and also offered to draw water for his camels.

Then the servant of Abraham asked the maiden who she was. When she told him that she was the daughter of Bethuel he knew she was a kinswoman of Abraham, and he thanked God for his Divine guidance. He asked the maiden if there was room in her father's house for him to lodge. She assured him that there was plenty of room and provisions for him and his attendants.

Rebekah went before him and announced his coming so that a cordial welcome awaited him. During his stay he was treated with the kindest hospitality. Before he would partake of the meal set before him, he told his mission and who he was. To his great joy he received a favorable reply. The servant brought forth valuable gifts of gold and jewels. There was joy and feasting that night. In the morning the servant was eager to start on his homeward journey with the great prize he had obtained. The mother and brother were loth to give up Rebekah, but when she was consulted, with maidenly sweetness and simplicity she said "I will go." So she left all things for the stranger. When returning they had gone a long way on their journey, they saw a man coming to meet them. "Who is he," she asked. What a thrill of expectancy, and of shyness must have passed over her when the servant told her it was Isaac. She covered herself with her veil and went with him to his mother's house. "And she became his wife, and he loved her."

CATHLINE M. PIKE, '14.

Life of Liszt

Perhaps one of the most remarkable personages who has yet appeared in music is that of Franz Liszt, who was born October 22, 1811, at Raiding, Hungary. At the age of six he received piano lessons from his father who was very musical. A little later at the age of nine he gave his first concert largely to Hungarian nobility, who very much pleased with his performance, gave him a pension for six years to insure his proper education. He went to Vienna and there sought instruction under Czerny, who at first refused to take him, but on hearing him play, he quickly changed his mind and received him not only as a pupil but refused to take any tuition from such a genius. Liszt was put through so thorough a course of training, that he could read the most difficult compositions at sight. Later owing to the death of his father he was forced to provide for himself and his mother, by giving music lessons. He was already in great demand as a teacher and was now spoken of as a remarkable composer.

Among his many compositions might be mentioned his etudes, Rossini transcription, many arrangement of Shubert's songs and piano scores of several of Beethoven's symphonies. He also made transcriptions from Wagner's opera including "The Flying Dutchman, Tannhauser," "Lohengrin and Parsifal." Liszt evolved a new technic which completely summoned up the difficulty of piano playing. He carried independence of fingers especially in fugue playing, to a pitch which before had been unequalled. In transcribing he went into the intimate spirit of the piece and often adding considerable but always with supreme artistic effect.

It is said that Liszt was once billed for two concerts in a French town. The first evening he had only a very small audience of about sixty people. When the artists had given

most of their program, Liszt stepped forward and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I think you have had enough music, we want to ask you now to do the honor of supping with us. Which may be expected the audience did not decline and they enjoyed a banquet at Liszt's expense. The next night the house was crowded and Liszt was more than repaid for his lay-out on the previous evening. But the second audience went "Supperless to bed" realizing that a supper did not always go with a piano recital.

A wrong idea is held by those who think that Liszt's playing was characterized by force and extravagance. He sits at the piano with his eyes half closed and scarcely ever looks at his fingers. His long fingers go wandering over the piano like a huge spider. He seems to be playing slowly but his touch is anything but legato. Yet in this wearied fashion he is improving the most wierd or expressive harmonies, or plays at first sight the most difficult productions of other virtuosos.

The latter year of Liszt life were spent partly in Rome where surrounded by a circle of pupils and admirers he always worked for music and musicians in the unselfish and truly catholic Spirit, characteristic of his whole life.

ESTELLE KORNER, '14.

How Jake Atkins Got His Wife

In a large, old fashioned, yet substantial, farmhouse, which stood on the brow of a long hill that led to a small stream called, "Birch Creek" lived a very droll and awkward young man named Jacob Atkins; or better known among the people of his community as "Jake." This young man was the very image of ugliness. His form did not in any way correspond to that of the average man; for his limbs were unusually long and seemed to be merely hanging to his body, while his shoulders were slightly stooped and served as a foundation of one of the ugliest faces ever carried by a human being. His eyes were of a dark-brown hue and were an excellent match for his long, red hair that lay in great locks around his ears and over his temples. His nose was long and crooked partially to one side of his face, while his mouth being enclosed by an unusually thick pair of lips, and partly filled with a half set of teeth, added much to his extraordinary appearance. Although he was indeed the very climax of repulsiveness, yet his firm disposition and gentle nature caused the people of his neighborhood, both old and young, to have a feeling of respect and admiration for him.

There also lived about one mile away, on the opposite side of the creek, a family of very refined and cultured people known as the "Allens." In this family was a beautiful young lady named Florence. Jake had for several months been nursing a feeling of devotion toward Florence but was too bashful to express it to her in any way except by his frequent visits to Mr. Allen's, and by an occasional smile of a very innocent nature. Jake was held in high esteem by Mr. and Mrs. Allen, and Florence although the last named had no feeling of tenderness toward him other than that of a good neighbor and friend whom she was always glad to see come.

One Sunday afternoon, in October, Jake called at Mr.

Allen's but as usual he could not collect courage enough to speak to Florence beyond a salutation, so contented himself to talk to the old people and occasionally cast a wistful glance toward her. On this particular evening Florence's beau, Paul Evans by name, had called. He was a fellow of a very different appearance and also of a different nature from Jake. His extreme aristocratic ways did not gain for him the admiration of Mr. and Mrs. Allen and while Florence had no feeling of special friendship toward him, yet her timid and lady-like nature prevented her from giving him a sudden discharge. So when he came this time she escorted him into the parlor and treated him as well as her affections would allow.

Late in the afternoon Florence and Paul went out for a walk. They went down the road a short distance, and then turned into the path that led to Mr. Atkins'. Jake started home pretty soon after they left, for it was his custom, to be at home at all times by sunset. But this time he was prevented. He did not know the course taken by these supposed lovers in their walk and he soon overtook them at the crossing of the creek. He politely stayed on the bank and allowed them to cross first, yet all the time coveting Paul's office. This ardent young lover stepped on the log and in high glee took Florence by the hand and proceeded to lead her across. They were about half way over when a monstrous bull-frog jumped from the log into the water. This sudden splash frighten the foolish Paul who thought that it was caused by a snake, and relaxing his grasp of Florence's hand, and stepping backward at the same time, he knocked her into the stream; he himself barely escaping a fall. Then he began looking here and there for a pole with which to pull her out. Jake had been an eager spectator during this scene. and when Florence looked at him appealingly it was more than his manly nature could bear. Quickly throwing aside his coat he plunged into the muddy water and

in a minute brought her out safely upon the bank. Just then Paul stepped up and in his silly mode he asked: "Miss Florence are you very badly hurt?" This aroused Jake's fighting blood. He immediately seized the witless fellow by his new, white trousers and by the collar of his coat, and threw him into the water. Jake and Florence then started back toward the house, but before they had gone far, Florence said: "Jacob I feel as if you are my protector, and I believe that father is right when he says that you are worth a dozen such fellows as Paul Evans." This was what Jake had longed to hear and in the midst of his sudden excitement he expressed the affections which he had for a long time been holding for her, and asked if she really meant what she had said. Florence assured him that she was perfectly sincere and Jake with additional courage, sealed the vow with a kiss.

E. H. McB.

Choosing a Vocation

A great many young men make the mistake of waiting until they are through, or nearly through college to decide what shall be their vocation. On the other hand if a man enters college with a definite plan of his life's work, he may begin at once to prepare for that work.

In times past, a man could cover the greater part of the field of education in a few years. But now one could not even get a smattering of the great number of most important subjects, in the time that a man of ordinary means can afford to spend at college. Once the number of courses was very limited, but now the number is unlimited. A man can't take all, and accordingly must decide which he shall pursue. If he has determined what he will do when out in the world, the question of what studies he shall pursue will not be hard to settle. When a man builds a home he decides how much he can afford to spend on it, and what kind of building he wants, then plans it and follows out that plan. If he had no plan, but began and kept adding to it piece by piece until he finished it, instead of a beautiful well proportioned and conveniently arranged house, he would have a jumbled mess. It is just so with the man who is training himself. If he trains himself according to a plan, he will be a well-rounded man, but if he trains himself in a haphazard way, the result cannot be very successful.

When a man has decided on a plan for his life-work, he can prepare for that purpose by specializing in some branch of education, that will be useful in that work. Then he will know one thing and get more out of it than if he had a smattering of several subjects. Pope says "A little learning is a dangerous thing. Dring deep or touch not the Pierian Spring." This is very applicable to the present age, an age of high intellectual requirements and intensive competition.

If one has specialized in some subject, he will be a master of that line. The time has arrived when a man can not do about anything that comes up. To meet this condition one must be able to do something well. Then his ability will be fully appreciated and people will say of him, that he is a success. The times demand that a man shall be the best if he is to make his mark in the world. The bottom of the ladder of fame is, always has been and always will be crowded, but the top always has plenty of room for those who are strong enough to mount to that height. Then too, a man must have a good foundation to build on for he may either fall before he reaches the top, or he will reach the height of his accomplishments before he reaches the plan to which he aspires. Every man has an ambition to be a great man in the profession that he takes up. Yet if he aspires to greatness, he must prepare himself so well and have his work as thoroughly mastered that he will be able to do the tasks of a great man, for there continually arises before the great men problems that require for their proper solution the greatest ability. One should also remember that true greatness lies not in doing something that the world would call great, but in doing whatever one does well. Yet one must not ignore the fact that it is useful and profitable to spend time on other classes of training than that which leads directly to the profession one is expecting to follow. But if a decision has to be made between that which is necessary and that which is more desirable, one should take the training that is essential, at the sacrifice of some that may be more interesting.

If it is possible, one should get a broader education than is required to make a livelihood, because it will aid him in mastering a profession. It will also broaden a man and give him a greater personality, which will help him in dealing with other people.

So it is best that a man should first plan his life-work, pursue that plan in his college training by making a specialty of some course, and then straighten himself by other kinds of training as far as possible.

E. W. Pearson, '14.



True Courage

The world owes much to its men and women of courage. We do not mean the physical courage, but the courage that displays itself in silent effort and endeavor.

All the great achievements that history records have been made in the face of opposition and difficulty, and have been secured only by the most courageous efforts. There is scarcely a great truth or doctrine but slandered and persecuted has had to fight its way to public recognition.

Let us see what some of our great benefactors have endured, in order to stand for what they thought was right. Soerates, the Greek philospher, was condemned to drink the hemlock, because his lofty teachings was in opposition to the spirit of his time. Bruno was burned alive at Rome, because of his exposure of the fashionable philosophy of his time. Martin Luthur, to whose moral courage we owe the liberation of modern thought, and the justification of the great rights of the human understanding, daily ran the risk of losing his life. The heroism that these men displayed is to be measured not so much by their immediate success, as by the opposition they have encountered, and the courage with which they have maintained the struggle.

Courage can be displayed not only in the historic fields of action, but also in every day life. Especially in college is there the need of common courage to be honest, the courage to resist temptation, the courage to speak the truth, the courage to be what we really are, and not to pretend to be what we are not, and the courage to live honestly within our own means.

Most of the failures in life are due to weakness and indecision of purpose—in other words to a lack of courage. Men may know what is right, and yet fail to exercise the courage to do it; they may understand the duties that lie before them, but will not call forth enough resolution to perform them.

A person of this character is at the mercy of every temptation; he cannot resist, but falls a prey to it; and if his companions are bad, he will more readily be led into the degenerate habits of life.

Intelluctual fearlessness makes a man independent, and self reliant in character. A man in order to be a man, must not do something just because some one else has previously done it, but he must have the courage to be himself. He must have the courage to stand alone, if his conscience tells him what he is upholding is lofty. He must work out his own opinions and form his own convictions. It has been said that he who dares not form an opinion, must be a coward; he who will not must be an idler; he who can not must be a fool.

It is the men who form their own opinions, and who have the courage to make their opinions known to the world, who lead and guide the world. While the weak and timid are soon forgotten, the upright and energetic live forever. Their examples are remembered and appealed to, their spirits, and courage are the inspiration of those who follow.

S. J. LINDLEY, '14.

Autumn

As in a happy thoughtful mood
I wandered softly through the wood,
Gazed on each little leaf and flower,
I saw their beauty and felt its power.

Across my mind a thought did stray,
There's such a sadness in an autumn day
For nature's dying everywhere,
And a mournful hush prevades the air.

I saw the trees in their glory and charm
So perfect in each color and form;
The soft dull tints grown rich and deep
Brought out as shadows slowly creep.

I saw the mist above the hill
And breathed the clear air sweet and still
Enchanted and inspired I stood;
An like a light in a glorious flood.

Into my heart a presence stole,
That filled it with a joy untold;
And gently spoke it thus to me,—
“If this is death how good't must be.”

The whispering voice my spirit told
The lesson which these words hold,
And the beauties that our lives might know.
If we in spring and summer grow.

And when the autumn comes at last,
Be not content to blight and blast;

But put on robes most glorious,
And tell of a death victorious,

That others might feel the beauty and pow'r
Of this most sweet and solemn hour;

That they may say, as they too, see.—

“If this is death how good't must be.”

Cathline M. Pike, '14.



The Guilford Collegian

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NO. 4

Editorials

About four years ago the plan of giving over one issue of the Collegian, to each class was inaugurated. This plan of course has many merits, chief of them is the fact that an interest in the work is aroused among the members of the class and some good work is secured in this way that would be hard

to get otherwise. There are also some objections to the plan as heretofore carried out. Notwithstanding the fact that we have had some very creditable class numbers it would seem on the face of the situation that it could hardly be possible for a single class to produce a magazine of equality with the regular issues when it is supposed that the editors are the ones in college best suited for their positions. Besides having the talent of the whole student body from which to draw. Especially would this seem true when the best talent in the class is generally chosen to manage the issue. Another objection to be raised against the plan is that the responsibility is taken from the members of the regular staff, who are elected by their societies for the purpose of getting out the college magazine and placed on the classes where it does not rightfully belong.

This year a plan has been worked out by which we hope to avoid the objections cited, but on the other hand maintain the merits of the class issue. The plan is this: to leave the various departments under the management of the regular staff. But let the contributions come from the classes. This plan will at least be followed in respect to the two lower classes. This being the regular Sophomore number the staff wishes to thank the members of that class for the interest they have shown in the work and for the promptness with which they have sent in their material.

As civilization advances the number of public benefits and services greatly increase. Public Highways and public education are no longer new to any one, although at present time they are receiving much attention and are being improved as rapidly as at any period in history. But a phase of public service that is prati-

cally new to most of us is the efforts that are now being put forth for the benefit of public health. We were recently much impressed by a lecture given by Dr. Ross, Superintendent of Health for Guilford County, on the work being done in the county by the Board of Health. Not only does this Board of Health keep a close watch on sanitary conditions throughout the county; and put forth every effort to prevent the spread of contagious diseases such as smallpox, typhoid fever, tuberculosis, etc., but is preparing to furnish free medical examinations and treatment to all diseased children in the public schools. This means that many, who otherwise would be deprived of a common school training will be enabled to secure such training. It not only means this but it also means that they will be enabled to make their way on through college, thence on into life a stronger and better class of citizens. We do not think that a county administration can spend money in a better way than in bettering the type of its citizenship. To improve their health is surely one way to accomplish this.

Exchanges

Paul S. Kennett.

We are glad to see that the Red and White comes out this month in double volume. This magazine is very attractive but aside from some good fiction the material is not especially strong. The Fire Girl is told in a manner which holds the attention of the reader. It contains some fine description and has a good plot. The Pilot and the Coward are also worthy of mention. Something like half the magazine is filled with local matter such as foot ball record. This shows that A. S. M. is doing something.

The Davidson College Magazine contains a number of splendid articles among which we notice A Plea For Simplification and Wanted—Happiness. The Hellishness of Profanity very clearly shows the uselessness and harm in profanity. By force and argument it proves its statements and really convinces. Such an article means more to college men than a mere literary production however excellent.

The University of North Carolina Magazine makes a fairly good appearance. It is strong in verse and editorial work. The stories are hardly up to the standard although The Cynic and the Co-Ed. is very interesting and at least portrays real characters. The University should produce a larger and better magazine.

We also acknowledge with thanks The Erskinian, Lenorian, The Black and Gold, The Sage, The College Reflector, The Oracle, The Wilmingtonian, The Elon College Weekly, The Penn Chronicle, The Haverfordian, Tennessee University Magazine, The Earlhamite, and Gettysburg Academy Ides.

The Ambitions of the Class of '14

Katherine Allen, to be fascinating.

Wade E. Barber, to become self supporting.

Tecy Beaman, to be dignified.

Irma Coble, either to get so she can talk, or to get Silas so that he can.

Margaret Cox, to butcher the alphabet.

Clara Davis, to attend class meeting.

Mattie Doughton, to be popular.

Brown Finch, to get two premises and a conclusion.

Mary Fox, to keep cool.

Mary Frei, to talk proper.

Kennie Futnell, to be a Junior.

Blanche Futrell, to star in English.

Gus Hayworth, to enforce parliamentary rules.

Virginia Helms, to please Prof. Crosby.

Grace Hughes, to be original.

Annabella King, to be enthusiastic.

Estelle Korner, to sing carolls.

Silas Lindley, to exchange seats in collection with E. Mc Bane.

Eileen Lewis, to get a brown eyed man.

Edgar McBane, to be a theologian.

Earle Pearson, to do something impossible.

Cathline Pike, to have a good knowledge of Biblical History, especially the Psalms of David.

George Short, to talk to Blanche Futrell.

Olive Smith, "to be a jolly old soul."

James Wagoner, to have his way.

Mary E. White, to be a question mark.

Alpheus White, to please Miss Louise.

Locals and Personals

Mary M. (In Bible Class) Do you know anything more about Saul's later life?"

Ethel S. "When do you mean? After he died."

Professor Carroll. (In Soph. Hist.) "What did Abelard write?"

L. K. "He wrote a book called I's and No's."

1st Girl. (Studying for History Quiz): "Estelle, why was the period when the Popes lived at Avignon called the Babylonian Captivity?"

Estelle: "Because it was at the same time that the children of Israel were carried as captivities into Babylon."

Teacher: "Why do the House of Lords and the House of Commons not sit together?"

Irma Coble: "One house became too small for them and they had to separate."

Leora Cappelle wants to know when the five o'clock train comes to the station.

E. W. P. (In Sol. Geom.) Prof. White, are two things ever equal and equivalent at once?"

Miss Louise: (Reading Livy) "He was the daughter of Meneleus—Oh—ah—a—a—um now let me see if my translation is correct."

Mr. Ovid W. Jones '08 and C. C. Smithhead '11 were recent visitors at the college.

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The Guilford Collegian

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January

No. 5

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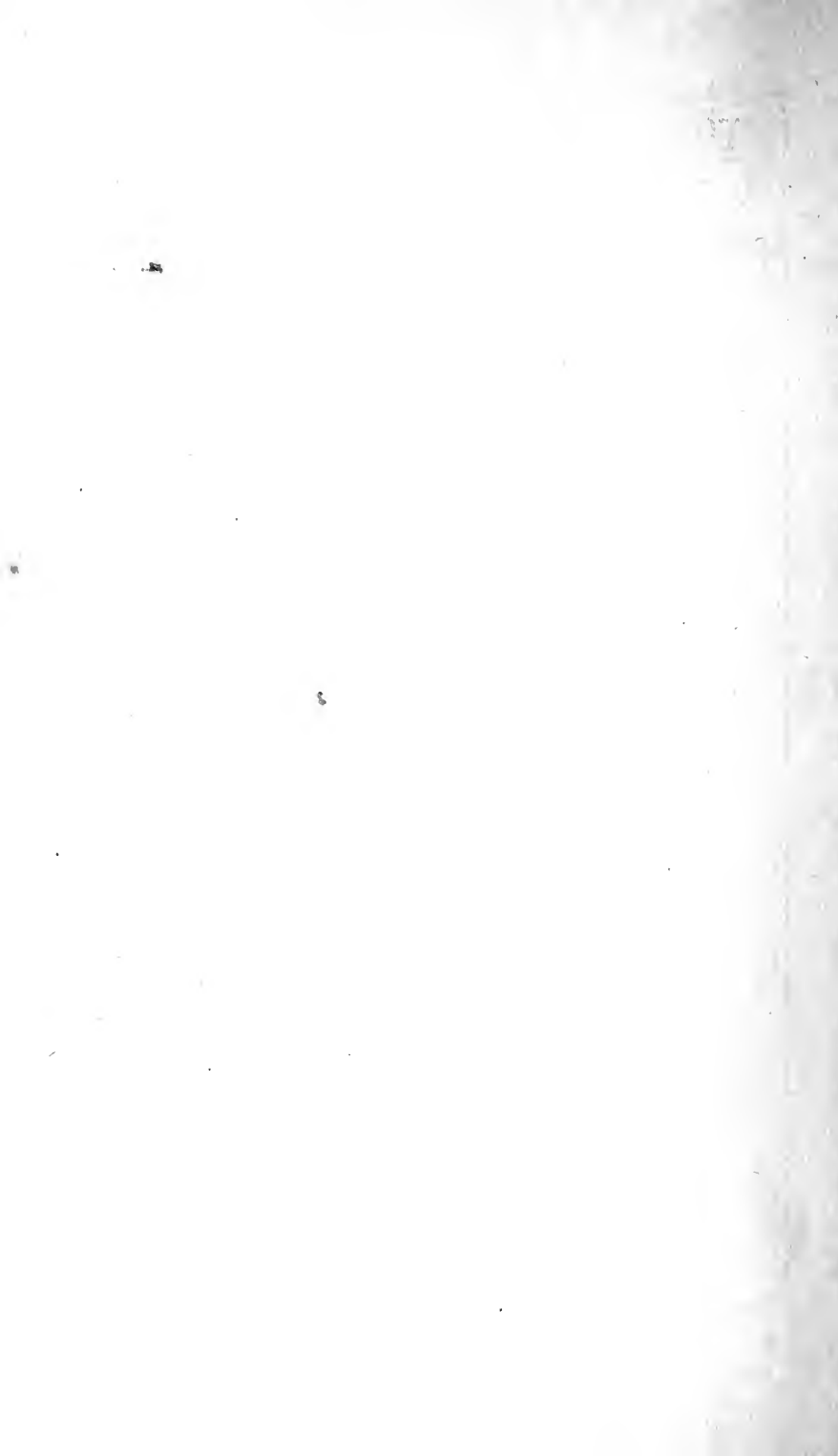
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W. G. GILCHRIST, Manager





The Guilford Collegian

VOL. XXIV.

JANUARY, 1912

No. 5

My Love

The eyes of my love are like diamonds,
Her lips are as red as the wine,
Her tresses are long and golden,
And her face is like sunshine.

The voice of my love is like music,
The sweetest of music to me,
Her heart is as true as the truest,
And my heart is no longer free.

The love of my love is boundless,
As boundless as the great, wide sea,
The presence of her is my glory,
'Tis a heaven on earth to me.

The Angel of the Samatown

"A *goddess*, with a syren's grace,—
A sun haired girl on a craggy place."

James Whitcomb Riley.

It was my first day in this hill country and all morning I had felt a romantic spirit. I stood with my back to the Pilot, covered with sleet and cloud capped; in front the Sauratown stretched out in all it's beauty, dark blue save where the faint rays of sunlight showed brown on the pine tops. Southward a line of rising fog marked the valley of the "Big 'Adkin," while away to my left was the vast sweep of the snow topped Blue Ridge. I gazed and wondered and now as a golden haired girl of seventeen, clad in a pink gingham and white bonnet and carrying an arm full of books, came across by the old mill, the lines from Riley sprang from me as by magic. Stranger that I was the wild sweet beauty of the scene had called forth a sentiment which I later came to recognize as a feeling akin to worship.

It is a very simple story, the life of this country maid, and yet it is a very beautiful life. That very morning she had risen at four to help her mother cook the breakfast. Then after her father and his men were off to the forest and saw mill and the younger children had been prepared for school, she had walked the two miles from home and arrived beautiful with the roses of winter. Of medium height, perfect symmetrical form and clear open air complexion, she was the picture of health and joy. I watched her graceful carriage, her pleasant smile and wondered if sorrow could find a place here.

Later I came to know her better. She had an ambition, which was her soul, to have a college education for she loved books and her brilliancy startled the little world in which she was known. But the fates had decreed otherwise, surely it was a decree of the gods, else why was this sweetest hope slow-

ly slipping away. She had hoped and prayed and sometimes had almost thought the prayer answered, but now she knew that it could never be. A cataract had grown over one eye, that was gone, and now the other became weaker and weaker. The specialist had said it was only a question of time and she realized that the time was growing short. She lead her classes easily and yet among her classmates were men who later took high rank in very excellent colleges and who were called brilliant. But that was settled, she would finish the session and then go to the little home and take her place there.

What a dear little home it was nestling at the foot of a big hill, just beside the spring branch and in the very valley of the "Little 'Adkin." The blue mountains cast their shadow over it, the waters sparkled past, and the wild things came near to play. It might have been some millionaire's bungalow, so small, so beautiful, so tasteful it was; to her it was her home of babyhood, the claimant of her heart.

And now Easter was at hand. On Sunday she would sing in the village choir. Not a great Easter anthem, but a sweet gospel song well fitted to the natural beauty of her voice. On Monday she would go on the mountain and he would be with her. He was not extremely handsome; this big mountain lover of hers but who would not admire the huge strength and manhood, the very spirit of the hills which made him. They found a seat away around the knob near to the ledge spring, a mossy spot in the shadow of the Rhododendron thicket. The clear mountain water rippled past, a thrush up among the Rhododendron was filling the world with his love song, the anomone blossomed under foot. What mattered it that he had loved her since childhood and that she had always known, the old story was very sweet, and they were both very, very happy. He had a good position, he would make her a splendid home, what more could she ask. But suddenly a deadly fear chilled her. Why had she been so selfish? Why thought of herself alone? Did she not know that all this was

impossible, that it would only mar his life? He had spoken from the great passion of his heart, not from cool consideration. She must have time, she told him to consider the matter.

On the last day of the session a medal was to be given "for the best recitation." Her's was a story of love and contained a prayer for the loved one. I noticed no special merit until the prayer was reached, but then she threw into it all the pent up longings of her soul, and her voice contained every shade of emotion known to the heart of a woman. The village pastor rose to present the prize and in a few words stated that the decision was unanimous. And at that moment her face wore the look of triumph and I knew that the prayer had been answered and her decision made. They were together that afternoon for a long time and I know not what they said, but when I saw him the shadow was upon his face and his step was slow. I sought her out to offer my congratulations and she flashed me a smile which was full of tears. Then she went home in the gloaming, and as she passed I murmured, the angel of the Sauratown.

How to Use Education

All life does not mean work for self. Every gift that we possess should be a means of doing good to others. The educational mills of this country are constantly grinding out grists of fresh, brainy and vigorous young men, as well as bright, intellectual young women. In every town and village of this wide land some of them settle and the burning question for each is: What shall I do with my education?

Too many frame their diplomas and point to them as an evidence that their education is finished, and then go down to be swallowed up in the multitude of the mediocre, growing coarser day by day, great in nothing but self-conceit, emitting no spark that might kindle a lofty ambition or a noble aspiration in the breast of another, well-groomed brutes, content to have learned a shorter way to rack and stall and manged. Some weild their education as a trenchant instrument of profit, as no more, no less. They set it on high as a medium through which they can obtain great worldly tribute, content to be mechanics of fortune, however, small they may appear as men. Some hold it as a royal-flush in a gambler's hand, to confound those with whom they play the game of life; while others, and these the few, regards it as a treasure intended to enrich humanity, and not for self or self-keeping alone.

It is true, education, like any other acquisition, should make its possessor utterly unselfish. The educated man and woman become missionaries of thought, and the diploma, far from implying that the education is finished, becomes the battle-banner, with which to move forward to grander victories than soldier ever achieved. It is nature's patent of nobility, and the graduates of our colleges should of right be the peerage of the Republic.

How shall I use my education? Let us answer that question. Use it in society, to refine, enlighten, broaden, and purify it.

Make thought a pleasure and conversation a delight. Leave your mark on every hour spent among your fellows, and thus wean them from the grosser enjoyments that murder nature and time with ruthless savagery. Give men something noble to think about and they will find something noble to do. Leave them alone to their brute instincts, and as dirt is so much nearer than sky, they will grovel in it. Use it in the home to enlighten and imbellish it, among brothers and sisters and friends. Never let it make you feel too good for your surroundings or too wise for your associates. There is nothing so contemptible as a learned ingrate; of all mankind he is the most phenomenal fool. Use it to improve not only yourself, but all about you; for without trained thought, the world would not be worth living in. In short, use it everywhere. Be educated all over, in head, heart, tongue, eyes, ears, hands and feet, for true education is true civilization.

U. G. White.

The Lowrie Outlaws

(Continued from the November number.)

Then Allen* arose from the floor and addressed his sons, "Steve you and Henry escape by the back door into the swamps. It will not go easy with you if found here by those men coming yonder, for you make good soldiers to fight for them in this nigger scrape. They will not take me. I am too old to fight agin them thar Yanks. I am worthless at that. They will search the house for you and if you are not found will pass on." Realizing that safety lay in immediate flight from the house, Henry replied, "If we do flee, we are not cowards. If anything happens to you—if them rascals injure you or anyone in this house, remember that a few Lowries are still living and they will——,"

"Pay all debts, and settle all accounts," Steve broke in.

Saying this the two brothers took their leave by the back door into the swamp which ran behind the house.

On came the clatter of hoofs, nearer and nearer. Fiercely the sound waves beat upon the ear, as the waves of the sea upon the shore. A squirrel peeping out the little window of his home high up in the old gum tree nearby instantly withdrew his head. A blue jay perched in a tree near the road, flew farther into the woods, with its unfinished breakfast—an acorn in its mouth, when the clattering reached its tiny ears. Even a dog, a dog that feels brave as he barks at a retreating person, but runs when turned upon by the same, slunk away into the woods. These, even these creatures of nature were frightened—for the faces of the Home Guard wore a "lean and hungry look." A countenance of hate—a countenance of authority and power. Their faces were as

*By an unpardonable mistake of the writer in the first installment of this story the father of Henry Berry was called Washington Lowrie instead of Allen Lowrie his real name.

rock—yes the rock of desire that could only be worn away to nothingness not by the drop, drop of water, but by the dropping, dropping, dropping of blood, the drops of liquid more precious, to the lowliest than the wealth of the world. Not even the wealth of two worlds, or four, yes, not even the riches of worlds in space can buy back the drops that make a soul, a soul that makes a life, a life that makes an eternity.

The Home Guard surrounded the little house. A short command, a bustle, and they were dismounted. The leader then in a gruff voice ordered Allen Lowrie to open the door in the name of the law, and to consider himself under arrest or his house would be torn down. Allen on hearing this, and also reasoning within himself that immediate obedience to their commands would perhaps be in his favor, opened the door, and in an instant was on the porch. To his surprise, he was instantly bound securely with ropes, and not a word was spoken until this was completed. Then in a sonorous voice the leader began,"

"You, Allen Lowrie, are here charged with being an accomplice in the robbery which occurred at Mr. Sellar's home a few night's ago, and also having a hand in the recent outrages committed in the neighborhood, such as the breaking into homes and carrying off of property."

Allen, to his great surprise, then perceived that he had to face a charge of robbery instead of being sent to war. The wind now blew from another corner. There had been, it is true, serious crimes carried on about the country while our sons were fighting at the front, but these raids were made by a band of deserters from the armies of both sides. Nearly every family that owned very much property, felt at their hands, the hunger and want caused by these marauding bands of cut-throats, in their depredations. Perhaps a spy would go to a home selected for plunder, in the day time in order to get the "lay of the land" well in mind and then return that night with his followers.

The old man made every effort possible to clear himself of the charge, but in vain. They would hear none of his pleading, and he was silenced by the leader's "Cutthroat, dog, close your mouth. We do not care to hear any more of your talk! The truth will soon be found out. Fellows search the house of this criminal."

The men needed not a second command. Into the house they went, searching every nook and corner like the Parisian mob in the Reign of Terror sought for the innocent victims to slake the thirst of the Guillotine, the Great National razor, the remedy for headache. In a few moments they came out as hurriedly as they went in. Their faces wore the lines of satisfaction. They were satisfied with the search. They were exultant, for they had a spoon with the Sellars name engraved on the handle. Also two men were leading between them a Croatan youth.

To the minds of these men, intent upon persecuting the Croatan race as far as possible; to the minds of these men who were incensed with anger at the recent depredations, this little spoon was the strongest of evidence. This spoon was a wall of evidence over which, Allen, by summoning all his strength could not leap. He was condemned. He was doomed. The person has never lived, whose virtues would have sustained against such proof however only circumstantial. Not the least shadow of a doubt came across their minds to prove him innocent. Could some one, through hate, have hidden the article belonging to Mr. Sellars in the home of Allen Lowrie, in order to throw guilt upon the old man? Could such have happened? No! was the conclusion. He is guilty, and he must suffer. As another bit of evidence, why was this young man hiding in the house? Was he not working with Allen in his suspected robberies? Yes! he too was guilty and must suffer the punishment.

A bracing November breeze blew fair in the faces of the prisoners, as they stood before the Home Guard—a free air that God has given to the high and low, great and small, yet

soon to be denied a fellow creature by the condemnation of other fellow creatures. Old Allen looked at the bare oaks whose naked boughs swayed in the breeze—their beauty gone and he compared himself with them. He turned his gaze to the sun, he had many, many mornings welcomed from his cabin and like a colt feeling the strength, and freedom of youth is turned loose in the meadow, he sniffs the morning air. Now the sun became gradually hidden in a thin bank of clouds, which were driven continually from the west. The wind blew cold. The winter king was coming forth from his ice-walled palace of the North, with a host to drive the many children of the land before the old colonial fireplace, their to warm their benumbed fingers and listen to the many tales of goblins.

Lifting up his head to the misty skies, old Allen spoke with his eyes, "O God have mercy on me." Then to the men about him, "Mons I am innocent. He knows I die innocent."

The men had not as yet named his sentence as death but they might just as well have spoken it, for their manner, their faces and actions foreboded death and Allen was not slow in perceiving it. His Indian instinct verified it, as the beast knows when the end is near, as the cow on entering the slaughter house, sniffs death and endeavors to escape the butcher's axe.

Allen was led off to a certain distance from the crowd by two men, leaving the remaining prisoner securely bound behind the rest. Their intentions, it seems, were to shoot them only one at a time. Then a preacher stepped up to Allen, and began to pray fervently that his soul be washed of its sins, saying that he hoped he was at peace with his God and fellow-men; the God who was to judge us all would forgive the crimes which he had committed. With not a single quiver in his voice, and with true Indian firmness Allen replied, "Mons it's all right." Then followed a silence—that dreadful silence. The preacher stepped to one side. Six guns were raised to six shoulders—six guns cracked—a thud and all was over. Not

a quiver of the body. He died as his ancestors would have him die—a man.

During the firing and while all were interested in the killing of Allen, the remaining prisoner who proved to be William Lowrie, a near kinsman, took a chance to escape. Bound with a rope that held only his arms he began to flee. But the poor unfortunate had not succeeded in going far when the Guard discovered him. One of the men immediately ordered him to halt, but he was so intent on escaping that he did not hear the command. The order was given again but he continued to flee. Then a rifle cracked loud and he fell limp to the earth, a second victim.

The Home Guard was a sort of protection at home while the war was carried on. They were supposed to punish all those who broke the laws and to mete out punishment to those who deserved it. When depredations were committed around the country they felt it to be their duty to deal with the criminals accordingly. Therefore, when suspicion fell upon Allen Lowrie, they came, searched his home and found what to their minds was unsurmountable proof in favor of their suspicion. The criminals or rather a small portion had been punished by them, right here on the spot, and now they were ready to leave. Their burning desire—their revenge, was now satisfied. They were proud of their power, strength and importance, for they would be hailed as “protectors of the home.” They had (as they thought), squared matters with their fellowmen and had dealt rightly. With such musings in their minds, they mounted their horses and soon passed out of sight around a bend in the road, hearing not the moans of the unfortunate Croatan’s bereaved family. They were nothing to them; why be moved by their tears. Indifferent man! They had looked from the little window upon the sad night. They had seen their father, his hands tied behind him, standing there helpless, to be shot. They had seen him fall, and now wept for him. They loved him—he was a father to them. They were human beings though not considered as such by

the Home Guard that had lately disappeared around a bend in the road. There was no male person present but they managed to bring the two bodies into the house to be prepared for burial in the peculiar manner of the race.

Now and then sobs from the women broke forth interspersed with moans. The longleaf pines that surrounded the house, were swaying in the breeze, and sighing too. The unhappy family were all gathered about the fire of lightwood knots talking in whispers. Then the whispers ceased, more moans and sobs, for some time and then all was silent—.

“Did you hear that?”

The awe-aspirated question was asked simultaneously by the watchers of the bodies. The fire was burning low, now and then sputtering, then silence. A sound seemed to approach nearer and nearer. Then a low whistle. Then nearer and nearer, the sound of many footsteps, for such it proved to be, approached the little home which held within itself a sorrow-stricken group of helpless women. The mother sprang to her feet, rushed to the window and peered out. The next moment the door opened and Henry Berry stepped into the room followed by his brother, Steve.

When Henry Berry saw the tears in the eyes of his mother, when he heard the sobs and moans from his sisters, no explanation of the cause of their grief was needed. The situation was plain to him, and when the realization of this fact came over him, he could scarcely hold in check the emotions of grief within himself. Going over to where his father lay he stared at the lifeless body for some time. Then with firmness in his voice he broke the silence: “Revenge, yes, I must have revenge. Not one who has had anything to do with this shall escape. If you are dead father, those cowards will soon find out that you have a son still living.”

“Cy.”

(To be Continued)

The City By the Sea

Perhaps no city in the entire country is so conspicuously pointed out as being of historic interest as Charleston. It was founded in 1670 on the west bank of the Ashley River and was called Charles Town in honor of the king. The present city was incorporated in 1783. Many, many things of historic interest have happened in and about the city during the two centuries of its existence. There are now many old and interesting things in the city. It is my purpose to very briefly, and without any attempt at elegance of style, to tell about a few of the things that might be of interest.

Fort Moultrie and fort Sumter are common names in history. Both these forts are situated a few miles across the bay from Charleston. Fort Sumter was built in 1825 and played an important part in the Civil War. It was here that Major Anderson was forced to surrender to the Confederates in the first great battle of that tragic struggle between the States. Sumter is not modernly equipped, only the keeper stays there.

Fort Moultrie is on Sullivan's Island. It was named after General Moultrie and was originally built of palmetto logs and sand. Anyone who has ever read history will recall the story of how Sergeant Jasper rescued the flag at this fort. One morning this fall, in company with a friend of mine I took the ferry at the government wharf and went over to the Island for a look at this famous fort. The first move is to get a permit from the officer in charge and this being done we set out with the Commandant's orderly as our guide. Fort Moultrie proper is only one of a series of coast defense forts. As you enter from the back, just to your right is the grave of the famous Indian Chief Osceola, who was captured near St. Augustine, Fla., while under a flag of truce and sent to this fort. He was treated with the utmost kindness but pined

away and died within three months. The story is very pathetic.

Passing inside we were shown the big ten-inch guns. The orderly was a courteous fellow and explained to us something of how the guns were loaded, aimed and fired. The ammunition is kept in concrete vaults in the side of the wall and is carted to the guns on trucks that are just the right height to reach the breech. The projectile is pushed in by hand and followed by the powder. The aiming of the gun is done automatically. Details would be uninteresting. From a little house on the top of the fort the entire battery gets its data for aiming the guns. The firing is done by an electric current.

My friend was very anxious to stand on the spot where Sergeant Jasper rescued the flag so the orderly took us to the place. "Of course one cannot be absolutely certain that this is the exact place" the orderly said "but as far as we can find out it was at this very spot that Sergeant Jasper wrote his name in history." Old Fort Moultrie is modernly equipped but there is something about the memory of its past history that makes you stand in awe as you look about its battlements.

Farther back from the coast is the forts containing the mortars. The mechanism that controls these engines of destruction is much the same as that of the big ten-inch guns. Everything is automatic. From the small house on the wall of the fort all the observations are taken and the mortars are aimed and fired without the gunners ever seeing what they are shooting at.

Without doubt the most famous battery on the Atlantic coast is the one from which the first shot of the Civil War was fired. This Battery is on the Ashley River in the most southernly part of the city. From here the shots were fired that forced the surrender of Fort Sumter in 1861. Far from being modern the big guns now stand silently by the river. Children play upon the mortars that once hurled forth fire and destruction.

What is now known as the Battery is a public park. It contains the old guns and mortars and have been extended up the river until it is now quite a modern park. On moonlit summer nights people come in crowds to enjoy the breezes that blow here almost constantly. The river wanders by with a peaceful murmur, broken only by the chuck-chuck of an occasional motor boat. So here where the most horrible and tragic war in history was begun, today lovers tell their tales and poets rave about the murmur of the river and the breezes and the moonlight.

Charleston has many beautiful churches. The two that are of the most historic interest are the Huguenot Church and St. Michael's Episcopal. The Huguenot church is the only one of its kind in America. It is a very old structure being built about 1680. The present building was remodeled from the old church in 1840. Among the illustrious men and women whose names are upon the memorial tablets on the interior of the church appear the names of Alexander Hamilton and Martha Washington. The pastor of the church is a very old man with white hair and tottering step but with a very keen intellect even at his advanced age.

St. Michael's is known all over the country. The material from which it is built came from England. It is the oldest church in the city that contains the original material from which it was built. Some of the same window-panes that came from England in 1752 are still in the sash. The pews are solid mahogany and are the original ones installed. The organ and all the furnishings for the chancel are the same that were first put in. In this church can be seen the pew in which both George Washington and Robert E. Lee sat on their respective visits to Charleston. If you care to you can go in and sit down in the same pew where "The father of his country" and the "Peerless Lee" sat in the days that are gone.

There are many interesting traditions and stories about the church and its surroundings. One is especially interest-

ing. Outside in the church yard is an old headboard of a bed stuck up over a grave. The story is told that this marks the grave of a poor woman whose husband was unable to place a tomb-stone to mark her grave so he stuck up this headboard of an old cedar bed. The remarkable thing about it is that it has been there for about one hundred and fifty years and is still not decayed to any extent. Several other interesting things may be seen in the church-yard.

One of the United States navy yards is situated a few miles above Charleston on the Cooper river. To any one who has never seen a big war vessel a trip out there is well worth while. Some of the smaller ships are there all the time and quite frequently a large man-of-war anchors in the harbor. The dry-dock is of enormous size, one of the largest in the country. The Government has spent millions of dollars on the buildings and office quarters.

Magnolia cemetery, at the north end of Meeting Street, is noted for its natural beauty and is called the "Greenwood of the South." To the right as you enter through the massive gate, you come to the Confederate Monument and grounds. A little further on "The Old Oak" that for years has kept its silent watch in the "City of the Dead." Justly, it is the pride of all Charlestonians, being one of the grandest in the South. There are many noted monuments here, that of Hugh S. Legare is most interesting. William Washington's monument, designed and made in Charleston, and the Dragoon monument, all tell their tale to those who pause and read. St. Lawrence cemetery adjoins Magnolia on the south and Bethany, the German Lutheran cemetery, you pass just before reaching Magnolia. St. Lawrence belongs to the Catholics. Both are well kept grounds.

There is the site of an old Friend's Meeting House in the city called today Quaker Square. It is on the principal street of the city and would be an ideal place for a church. The history of the old place is full of interest to all the Friends who visit here.

The last place of interest that I shall mention is the Magnolia Gardens, on the Ashley River about fifteen miles above Charleston. This is an old plantation home formerly owned by the Draytons and is still owned by their daughter. It is a wonderfully beautiful spot, whose peculiar features can be found no where else in the country. Its finest growths are mostly oaks and magnolias, but it is known far and wide over the land for the wealth and beauty of its many colored azaleas. These attain a height of from twenty to thirty feet and in the Spring are a dense mass of brilliant colors.

This brief sketch will not give you any real conception of how many quaint and beautiful and interesting things there are in this delightful old city. To enjoy them one must see them for himself. When you travel it would be well to remember the motto of the city, "See Charleston first."

J. G. B. '11.

Charleston, S. C.



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Editorials

It matters not how strong an army a nation may have at its command, so long as chaos rules it can win no important victories. But on the other hand a much smaller, though well disciplined army under an efficient general can accomplish more. If any political or governmental policy is to be carried

out a leader is chosen by the advocates of the reform before any action is taken on the subject. No business organization or corporation ever enters into operation until it has secured capable managers to direct the forces employed in doing its work. In fact in all departments of real life the need of leadership is seen and fulfilled. Also it should be recognized that leadership is just as necessary in the lesser activities of college life. This is already realized to a great extent. For we have, already our captains and managers of the various departments of athletic activities, and leaders in society and Y. M. C. A. work, etc. But the phase of life at Guilford that stands most in need of a recognized leader, is, as we see it, college rooting.

There are two main reasons for which we advocate organized rooting. First, we desire to win as many as possible of the games we enter, and good rooting encourages the men on the field, thereby helps them to put up a better fight. Besides the men who give their time and work in order that they may make the team which they represent, deserve all the encouragement the student body is able to give. Secondly, when a visiting team comes to meet us on our home ground its members are our guests, and deserve to be treated as such in a gentlemanly manner. We can give clean college yells and songs that will encourage our own men; yet prove no offense to our opponents. The fellow who steps out on the side line and accosts our opponents with unseemly language or otherwise passes slighting remarks is not truly representative of the college. Yet the visiting man offended, always remembers it and picks him out as an exponent of the existing college spirit. For these reasons there should be a capable leader chosen by the student body, enjoying such rights and privileges as they see fit to confer upon him, who is to lead all rooting. The encouragement furnished will aid us greatly in putting out a team that will be a credit to any college in the state to beat.

The evils as well can be eliminated by an efficient leader. Then it will be a pleasure to other teams to play us. This is our ideal of the true rooting spirit.

That the makers of the National Constitution feared that there would be a tendency on the part of the
The Veto Power chief executive to have the United States government develop into a monarchy, is attested by his short term in office and other restrictions upon his power. However the power of veto conferred on the president shows a wisdom in the divisions of power, and the granting of a restraint on hasty and inconsiderate action of Congress for which the framers of the constitution are ever to be commended. Nevertheless as to the wisdom of exercising this power there are varied opinions. Hamilton's view was that the veto power was conferred on the president because there was danger of the legislative department intruding upon the rights and absorbing the powers of the other departments. Also that the executive needed means of maintaining his constitutional prerogative.

And he added further that "The power in question has a further use. It not only serves as a shield to the executive, but it furnishes an additional security against the enactment of improper laws. It establishes a salutary check upon the legislative body, calculated to guard the community against the effects of faction precipitancy, or of any impulse unfriendly to the public good which may happen to influence a majority of that body. * * * They will consider every institution calculated to restrain the excess of law-making, and to keep things in the same state in which they may happen to be at any given period as much more likely to do good than harm; because it is favorable to a greater stability in the system of legislation. The injury which might be done by defeating a few good laws will be amply compensated by the advantage of preventing a number of bad ones.

Jefferson contended: "Unless the president's mind on a view of everything which is urged for and against the bill is tolerably clear that it is unauthorized by the constitution—if the pro and con hang so even as to balance his judgment—a just respect for the wisdom of the legislature would naturally decide the balance in favor of their opinion."

"Violation of the constitution or haste and want of consideration by Congress," were held by President Taylor as the only excuses for which the veto power should be exercised.

In vetoing the Inflation Bill in 1874 President Grant assigned as his reason the fact that it was "a departure from true principles of finance, national interest, national obligations to creditors, congressional promises, party pledges (of both political parties), and personal views and promises made by me in every annual message sent to Congress and in each inaugural address."

Nevertheless, regardless of varying opinions the right of the president to exercise the veto power is unlimited. But as he is required to assign some reason for his action the people to whom he is held directly responsible have a means of knowing his motive. The veto power is an instrument in the hands of the president that adds much dignity to the office and gives the chief executive a strong influence over Congress. At the same time it furnishes an index by which the people as a whole may judge the characteristics of the man holding the presidential honors.

Receptions

WEBSTERIAN-ZATASIAN RECEPTION

The Zatasians spent a delightful evening at Memorial Hall on November 17, 1911, as guests of the Websterian Literary Society.

A part of the hall was decorated simply but artistically in bunting, of the Zatasian's colors, and ferns, giving a very festive air to the room and everything spoke of welcome and good cheer as we entered. The meeting was certainly a pleasure to attend. The officers put aside the thoughts of the reception to follow and presided with all the dignity of men of mature years. Their program was new and weighty. The men who gave it showed great ability and we could see a brilliant future awaiting each of them. When the time for adjournment came the guests arose with serious thoughts as to the realness of our society work and the earnestness with which we have and should carry it forward. We all felt that we had really gained something not soon to be lost.

Then we passed gaily to the reception. It's the same old story, always new. Yes—we had a good time and enjoyed everything. The girls were so happy in the pretty evening dresses and the boys so chivalrous and handsome and the refreshments so bounteous and good. Yes, everything was a success and we are happier and will make better men and women for having been sharers in such wholesome pleasure.

CLAY-PHILOMATHEAN RECEPTION

All Fall it has been whispered among us, "Wonder when we will be entertained by our brother Clays?" Yes, when would it be—that event which we can look forward to only

every other year which we cherish as the time which gives us opportunity to learn our brother society's progress, and to renew the bond of fellowship that binds us as brother and sister societies.

Finally the suspense was broken. Every Philomathean's heart leaped with joy when it was announced that we were asked to visit the Clays Friday night, Nov. 24. Straightway began every girl to prepare herself for the occasion and when the time came each was still more eager to be at her best.

With solemn martial tread we entered Memorial Hall keeping time to the beautiful piano music Mr. Crosby was rendering. The artistic arrangement of the decorations which were of potted plants, pennants and banners showed that the boys of that society are trained in other arts besides that of debating. We were delighted when the program was announced—a question of interest to us all was to be debated—that of Woman Suffrage, and truly our delight and interest waxed stronger when the speakers, Mr. Edgar McBane and Alpheus White claimed our attention and discussed so ably this important subject. In the speeches of these two young men we discerned the invigorating spirit of excellence which is so characteristic of the Henry Clay Literary Society. Indeed so well was argument presented on either side that it was difficult to decide which would win. Finally, however, Mr. White succeeded in convincing the judges that woman should have the right to vote. Following this Mr. Alpheus Zachary gave a recitation in a most interesting and expressive manner, as he always does.

After a very pleasing speech of welcome by the president, Mr. Samuel Nelson, and responses of appreciation from the Philomathean the Society part began, and each girl discovered after days of wonder and anxiety who was to be her partner for the evening. From the pleasant talk and laughter heard from the couples over the Hall it was evident that everything was pleasant with them.

A most delicious salad course and fruits were served.

In the midst of all this merriment, when we were just hoping that time would not have to be considered on such a joyous occasion, Miss Louise was seen walking hastily toward the doorway taking her departure. In another moment the president announced that the bell was calling us to Founders. With reluctance we started homeward but with the satisfaction of having been royally entertained.

Every Philomathean would voice the sentiment:

Here's to you, Clays, and your progress!

Here's to all strength for the right!

Here's to the program you've rendered,

Here's to the Purple and White!

Debates

SENIOR-JUNIOR DEBATE

On the evening of December 9th came the first inter-class debate of the year, between the representatives of the Junior and Senior classes. Long before the hour for the opening of the debate arrived, Memorial Hall was filled with people interested in debate work, who had come to hear such an interesting question so ably discussed.

As the Marshall, Gus W. Hayworth, led the way to the rostrum, followed by the presiding officer, Prof. Carroll, Secretary Cathline Pike and the six debaters, they were heartily applauded. Prof. Carroll stepped forward and delivered a short explanatory talk which was ended by his call for the reading of the query and the announcement of the speakers on each side.

The Secretary read the following:

"Resolved, That party allegiance is to the best interests of Democratic government. Speakers on the affirmative: B. K. Richardson, J. T. Chappelle, H. A. Stewart; on the negative: J. B. Woosley, H. S. Sawyer, H. W. Smith.

Mr. Richardson opened the debate and reviewed in a general way, parties, their formation, and their purpose. He then showed in a concise manner the need of party allegiance, in order for a party to carry out its principles and do the most effective work. Secondly, that consistent policy and permanent reform are results of party, rather than independent action.

Lastly, the need of placing like-minded men in office. By this, is meant the choosing of men who have the same general ideas in regard to party principles which would tend to harmonize the workings of the party, and give to it the required support.

Mr. Woosley spoke first in opposition to this question, and showed clearly the evils that arise from party allegiance. Such as "Bossism," which he claimed is irresponsive to the real wishes of the people. In addition to boss rule, there also come bribery and corruption, and to illustrate this great evil, he mentioned Tammany Hall as a specific example.

He contended further, that Party Allegiance makes the party feel secure in any fraudulent practice that it may instigate. Even graft may be carried on in seclusion if party allegiance is too strongly manifested. About one-third of our annual income is being wasted largely by the extravagance of party methods. How can it happen that any voter will stand by his party and see all of the evils being carried on within it, in order that he may say, "I voted a straight ticket."

Mr. Chappelle, second on the affirmative, began his speech with a summary of the argument produced by his colleague. He then showed that non-observance to party ties would be contrary to good Democratic government, or for any party to be progressive, there must be bonds of partisanship. He also showed the need of political parties in regard to Democratic government. They foster and encourage political activity, and in this activity the party issues have their embodiment, and are ever kept before the eyes of the people, so that they may see the operation of the government, since the ruling party and the government are practically the same.

Mr. Sawyer, second on the negative, took up the evils which his colleague had proven to owe their origin to party allegiance, and showed how they could be remedied. He advocated the further education of the people so that the masses would think and act for themselves. He next showed that independent action would eliminate bribery and corruption by sighting instances where it had actually destroyed it. These instances he found in the commission form of city government. He then showed that an irresponsive party could be removed by a class of independent voters who would act according to the dictates of his own conscience. In short he

showed that all the evils presented by his colleague could be remedied by a moderate amount of independent action, and by independent action alone.

Mr. Stewart spoke last on the affirmative. He first showed that party allegiance and that party concentration makes prominent a sense of responsibility and this he clearly emphasized by referring to the success of the well organized army over the Barbarian hoards of Western Europe.

He further showed that party allegiance brings forward the best of statesmanship, and without the aid of political parties you would not cherish so dearly the names of Clay, Webster, and Calhoun, or in shifting the scene, we would not have our Gladstone, our Disraeli, our Asquith. His last point of argument set forth the method to be followed in doing away with the evils, if any, and this he contended could best be done by working within a party rather than from without. In conclusion he made a brief summary of all the argument produced by his colleagues.

Mr. Smith, last speaker for the negative, spoke of two extremes to which such a question as this might be driven. Namely: Party allegiance or complete subservience. He did not follow either of these two evils however, but spoke of the merits of the middle course between the two as being the tendency of the people in breaking away from boss rule. He then showed the significance of the insurgents, as regards the progressive principles gained by their action in connection with the Democratic move. He also mentioned the fact that one-sixth of our people are living within the referendum district, thereby taking away from party legislation that much control and placing it within the hands of the popular force. The old system of voting, he claimed, is being driven out and in its stead an improved ballot is being instituted, which does not allow the boss influence. The policy has been put forth suggesting the thing most needed is a strong, independent class of men who can stand for the interest of the people and not be held in bondage by the political boss, whose interest

it is to look out for selfish motives, rather than public principles. He concluded by calling fresh before the minds of his hearers the argument set forth by the negative side.'

The speakers on the rebuttal were: Mr. Richardson, for the affirmative, and Mr. Woosley for the negative. Each manifested much skill in the attack upon the argument set forth by the opposition. It was evident from the force with which they spoke that each had carefully planned the argument to be produced by each side.

The judges were: Messrs. Harold, Sterne and Hines. They rendered their decision two in favor of the negative.

The debate was exceedingly good and the reflection which it cast was pleasing. The Senior and Junior classes have much to be proud of in producing such able representatives in debate work and not the classes alone but the college as well may pride itself upon having such speakers who are drawing near the finishing mark at Guilford.

WILBUR H. ROSS.

THE FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE DEBATE

The second inter-class debate was warmly contested between the speakers of the Freshmen and Sophomore classes in Memorial Hall on December 16th. The Freshmen team, consisting of Paul Nunn, Robert Brown and Clifford R. Hinshaw, defended the affirmative side of the question, Resolved, That United States senators should be elected by a direct vote of the people, and the Sophomore speakers, Wade Barber, E. H. McBane and G. W. Hayworth upheld the negative. After a short address of welcome by Prof. D. D. Carroll, who presided, the Secretary, Miss Mary Lamb, announced Paul Nunn the first speaker on the affirmative.

Mr. Nunn opened his speech by tracing certain forms of government from early history down to the present time,

showing how certain changes had come about, and the effect of the changes. He worked gradually toward our own government and then came down to the point of his argument. During the part of his speech in which he dealt with the evolution of our present form of government, he kept before his audience the fact that the American people have always stood for liberty, both religious and political. "And this reform," declared Mr. Nunn, "is a necessary step for the protection of political liberty. There can be no reasonable objection to a constitutional amendment because it is an evolutionary rather than a revolutionary movement. Our constitution has been amended before, and our system of checks ought to be diminished now." He showed reasons why it is no longer necessary for the legislature to elect the senators, and he cited certain instances where popular election has been tried and has proven the people capable of performing this duty for themselves. "There is no longer," he said, "a distrust of popular election, and the general movement toward political liberty, resulting in a change in the method of the election of almost all of the state officers, has left us a new people living under a new system."

J. Wade Barber, the first speaker on the negative, made a short explanation of the duty of his side toward the question, and showed that the burden of the proof lay upon the affirmative. Then he entered into the argument and hotly defended the character of the senate and the work it is doing. "The evils alleged to exist are not inherent in the system of elections," Mr. Barber declared, "nor are they of a national character. The senate has fulfilled its purpose in that it has succeeded as a check and balance system. It has adopted and initiated all the great measures for education, peace, justice, and humanity. It is the arena in which has been fought and won the great battles of constitutional liberty. It has drawn the best men of our country such as Webster, Clay, Calhoun and Vance. It is the deliberative, conservative body of our country." From this he concluded: "A change is not neces-

sary." After reminding the judges that the burden of proof lay upon the affirmative, he gave the floor to Robert Brown of the opposition.

Mr. Brown showed that the change is desirable for its effect on the character of the senators. He told of corrupt methods which are used by some of the senators to gain their office, and showed that by the direct election of senators these evils can be eliminated. During his discourse on this part of his argument Mr. Brown asserted boldly, that "Under the present method of election through state bosses, machine politicians, and by the use of money, many unworthy senators obtain their seats in congress." He proved further, that by direct election from the people, better men would be chosen because only those of ability, reputation and character could stand the test of a popular campaign; and also that the senators would be more directly responsible to the people who elect them. As he clearly developed his points he emphasized the fact that the people almost universally recognize the need of the reform and greatly desire it.

The second speaker on the negative was E. H. McBane. Mr. McBane spent little time in preliminaries but entered directly upon a strong line of argument to show that the popular election of senators would be unwise; first, because of the evils of its immediate practical results; and second, because of the evils of its ultimate consequences. As immediate evils he proved that by transferring the scene of election from the legislature to the party connections, bribery and corruption would be increased. "Also" said Mr. McBane, "it would transfer the power of elections from the people of the state to the great centers of population, thereby allowing the votes of the largest cities to rule the state. Thus the power throughout the land would be unevenly distributed." Then he showed in what way the present method of election is again best for the country. "The proposed method" said he "would substitute for a few deadlocks, a great number of contested elections, and the contested elections would be by far

worse for the state than all the deadlocks heretofore experienced." As proof of this statement he showed that in every close election the senate would be compelled to make investigations upon every vote cast in the entire state; thus causing the unnecessary expenditure of an enormous amount of money and valuable time. As ultimate consequences Mr. McBane contended that "If we change the constitution the states will be at liberty to demand greater representation in the senate, and the states of larger population will not be satisfied with the same number of senators as the smaller states, and this will destroy equality of states in the senate. If we show a distrust in the legislators by taking power away from them, we lessen their abilities; and by lowering the character of the members of the houses "declared Mr. McBane, "we weaken the very foundation of our government."

Clifford R. Hinshaw, the lastspeaker on the affirmative, showed that the popular election of senators would be better for the government in that it would remove the evils of the present system which causes many deadlocks in the state legislatures. "And because of them," Mr. Hinshaw asserted, "many legislatures extend through their entire sessions in a vain endeavor to elect senators. In this way many states are deprived of equal representation in the senate." He showed that state and national issues would be more completely separated and that legislatures would be free to direct their time and energies to the best interests of the states. As proof of this statement he cited the deadlocks in Montana (1893), in Oregon (1893 and 1895), in Wyoming and Washington (1893), Colorado (1903), Rhode Island (1907) and in Mississippi and Iowa (1911); and gave an instance of where fourteen states were deprived of equal representation in the senate between 1891 and 1905. He also mentioned the fact that during those fifteen years there were forty-six deadlocks. Mr. Hinshaw made a condensed summary of the argument advanced by the affirmative and then gave the floor to G. W. Hayworth, the last speaker on the negative.

Mr. Hayworth showed that direct election of senators was un-American because it is not in accordance with the spirit of the founders of our republic and the founders of our constitution; and that it would overthrow our entire system of representative government. To show that it is not in accordance with our constitution, he proved that "The intentions of the framers of the constitution were that the State and Federal government should be separate; and that each should be supreme in its own field of action. And furthermore," continued Mr. Hayworth, "the constitution provides, not for a government from the people direct, but for a representative government." To prove that it would destroy our representative government, he proved that "It would be a step toward leading our nation into a league or confederacy, and it would destroy the system of checks and balances in the legislative department of our national government." He gave a method of which the same results could be obtained in the present system of election, as would come about through the direct election of senators. He proposed to "amend the laws that regulate the election of senators by, first, providing that a plurality vote be sufficient to elect, instead of requiring a majority. Second, the election would take place at once instead of a week after convening; and third, by introducing a 'corrupt practice' clause similar to the one now in force in Oregon." From this proof Mr. Hayworth made the conclusion that the system of direct election of senators is un-American and therefore should not be adopted by the American people.

The two teams were so evenly matched that throughout the entire debate, the audience was held in suspense as to which side would win out.

Paul Nunn gave the rebuttal for the affirmative, and Wade Barber answered for the negative. Both sides showed the fighting spirit until the end. The judges Messrs. H. P. Leak and A. H. King, of Greensboro, and Mr. J. O. Ragsdale of Madison rendered their decision in favor of the negative.

Exchanges

The William and Mary Literary Magazine is especially strong in good verse and excellent fiction. There is, however, a very noticeable absence of articles, and the departments are not very full. The Love of John Carlton is well written and full of human interest and of the finest sentiment. The plot is well worked out and developed. Above all, the story is one of the longer type, not merely a storiette. The first of the Transylvanian sketches is a splendid portrait of a fine old Kentucky gentleman, written in the most fascinating style and language, and carrying with it a true picture of life. The scene is laid around an old colonial mansion and the man fits well with the picture. Milady of the Pumps is extremely interesting and almost startling. While hardly to be called sensational it is at least very good modern fiction of the lighter vein. Altogether the magazine is very pleasing, although we hope it will improve in the way of solid contributions.

The Acorn comes to us in the full spirit of Christmas. Its dark brown cover and its cheery contents bring to one the holiday joy. One very strong article, "American Art,—The Interpreter of her People" appeals to us as itself a piece of literary art. The important subject, careful investigation, and excellent composition make it valuable. Aside from this most of the contributed material takes the form of short, but at the same time good stories, and splendid sketches.

The Buff and Blue is a well arranged and very creditable magazine. The contributions are good and the departments seem to have received special attention.

The Radiant contains a number of portraits and sketches of faculty, and other matter showing well for the college. There are also a number of strong articles.

The Wilmingtonian comes up to its usual standard of excellency.

PAUL S. KENNETT.

Athletics

Since Guilford puts out no football team and since the weather has not been suitable for track and baseball practice, basket ball has received the entire attention of the college students who participate in athletics for the past six or eight weeks. There probably never has been as much interest shown in this sport at our college before as has been evident this year and the natural and only result of such interest is made manifest in the fact that we are about to realize the fastest team that this college has ever turned out. With a nucleus of the last year's team, which was the fastest up to that time in the history of the institution, to start with and plenty of good material to work from, the co-operation of the coach and the experienced players has succeeded in making a team which we flatter ourselves to believe would be a credit to any college. There has, in fact, been so much improvement on the part of the whole squad that it is a very difficult problem to determine just who will be chosen for the varsity team and those who are so unfortunate as to be left out can lay the blame to their stars rather than upon the captain and coach. We are, even now, proud of the boys who have so faithfully fought for supremacy in the practice games from day to day and we entertain no doubts whatever that we shall be fairly swelling with pride at the end of the basket ball season for with such a team as we are able to boast of there can be no other end than victory.

In the meantime a very heavy schedule has been arranged with a majority of the games away from home. The team leaves for a trip through Virginia on January the twenty-second and returns on the twenty-eighth. Another trip through North Carolina is on for the following week, thus filling in two full weeks away from our own floor.

The games which have definitely been arranged up-to-date are as follows:

| | |
|---|-----------------|
| Jan. 22—University of Va. | Charlottesville |
| Jan. 23—Jefferson School | Charlottesville |
| Jan. 24—Staunton Military Academy | Staunton |
| Jan. 25—V. P. I. | Blacksburg |
| Jan. 27—V. M. I. | Lexington |
| Jan. 30—V. M. I. | Guilford |
| Jan. 31—University N. C. | Chapel Hill |
| Feb. 1—Trinity | Durham |
| Feb. 2—A. & M. | Raleigh |
| Feb. 3—Y. M. C. A. | Durham |
| Feb. 10—A. & M. | Guilford |
| Feb. 19—V. P. I. | Guilford |

About three more games are partially arranged and it is very likely that about two more, to be played at home, will be added to the above list.

Locals and Personals

“Little specks of snow flakes,
Little drops of sleet,
Make this great big world
Bad to a fellow's feet”—

—Ask Grace Hughes.

Isaac Fike: “I have just received a special bulletin from the weather bureau at Washington saying that the weather will still continue to be bad on ‘rats.’ ”

We were very much dissappointed a few mornings ago to find that we did not have snipe for breakfast—we had understood that Mr. Gossett was to “set up.”

Annabella: “Some certain folks that I know have a perfect menu for poking into other folks' business.”

Prof. Crosby, holding up paper: “Whose paper is this?

Herbert S.: “Why, it's mine. Don't you see the name on it?

Prof. Crosby: Yes, that's what excited my curiosity and made me ask.”

(Ever see any of Herb's writing?)

Cheer up; '13 is not unlucky, for the Junior girls won from the Sophomores in basket ball to the tune of 8 to 3.

Annabella: “Some folks are so obliging. Thought perchance a body would have a little feast tonight and so I asked Brother Gossett to fetch me out a little bread, but the good soul replied that he got enough to eat at the table.

Miss Louise had decided very suddenly to rest for a few moments on the ice when Mr. Crosby came up and asked if she was doing that just for stage effect.

They were talking of track and R. W. said that one fellow ran 220 hurdles in 26 seconds flat. When Tom Appreson broke in with: "That's what Ernest Moore throws here isn't it?"

M. Mendenhall: "I have planned a quiz for Mr. Crosby:—For the first thirty minutes I shall have him to re-write Sartar Resartus in its entirety; in the next fifteen minutes I shall have him to give a detailed account of the world and its contents; and in the last ten minutes to give a complete history of the world in its past and present, viewed from a psychological standpoint. The last named question will require the most intense mental concentration of the three."

Annie Maude: "Do you have any camphor ice?"

Dr. Millis, looking at canned goods: "Canned ice, no." I believe we're out."

"Girls, girls, come in out of the snow, Thee sees I saw one girl out this morning without rubbers, so I shall give the next one a half faculty.

Thee understands now."

Alumni Notes

✓ Sallie Thomasen. Raiford, ('08) and Annie Viola Mendenhall, ('09) are both students at Earlham College this year and seem to be enjoying life in the Hoosier College very much.

✓ William Ernest Younts, ('08), was married during the holidays to Miss Godfrey, of Goldsboro. They will live for the present at Bessemer, a suburb of Greensboro, where Mr. Younts is principal of the high school.

✓ Agnes Rowena King, ('09), after taking both a musical and literary diploma at Guilford, spent a year at the Conservatory of Music at Durham and is now with her parents at Lane City, Texas. The plains seem to be very fascinating to her as they have been to others.

✓ Alva E. Lindley, ('08), who is filling an important Y. M. C. A. Secretaryship in the city of Baltimore, spent a few days at Guilford Christmas time.

✓ Robert S. Doak, ('09), now physical director and assistant teacher at Elon College, makes frequent visits home. "Bob" seems to be seeing the merry side of life. All success to him.

✓ Alice Everett (White) Mendenhall, ('08), married in June last, seems thoroughly at home in the ancestral Mendenhall home perpetuating its long established reputation for hospitality.

✓ David Couch, ('06), is pleased with his position at Mayaguez, Porto Rico, and with short hours and ample compensation must have plenty of time for study and development in his chosen field. The Collegian would enjoy an article from him on life about him.

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✓ J. Waldo Woody, ('01) married in the early part of 1911 and he and his wife (Eva Terrell) are both teaching in Wilmington College.

✓ Newton Farlow, ('00), is principal of the Guilford Graded School and from all appearances seems to be "making good" all round.

✓ Flora White, ('11), has charge of the Primary Department in the same school and has completely won the hearts of the little folks.

✓ T. Gilbert Pearson, ('97), has recently moved with his family to New York City. His Secretaryship of the National Audubon Society necessitated spending so much time in New York that the move seemed the natural thing to do.

✓ Thos. J. Covington, ('11), who is principal of Trinity High School, in Randolph County, had an operation for appendicitis on Christmas day. His many friends will be glad to learn that he is rapidly recovering and will be at his work again soon.

✓ William H. Welch, ('11), paid the college a short visit while returning from his vacation recently to his work as principal of the Lewisville High School.

✓ The legal profession continues to claim its quota of Guilford men. Ovid W. Jones, ('08), is a student in the law school of the State University at Chapel Hill.

✓ Henry A. Doak, ('08), who is now an assistant in the English Department of Dartmouth College, spent his vacation with his parents in the village.

Directory

Guilford College

L. L. HOBBS, Pres.

GEO. W. WHITE, Treas.

Literary Societies

HENRY CLAY.

S. S. Nelson, President
H. P. Cox, Secretary
Layton Anthony, Marshal

WEBSTERIAN.

John T. Chappelle, President
Geo. A. Short, Secretary
H. H. Cranford, Marshal

PHILOMATHIAN.

Mary Mendenhall, President
Annabella King, Secretary
Floy Lassiter, Marshal

ZATASIAN.

Ella Young, President
Claro Worth, Secretary
Ethyl Nance, Marshal

Young Men's Christian Association

John B. Woosley, President

H. A. Stewart, Jr., Sec.

Young Women's Christian Association

Mary Isabella White, Pres.

Elva Strickland, Secretary

Literary Club

Mrs. L. L. Hobbs, President

Miss. Gainey, Sec.

Prof. Crosby, Vice-Pres.

Joseph Moore Science Club

Prof. Kibler, President

W. G. Gilchrist, Vice-President

Cassie Mendenhall, Secretary

Miss Field, Ausseher

Athletic Association

H. A. Stewart, President

S. S. Nelson, Sec. and Treas.

J. B. Woosley, Base Ball. Mgr.

Pro. tem.

W. G. Gilchrist, Track Mgr.

H. S. Sawyer, Tennis Mgr.

B. K. Richardson, B'sk't Ball
Manager

Classes

SENIOR

Henry W. Smith, Pressident
Mary Ruth Lamb, Secretary

JUNIOR

Paul C. Edgerton, President
Era Lasley, Secretary

SOPHOMORE

Geo. A. Short, President
Cathline Pike, Secreta.y

FRESHMAN

David E. Henley, President
Eleanor Louise Fox Sec.

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W. G. GILCHRIST, Manager





The Guilford Collegian

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FERRUARY, 1912

No. 6

His Prejudice

The splendor of the Fifth Avenue house was left behind; here simplicity and quiet comfort held sway. The house, sitting far back among the oaks, was large and airy, the windows wide, and a broad veranda was shaded by long climbing vines giving everything a cool appearance.

To Gladys Allen the change was welcome and delightful. Surely life will be pleasant here she thought, away from the heat and noise of the Fifth Avenue home where she had been acting as governess for one of the wealthiest families of New York. Being tired out Gladys at once sought her own room. She had not been there long ere Mrs. Wellington sought her presence, to inquire after the health and comfort. On being assured by Miss Allen that she was very comfortable, Mrs. Wellington again joined the merry group below.

"Say, sister, has your new governess come?" Jack Hartwell called out as soon as Mrs. Wellington entered the room. "How old is she? Is her hair red or gray?" Where did she come from? Is she a descendant of Noah?"

There was a merry burst of laughter as he heaped these questions upon his sister, who replied in a gentle manner.

"Just wait and see. When you have done with such silly questions, perhaps I shall tell you."

"Do," they all cried out.

"I know she is a cross old maid, all of them are. Never

saw a pretty young governess yet," said pretty spoiled Mildred Hunt, one of Mrs. Wellington's neices.

"No, and you never will," another replied.

This is only one of the many jerring remarks that were made. Jack went so far as to give a detailed description of one governess which he jestingly said would apply to all.

The following morning when Gladys came down to breakfast she found only Mrs. Wellington, who after a friendly greeting began telling her about her work, saying that she would have one pupil, their only child, Clara, also that she could take her time and rest a day or two before she began work.

"Clara has never been strong and I want you to take it slowly with her and just use your own judgment as to the length of her study periods," she said as Gladys rose to leave the room. As she was passing through the hall Gladys met Mildred on her way to breakfast. Millie, as they all called her, passed by without looking up, nevertheless, she had seen Gladys and did not forget to tell the others as they came in later.

"Girls! she is a—"

"Hello Millie! what is that you are talking about," Jack asked as he and three other young men rushed into the room fresh from their morning gallop. "To be sure; you are not discussing that governess again are you? Can't you put it off until later? The horses will be at the door in a short time and I want every one to be ready to go. You know we are to ride over to the old mill today."

"Jack," said Mrs. Wellington meeting him in the hall a few minutes later, "can't you arrange for Miss Allen to go today? I am afraid it will be lonely here for her, and too, I think the ride would do her good."

"No, we will not want her every time"—Hello Hugh! is everybody ready to go?" he finished as Hugh Hammond appeared. A few minutes later they all galloped away.

Two evenings after her arrival at "The Oaks," Gladys sat in her room alone. She was thinking of her old home. How her father had failed in his business. How she had been taken from school, and started out to earn her own living. She had met all the young people, who were visiting Mrs. Wellington, except Jack Hartwell. She had heard some of his remarks concerning herself and had determined to keep as much out of his way as possible.

While Gladys sat thinking over these things, Mrs. Wellington was reading a note from Margaret Hill.

"Jack," Mrs. Wellington said "I have just received a note from Margaret and she says she can't come. What will we do for music? You know she consented to play for us tonight.

"Let us try Miss Allen," some one suggested, "perhaps she can play."

When Mrs. Wellington went up to ask Gladys to play for them she declined saying, "that she would rather be excused."

"You will not be obliged to meet all the people. Just enter the parlor by the side door and take your place at the piano," Mrs. Wellington explained when Gladys finally consented to go.

"Jupiter!" was Jack's mental comment as Gladys took her seat at the piano. "I thought those girls and boys said she was old, at least thirty-five, she is not more than twenty and such hair! It may be red, but I have never seen anything like it."

Ere she had half finished her first piece Jack was at her side, gazing wonderingly into her face, which sparkled and glowed with her excitement.

Sister's governess is no ordinary person," Jack thought, "How like the mischief she makes those fingers go."

That night, much to his surprise, Jack dreamed of red hair. Yes, red.

The following week Gladys kept to her room and gave all of her attention to little Clara who was not well.

At "The Oaks" all was a merry whirl. Picnicing, horse-back-riding and boat racing, etc., were the pleasures of the day, while the evenings were spent in talking over the happy events of the day, and making plans for the morrow. No one had given the new governess a thought, since the night she so beautifully rendered the most difficult pieces of the day; for their pleasure, except Jack, who was often disgusted with himself to think that he, of all boys, should be impressed with a red-headed governess. Once or twice during the week he returned earlier than the rest of the party, pretending headache, with the hope of seeing Gladys, but all in vain. He tried coming down earlier at morning, with hope of finding her all alone at breakfast, being defeated in all these attempts, at last he asked his sister what had become of Clara's governess. Had she gone or was she sick."

"No, she is here and well, as far as I know," answered Mrs. Wellington. "I have been so busy planning for your pleasure that I've scarcely seen her. Why do you ask."

"Oh! I just happened to think of her," he replied and said no more.

It was their last evening together. All would leave early the following morning. The holidays were ended. Jack was going back to college. This was his last year, and t'was thought that he would graduate with honors.

"Say, sister, lets have some music, as this is our last evening together."

Yes! yes! all cry out."

Mrs. Wellington, as Jack hoped she would, immediately sought Gladys, but no persuasion tempted Gladys.

"Why Jack? Why are you so quiet," they asked. "One would think you were leaving your best friend behind. Who is the fortunate one."

No one suspected the real cause for his quietness, or thought of Gladys. They knew nothing of his attempts to see her, nothing of this last defeat.

Nine months had passed since Jack's return to college. Commencement was over, and the Seniors were going home. They were singing together for the last time as they stood in the railway station. Then a train pulled in, bound North, and another bound South. The men clamored into the cars, crowded the rear platforms, and looked out from the windows. As the train began to move, there were shouts of "Remember to write," "Good-bye" and "God bless you, Jack, Good-bye," "Good-bye old man," "Good-bye."

Jack who had never been able to forget about his visit to "The Oaks" and had dreamed of a little red haired girl for nine months, now sat in the car wondering if she was still there, and if she would still avoid him for his unthoughtfulness. His sister had written him that Gladys knew of his horror of her hair and that she had shunned him for that reason; therefore he decided he would stop at "The Oaks" on his return home.

On an afternoon in July, a young man and a young girl sat idly in a canoe, slowly drifting.

"Come, Jack," she said; "The sun is low." "Hurry or it will be dark before we get home."

He took up a paddle and moved it lazily through the water. "And even if it is," he said, "what then?"

"Clara is alone, you know, and needs my attention," she answered.

The tall, graceful man put forth his supple strength, sweeping the canvas craft ahead with even, steady strokes.

"Dearest," he said, in his deepest, tenderest tone, leaning toward her, "will you forgive all I said and did one year ago? Before we return, will you promise that you will not let this stand between us? Haven't you punished me long enough?"

She stared at him with wide open eyes. He had gone on so rapidly that she could not check his speech. Her hand went to her brow and a piteous smile tried to force itself to lips.

"I'm sorry," she said at last, "I'm sorry you have spoken to me of it." I have felt for a long time that you would ask me to forget, but its getting late, Jack, please take me home. With a few more steady strokes they reached the landing.

Several weeks later, Jack and Gladys sat on the steps of the broad veranda, screened in from the heat of the August sun by long climbing vines. Never had Gladys looked so beautiful, as now, with the sun shining through her golden hair.

"You are the only girl for me, Gladys," he said, with a clear low voice, today and forever.

A. P. L. '12.

Should Pensions Be Increased?

There is perhaps no more patriotic theme for our law-makers to consider than the services of the men who have maintained the nation through embarrassing circumstances by recourse to their swords. The brave and determined fight Leonidas and his three hundred brave warriors made at Thermopylae has been the inspiration of many a tired orator as he plowed his way into the hearts of his fellow-countrymen. The thrilling narrative of the American soldiers as they struggled for freedom has enlivened the spirit of the youth of our land from that time down to the present day. The perils through which they passed, the sacrifices which they made, and the courage which they exhibited have moved the multitude when made the subject of verse and song. Resulting from the admiration of those men who have fought for our Union has grown a system of pensions. The aim and purpose underlying this system, namely, the rewarding of those through whose efforts our nation has been maintained, is extremely laudable and good. This no one can doubt. But the question as to the amount of the reward is a matter of an entirely different nature.

The United States as a nation has since 1776 maintained a pension system which has been constantly increasing with every war. In 1870, immediately following the civil war, the amount paid from the United States treasury as pensions was \$30,000,000. In 1885, by an increase of pensions due to the Mexican and Civil wars, the amount had more than doubled itself; and it was about this time that General Grant stated in an apologetic way because the Congress which passed the increased pension bill was Republican, that the pension system for Civil war veterans had now reached its maximum. But a earnest and sincere as he might have been in his attempt to excuse the Republican Congress for increasing the

pensions of the Federal veterans, and despite the efforts of Grover Cleveland to keep down the increase in the pension system, it stands today as an alarming fact that we are paying \$160,000,000, or practically one-fourth of our entire revenue in the form of pensions. And now the question before us is, will it stop here? Can Congress resist the graphic accounts descriptive of the advancing age of the old veterans who saved the Union? Will the law makers be able to resist the patriotic, or better the political, impulses of the hour and refuse to increase the burden? It seems not.

Indeed, the contrary fact seems to be true; for on December 12th the House of Representatives by an overwhelming majority passed the Sherwood pension bill which increases the pension system by one-third of itself. The stream seems to be impossible to stop. With ever increasing size the pension ball rolls down the hill of time, gathering unto itself volume, as the snowball gathers more snow with each succeeding revolution.

But let us consider the present turn of the ball. Glancing for a minute at the Sherwood "dollar a day" pension bill, we realize the enormity of the proposed increase only when we consider it in relation to the amount which is now being paid as pensions. The increased amount which this bill calls for has been estimated by amounts ranging from \$30,000,000 to \$90,000,000. Below is the amount of increase as estimated by Walter L. Fisher, Secretary of the Interior, who has charge of the pension system.

(For Tabulated Estimate See Next Page)

THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN

Amount as Estimated by Secretary of Interior:

| Length of Service | Number of Pensioners | Present Rate Per Month | Proposed Rate Per Month | Increase Per Month Per Pensioner | Increase Per Year Per Pensioner | Total Increase Per Year |
|-------------------|----------------------|------------------------|-------------------------|----------------------------------|---------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 90 days | 22,252 | \$12.00 | \$15.00 | \$ 3.00 | \$ 36.00 | \$ 801,108.00 |
| 6 months | 55,633 | 12.00 | 20.00 | 8.00 | 96.00 | 5,340,768.00 |
| 1 year | 200,279 | 12.00 | 30.00 | 18.00 | 216.00 | 43,260,264.00 |
| 90 days | 819 | 14.00 | 15.00 | 1.00 | 12.00 | 9,828.00 |
| 6 months | 2,047 | 14.00 | 20.00 | 6.00 | 72.00 | 147,384.00 |
| 1 year | 7,330 | 14.00 | 30.00 | 16.00 | 192.00 | 1,415,040.00 |
| 6 months | 20,356 | 15.00 | 20.00 | 5.00 | 60.00 | 1,221,360.00 |
| 1 year | 73,280 | 15.00 | 30.00 | 15.00 | 180.00 | 13,190,400.00 |
| 6 months | 5,601 | 17.00 | 20.00 | 3.00 | 36.00 | 201,636.00 |
| 1 year | 20,165 | 17.00 | 30.00 | 13.00 | 156.00 | 3,145,740.00 |
| 1 year | 47,349 | 20.00 | 30.00 | 10.00 | 120.00 | 5,681,880.00 |
| 1 year | 17,451 | 24.00 | 30.00 | 6.00 | 72.00 | 1,256,472.00 |

Total Increase \$75,671,880.00

According to this estimate, therefore, the bill will call for an increased expenditure of over \$75,000,000, thereby making the total amount paid for pensions something over \$230,000,000. And it must be noted that the amount as estimated above includes only the amount which the original bill called for and not the amount which the bill calls for as it passed the last reading in the House. This means that the above estimate therefore does not include the increased amount to be paid the pensioners of the Mexican war, but only the increased amount to be paid the Civil war veterans, for whose benefit the bill was drawn.

And now the question arises as to why the bill was passed when the nation is already burdened with a heavy pension bill. The reasons are few. The old age of the soldiers and the fact that they are fast passing away seem to be facts influential in the passage of the measure. Added to this was the plea that the increase would only be temporary in that within a few years the old veterans who had "saved the

Union'' would not be here for us to aid. Coupled with these facts was the patriotic plea that we, as a great and wealthy nation, could not afford to treat in any other manner those who have fought for the maintenance of the Union.

In reviewing the debates upon this measure in the House one cannot help but be impressed with the great part sentiment played in its passage. In fact, the actual need and want of the veterans seemed to play the minor part, while the great patriotic impulses, resulting from patriotic sentiment, seem to be the controlling factor. And yet such ought not to be. The increase of a nation's expenditures should be governed by facts, not sentiment. And had such a course been pursued the Sherwood pension bill would have been defeated.

Having noticed that the reasons for the passage of this bill are not such that would justify the course followed, there are several other fundamental reasons why it should not have passed.

That the United States has not been niggardly or stingy in its treatment of its old soldiers is shown by reference to the pension systems of other countries. According to the statistics of 1910 Great Britain spends in pensions a little over \$29,000,000. Germany has a pension bill amounting to \$40,000,000; and France pays in the form of pensions only about \$31,000,000. Compare the total amount spent by these three great nations for pensions and you find it to be nearly \$60,000,000 less than the amount the United States pays her pensioners. And this does not include the increase which the Sherwood bill provides for. Have we as a nation been stingy? Have we done justice to our old soldiers? Indeed, we have. Our policy has been liberal rather than stingy, lavish rather than niggardly. And now to add to our already lavish pension system still more extravagant expenditures is in reality a steal of the peoples' money.

There is another reason against the increase of the pension bill. Never before in the history of our nation has the

cost of living been so high. Necessities and not only luxuries have increased in price by leaps and bounds, and the demand for reduced prices is insistent. Throughout the country cries for relief from the high cost of living are heard. President Taft and Congress have recognized this fact and as a remedy for relief from the high cost of living made an effort to reduce the high cost of living by a reciprocal commercial treaty with Canada by which raw food materials could be sent to this country free of duty. But this failed. Now under these conditions to impose extra burdens on the people in order for them to pay this \$75,000,000 increase to the pensioners of our land is a patriotism which needs revision.

Growing out of the high cost of living is the demand for tariff reduction; and the promise of reduction was one of the main factors in the recent success of the Democratic party. Now the reduction of the tariff to a revenue basis means a corresponding reduction in the nation's receipts from which are to be paid the pensions. Then the question arises as to whether the tariff can be reduced, a thing for which the people are clamoring, and thus decrease the receipts of the nation, and at the same time increase the expenditures of the government. We believe not; for such a policy as this must in the end lead to a bankrupt government. Therefore such a policy cannot be pursued. If the wishes of the people are to be considered, the tariff must be lowered and thus decrease the high cost of living and at the same time lighten the burdens of the present iniquitous system of indirect taxation; and such is actually to be done if the plans of the House are carried to completion.

Now to increase the pension expenditures would mean either deathknell to tariff reduction, which cannot be, or a deficit in our treasury, a thing which is most likely. In the face of this fact, namely, the insistent demand for tariff reduction and the efforts of a Democratic Congress to accom-

plish the same, it is clearly seen that the pension bill as passed by the House is not in accord with the spirit and demands of the time.

Granting, however, that the tariff can be lowered and the pension bill passed at the same time, what will be the result of such actions? As has been intimated, there can be but one logical outcome, namely, an increased treasury deficit. According to a premature report of the treasurer, the estimates for receipts and disbursements for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1913, there will be a prospective deficit of something like \$50,000,000. provided the sinking fund requirements are met. Couple to this estimated deficit the decreased receipts resulting from the proposed reduction of the tariff, and also add the increased amount necessary for the payment of pensioners as provided by the Sherwood bill, and what may we expect as a deficit? It would certainly be greatly increased. And here it might not be impertinent to add that our government, like other governments, is not supposed to be run as a deficit making organization. And while we do not allow a small deficit to interfere with our slumbers, still as everyone must recognize, there should be no discrepancy between the receipts and disbursements of any well organized government.

Counterpart to the great demand for tariff reduction is the demand for economy of public expenditures. The Democrats with this and tariff reduction as their campaign cries simply swept the country at the last election. Promises of economy were made by this party throughout the nation. Retrenchment was the plea. And it was just. Our nation and our people have suffered for the lack of economic management and retrenchment of expenditures. Accordingly upon this plea a Republican Congress was changed to Democratic, and at the extra session held last spring it stuck to its promises and succeeded in reducing public expenditures to the amount of \$186,000. But now, contrary to all the campaign promises and in the face of all the demands of the people for economy

and retrenchment, we find this same body passing a measure calling for an increase in the pension bill which will succeed in increasing the expenditures thirty or forty times as much as they reduced them at last Congress. Truly the American Congress is guilty of extravagance! And what makes the situation so critical is the fact that this increase has been made in the face of the almost universal demand of the people for retrenchment. The peoples' will has therefore been thwarted; campaign promises have been broken; and the nation's tax payers will be made to pay the bill, the amount estimated apportioned to North Carolina being near the \$2,000,000 mark.

But it has been said that such a policy is "good politics;" that the political move embodied in the act is its redeeming grace. The answer to this argument must be contained in the definition of what is termed "good politics." If "good politics" means the efforts of one party to place the other party in embarrassing circumstances, this measure may be "good politics." But, on the other hand, if "good politics" means, which it surely does, the scientific management of a people, or better still, the art of government, then the measure must not be classed as "good politics." In what sense is an increased deficit, an extravagant increase in appropriations in the face of the demands of the people for the contrary policy; I repeat, in what sense is this good government? The sooner our lawmakers and we as American citizens get rid of this wrong idea of "good politics" and replace it with the idea that "good politics" is the science and art of good government, the sooner will we realize as our heritage such a government. In other words, when we cease to "play politics" and begin to look at it as a science and art, then will our government be the result of scientific management and not political maneuvers.

The final objection to this bill is the fact that our present pension policy has been so abused, and before another item should be added to it the abuses of the present system should

be remedied. As one has said it is not the "use of pensions, but the abuse" that is at fault. And while the extreme case of the person who drew a pension as a civil war veteran, as a Spanish-American soldier and at the same time held a government position, is not a fair type of the ordinary abuse, it is illustrative of the extent to which our pension system is capable of being driven. It is known to students of the pension system that at present an investigation is being made within the system which has as yet found the abuse much less than has been intimated, but it is also charged, and truthfully it seems to me, that the investigation which is being made is not as non-partisan or as thorough as it might be. There is at present considerable sentiment for the publication of all names of pensioners, the amount which they receive, the causes for payment of same and such other general knowledge which will tend to make fraudulent pensioners easily recognizable. Such a movement will tend to remedy some evils which are in our system, and, when some such plan has been established, then shall a Sherwood pension bill appear more likely.

Now the question arises as to whether the bill will become a law. The House has already passed the measure and as yet the Senate has taken no action. Should the pension bill pass the Senate, it then, it seems to me, becomes the duty of President Taft to do as only one other president, Cleveland, has done, to veto the measure. By so doing he will save the nation an increased deficit; he will enforce the demands of the people for economic legislation; and further still, hard as it may be for him to do, he will indirectly aid in tariff reduction and thus relieve us of the burdens of the present iniquitous indirect system of taxation.

JOHN B. WOOSLEY, '12.

Health—Man's Greatest Asset

In this enlightened age when everything is taking on the aspect of prosperity and progressiveness and on every hand are to be seen signs of great improvements the way in which almost every means possible is being taken to conserve the health of the nation can not be wondered at. People are beginning to realize that health means integrity, harmony, wholeness and completeness; and that it is just these things which are going to carry on and on the ideals and reputation of a nation which has been developing for ages. Disraeli says that "Public health is the foundation upon which rests the happiness of the people and the power of a country. Take the most beautiful kingdom, give it intelligent and laborious citizens, prosperous manufacturers, productive agriculture, let arts flourish, let architects cover the land with temples and palaces; in order to defend all these riches we have first rate weapons, fleets, or torpedo boats, if the population remains stationary, if it decreases yearly in vigor and statue, the nation must perish. And that is why I consider that the first duty of a statesman is the care of Public Health."

The time is fast coming when it will actually be considered a disgrace for a man to be sick and the world will regard it a misdemeanor. For there are so many, many ways now by which disease may be prevented. States are organizing boards of health, so are counties, at the heads of these organizations are being placed men who know their business—men of strength and ability. The one main thing which still remains to be done is the placing of conservation of health on a firmer and wiser foundation. To do this will be to solicit the co-operation of all intelligent people in the organization of a National department of health at Washington with the physician as secretary in the cabinet. Why is not this possible? Money of course it will take for such an organization, but it

does seem that if a war department can be afforded for the soldiers, a navy department for the sailors, and a department of agriculture to protect the cattle, a national department could be afforded for the conservation of the health and lives of the men, women and children of the country. It is true that the state and county boards of health are doing an untold amount of good. But often the inefficiency of these boards of health has been from no other cause than the lack of funds and co-operation. Disease is no respecter of persons, boundary lines offer no barriers, so one great organized whole at Washington to overlook the various little organizations would be nothing more than the solution of a long considered problem.

More lives are lost from preventable diseases in the United States in four months than were lost by both sides, from death and wounds in battle, in the whole four years of the bloody war between the states. Practically every minute there dies one person in the United States from a preventable disease and every day there die many infants less than a year old from preventable disease. The cost of disease entailed upon the people of the country from sickness alone that could be prevented, not including deaths, amounts in each year to \$100,000,000. To estimate in money the value of the lives lost would be utterly impossible. Then is it not high time that something should be done, that the nation should awake to a sense of its responsibility? So with so much money going to waste in our country it is plausible to expect the educated and intelligent wide awake men and women of today to hasten the time when there will be no more deaths caused by preventable diseases.

Far more than we are able to determine is dependent upon health—so herein rests one of the great responsibilities of man. What is so much education for if it is not to show man his responsibility? Therefore no time should be lost in bringing before the minds of the people higher ideals

of the way in which they should spend their lives. President Eliot, of Harvard, says: "There is but one indispensable foundation for the satisfaction of life and that is the foundation of everything else—namely—health." It is plainly evident that the strength, integrity and efficiency of all mental activities depend upon health, that robust health multiplies ten-fold the power of initiative, increases creative ability, generates enthusiasm, strengthens the quality of judgment, force of decision, power of discrimination and execution. So for the better development of a nation, materially, spiritually, and mentally, strong, wholesome men and women are needed. To obtain this, health should be thought of, talked of and held ever before the minds as the very loftiest and highest ideal to which a country can attain.

M. I. W. '12.

Harvest Time

When the sun am shinin' hot
 An' de taters in dat pot,
 When de dinner bell dune'n rung
 Den tis yer begins to run.

Dis am sure de harvest time
 When de golden grain do shine,
 An' den yer begin to whine
 When de bossman shouts work time.

Den yer get up from de table
 An' yer goes slow to de stable,
 Fur to kotch dat ole blind mule
 Which yer knows am sure a fule.

Her yer rides in a long trot
 To de end of de broad lot,
 Whar yer suddenly gits down
 Wid an orful sour frown.

Den you hooks up dat ole mule
 Which am jess de genal rule,
 Fur dat wheats got ter be cut
 If yer do run in de customed rut.

When ther machine is broke down
 Den yer'se glad ter lay'er roun,
 Till de bossman ole do cume
 Who very soon jess makes 'er hum.

But when de bright sun goes down
 Den de bossman he sez "Zouns!
 Little man it's time to quit!"

An' yer sure am glad ter git.

A. F. Z. '12.

Louis Pasteur

In this twentieth century when we are enjoying so many benefits from science, and see through the future prospects of many more, it is only natural to turn with inquiry to some of the great men who have been the pioneers in the struggle. We have not conquered the dread diseases one after another without lives being spent and even lost.

One such life was that of Louis Pasteur. He was born at Dole, France, in 1822 of poor parents, but amidst truth and honesty. His father was a tanner and the entire family seemed to have gladly denied themselves much to give this brilliant boy, for such Louis was recognized to be, all the advantages of the best schools in the country. It was with the unbounded joy of parents that they watched him win fame until his name stood among the great scientists of the world.

At the age of twenty-seven he married Mlle. Lauren, a daughter of the Dean of the University of Strausburg, where he was professor of chemistry. She was altogether in sympathy with his life-work, and guarded his laboratories faithfully so that none of his precious experiments should be spoiled. His big sympathetic heart, which was so apparent in all of his work, was not wanting in his home.

Although he lived when science was a thing unknown as we today think of science, he began investigations and made discoveries which laid the foundations of some of the most valuable lines of scientific work. Being unable to enter the war of 1870 and fight for his beloved France, he went among the wounded and dying of the battlefield relieving diseases caused from privation and the use of unclean instruments. It is here that he first became interested in vaccine experiments in which constituted perhaps his greatest line of work. His investigations in this field were made in two diseases—anthrax and hydrophobia.

Anthrax is a very common disease in Europe among cattle and sheep, while horses, deer, and men are also subject to it. This disease is caused by a germ called the bacillus of anthrax. When this bacillus meets with unfavorable conditions, it passes into the spore stage which is more resistant, and it is by these spores that the disease is spread among the lower animals. People who handle the hides or wool of animals which have died from anthrax, may become infected, either through scratches on their hands or by inhaling the spores. In the latter instance the form of the disease is often fatal.

Pasteur believed that one attack of anthrax prevented another, so he succeeded in giving animals a mild form of the disease, after which they were immune against it. At first he found that if the anthrax bacilli were grown artificially in an incubator for some time at a temperature of 107 to 109 F., the germs would produce spores, and gradually lose their virulence. These germs were unable after twenty-four days to kill guinea pigs, sheep or rabbits. These weakened bacilli he called his first vaccine, and used this vaccine to protect the animals against germs which had been grown for only twelve days at the temperature mentioned above, 107 to 109 F. He called the twelve day bacilli his second vaccine, and when sheep had been vaccinated with the two, they could resist the disease altogether. In practice it has been found best to repeat the vaccination every year.

The other disease in which Pasteur made valuable discoveries is hydrophobia, the disease produced by mad dog bite. For a long time this disease was thought to indicate the presence of the evil one, and even as late as 1885 there was no better method of treatment than simply to cauterize the wound. If this is done within five minutes after the bite, the disease is prevented; if applied within half an hour, some are saved. After this, cauterization simply lengthens the time before the disease develops.

Pasteur concluded that since the same time always elapsed

before the disease developed in dogs which had been inoculated with germs from a mad dog, this germ must have a constant strength. He continued his experiments, using dogs, monkeys, guinea pigs, and rabbits. In all of these the nervous system, particularly the medulla, is the part of body directly affected. He also found that by simply drying the spinal of natural strength and then inoculating a second monkey he could obtain a gradual loss of virulence in the germs. These weakened germs had no effect on dogs. On the other hand, increased virulence was found when this scheme was tried on a series of guinea pigs and rabbits. In this way Pasteur produced three classes of hydrophobia germs. Now by starting with a weak kind and increasing its strength as in the case of anthrax, he finally rendered dogs immune against the disease in its full strength. He also found that by simply trying the spinal cord of a mad animal the germs contained in it grew weaker day by day, and thus vaccine of varying strength could be produced with ease. It was found that by this series of vaccine that animals, and later even men, were rendered immune against hydrophobia.

The Pasteur treatment was lessened, the death rate in this one disease from 16 per cent. of all bitten by mad dogs to less than half of one per cent. Pasteur institutions for the treatment of hydrophobia are found all over the world; North Carolina has one at Raleigh under the direction of Dr. C. A. Shore. The vaccine treatment is used today for many diseases, the best known being smallpox.

Not only in the field of medicine, but also in manufacturing are his discoveries of great value. About the year 1870 he became interested in the process of fermentation, and showed fermentation to be a chemical change brought about by bodies called ferments. Some of these are produced by bacteria, while others come from low forms of plant life called yeasts. Moisture along with favorable temperature is all essential to

their action. The yeast plant used in the bread making secrete ferments which produce a carbon dioxid gas and alcohol from the sugar in the dough. This expands the dough and makes the bread light.

It has always been the faith of great men who have heralded ideas of movements in advance of their own generation not to be appreciated. Perhaps their silent waiting along with faith in themselves, in their work and in the future is one of the strongest evidences of their greatness. Pasteur was no exception. During his life time he was never fully repaid for his untiring interest in humanity, but could we have only looked across the hills of time and caught even one glimpse of how our doctors today are making use of his discoveries, he would have felt himself well repaid for his long days and nights of laborious toil and the tedious years of silent waiting.

GENO A. YOUNG, '12.

“Her Final Decision”

Lydia Earl was the joy of her father's life, and the object of bounty from four overindulgent brothers. She and her father lived a simple retired life in a quaint old-fashioned town. Their home was set far back from the shady street, almost under the shadow of the big university. In her childhood this golden-haired, sunny Lydia had been the pet of her older brothers' University friends. She had later been a “good fellow” to some and a sweetheart to many. Her genial old father always made the boys feel that his sons' friends were welcome at any time at his home. And so it happened that few evenings passed without some of the “varsity” men dropping in for a chat with the old gentleman or to spend an hour with Lydia and her music. They all liked her and she accepted calls, flowers, candy and invitations promiscuously, favoring none. She had grown to be pretty and sweet but she had her faults, the greatest of which was impulsiveness. In her choices she was guided more by feelings than by rational thought.

In the eighteen years of Lydia's life there came, among the rest, a fellow, tall, dark and reserved, from a Virginia plantation. He had the bearing of a gentleman born to rule. He won his place among his fellows by his realness. They knew when once Lawrence Scott was induced to act it was from the result of serious thought and therefore welded with iron. At first Lydia feared him just a little and for that very reason she worked for the favor of Lawrence Scott a thing which she had never done before.

A life cannot be changed in a single night. It takes years of work and waiting with many failures to surmount. When Lawrence came he always left Lydia thoughtful. One evening after a talk with him, she sat long buried in the big Morris chair watching the flickering flames vanish into two great grace-

ful smoke wreathes that slowly curled into rings and then swept up the broad chimney. She was thinking—thinking of life, what it meant to her and what it should mean. What was she getting and giving by her carefree existence. Did her friends find in her a comradeship that was noble, true and strengthening. Did they have a broader conception of life and higher aspirations for having known her. Or did they just drop in because she could help them chat away a spare hour pleasantly? She met the question fairly and feared it was the latter. She rose and crossed the room to the piano. She seated herself and began to give expression to her thoughts and feelings by the notes that yielded to her touch. Slowly she began and pensively as in thoughtful tread she takes one step after another. Gradually the notes came quicker and more certain, hurrying, lingering sweet and shrill, calling to her to be strong in her purpose to give up a life of frivolity and shallowness and from that time use her powers to command different things—things that are redolent with life, joy-giving and pure.

The music ceased with a happy but sad, sweet chord. She arose and stood silent before the dying embers for a moment. She felt a sadness because she knew that the carefree girl of yesterday was no longer. She had vanished with the dying coals. But she was glad for she knew embodied in the girlish form which stood enthralled in the faint light was the heart and soul of a woman with a purpose. Tomorrow she would be gay and the next and the next—and so she was.

Only the observant eye would know that beneath her bright smile a struggle was going on. Even the kind old Professor who thought she was so like her dear mother could not love her more, and saw it not. The one who alone shared this glad knowledge with Lydia all unknown to her was the tall, dark man from Virginia. But he thought he was just beginning to know the real lady of charms. Each day he discovered some surprise in her nature and this last was the best of all.

They came to be good friends as the months passed. It was to Lydia that Lawrence came with his successes, how he had won a place on the team, that he was class president, etc., etc. It was to her also that he told the hard things of his daily life. Their's was a good wholesome friendship, such as few men and women have enjoyed. It seemed strange to all their friends that Lawrence Scott should like Lydia Earl but they unselfishly gave them to each other. As is always the case Lydia and Lawrence were the last to find it out. It was on a day in early April. New life seemed to be handed out freely from every hill and plant. The whole spring air was sweet with the odor of violets and budding trees. The campus of the University was alive with the tense expectancy and excitement that always preceeds the most important game of the season. The grandstand was packed an hour before the game with loyal supporters. Lydia was there as she always was, her banners swaying in the soft April breezes and it seemed to Lawrence, as she stood up to wave him an encouraging welcome, that she was in perfect harmony with the day. She wore a spotless white serge suit with a bunch of violets, Lawrence's gift, pinned gracefully at her waist. Her hair, golden in the sunshine, curled mischievously beneath the drooping brim of her white leghorn and her cheeks were rosy with excitement.

As Lawrence returned her salute from across the diamond he knew she was watching him with a faith that he would succeed and, as they trotted on across the field to the strains of "Hail, Hail," sung by fine bunched voices whom the nine were to represent, his heart beat with quick pulsations which he had never felt before and he went into the game with a determination of fair-play and victory.

The game began—every member of the team caught Scott's spirit and the battle was fought hard from the first. Toward the end of the ninth inning the frantic yelling from the grandstand suddenly ceased. The score was tied; the ball swung

out across the field. It went on toward Lawrence and Lydia knew if he missed it the game was lost.

She remembered to have uttered an exclamation very like a prayer and then the tall athlete leaped slightly into the air—did he or not, miss it? O! joy, he has it, and again frantic cries surged back and forth across the field. But why had they rushed to the spot where Lawrence had stood. They were kneeling beside a limp form! what could have happened? Was he badly hurt? It could not, must not be! Then even in her agony she asked herself why she should care so much. Could it be that she loved him! She had never dreamed of such a thing! Yes, it must be true. She would go to him. They were carrying Lawrence from the field and without knowing how she came there she found herself kneeling beside him, oblivious to everything else. His dark locks were massed on his white forehead, tired lines creased his brow, but his square jaws were set with a determination and his face was lit with triumph of his victory.

They bathed his face, dressed the wound cut on his head by the contact with a sharp rock in his fall, and then waited. O! the suspense—minutes seemed like hours to the white-faced girl bending over him so tenderly. Soon—was it imagination she thought she saw his eyelids move. Her heart pounded until he felt she must surely hear it. Suddenly his lashes quivered and his eyes opened. She pressed his hand as he smiled a faint recognition. Not a word was said but as each looked deep into the other's eyes they knew that their secret was a secret no longer.

For two whole months they lived happy—months which seemed bathed in sunshine. They were happy, and Lydia thought that commencement day and Lawrence's graduation would never come. Duties kept him busy at the University so that for a whole week he did not see Lydia. But she understood he felt sure. Understood she did but some way she did not know why, for the first time she devoted herself to him. He

had not given a reasonable excuse. Her higher nature forgave him. But she found herself wondering if, after all, they had made a mistake. Would he, when he went to take his medical degree, drift away from her? After all her effort she felt that she did not come up to his standard of all that a woman should be; and here at the last absorbed in his work, he had forgotten her. That was proof enough. The thought haunted her like a shadow from which there seemed no escape.

Vaguely she went to her desk and wrote a short note and sent it to Lawrence. He soon came to her and in a few words she made him understand where they were wrong and that she had sent for him to take back the promises, given two months ago.

There! it was her old self acting. In Lawrence's look of pain and passionate appeal she saw truth, uprightness and love, for her alone. Then she knew how much she cared! Why had she done it? He was looking at her, searching her very soul. Why did he not say something? She longed to put pride away and recall her hasty words. But he was speaking and as from a distance she caught his words. "Just remember, you did it." He turned, and strode away. She started to call him back but pride whispered "no," and she sank down and buried her face in her hands. She had made her life miserable forever. And Lawrence on that day should have been his happiest, when he stood with the world at his feet only waiting to be explored, was miserable all through her. He graduated with honors and received his numerous congratulations graciously. He too was wrestling with the monster—pride. She did not mean it, he told himself over and over.

That night as he saw from his car window, the last light on 'Varsity Hill fade into darkness and realized that he was being borne swiftly away from so much that was dear to him, it was almost more than he could stand. He sat for a long time looking out with unseeing eyes on the beauty of the

perfect June night. Even now the four years at the University was only a memory—sad and sweet. He dug deep into his sub-conscious self and brought out the disappointments of this line one by one and subjected them to his criticism. Some he cast aside to be forgotten. Some which had seemed great were now only given secondary consideration. Some he handled with care and reverence. The last and greatest one which had almost embittered him against the whole world—his memory of Lydia—he replaced carefully in a remote, but not sacred corner of his heart where it would not be disturbed.

In the few years that followed Lydia in her home town, accepted few invitations but remained much with her father who was growing old and needed her care. The town's-people remarked to each other that Lydia worried too much over her father, little dreaming the real cause. In truth Lydia was looking older and was thin and pale.

Was it Fate or Irony that Lawrence's best offer, after leaving the medical college, should be in his university town? It seemed to Lydia that she had suffered long enough. She was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. At last she completely broke down under the strain. Her father found their family physician out of town and called in the new doctor. Here was the new turn Fate had taken in being instrumental in bringing Lydia and Lawrence together after so many years of separation. Lydia's heart gave one great bound and her face paled as she met Lawrence's eyes only to see there the interest of a doctor for his patient. With a groan she remembered—that, she "had done it."

C. C. M. '12.

Our Monetary System

Money is now a thing of interest to everybody directly or indirectly. Though it is so complicated in its nature and functions, that the great majority of the people are almost entirely ignorant of its technique. It has been said that money is the root of all evil and if it were allowable that we accept this statement literally we must then make it even stronger and say that it is the basis of everything, since it is so inevitably essential to all the activities of life in its higher development.

Money, as it exists today is the product of a long evolutionary process, and has gone through many interesting stages of development. A glance into ancient history, shows that at one time, horses, then iron were the standards of value among the Greeks. And even bulls were at one time the money of the Egyptians. In fact among nearly all people while in their primitive stage the article most universally used has been made their medium of exchange.

At the beginning of the colonial period in America the monies of the nations of the world had already reached a high stage of development. But the colonies, did not to a very great extent, accept the money as developed by other peoples. Nor did they take advantage of the knowledge already gained by other peoples and immediately coin money of their own. The capital they needed most was tools with which to clear the forests and build their homes, and food materials. They could not secure a good circulating money without giving in exchange those very things of which they had the most vital need. They were not prepared to coin their own money.

For these reasons we see them making use of their most primitive necessities as money. For instance the early settlers of New England used Wampum, beaver, corn, wheat, rye,

barley, peas, and dried fish; while in Virginia and Maryland tobacco, the most interesting of all the monies, was used. There could be no more uncertain standard, because tobacco was of so many grades and so subject to deterioration or destruction.

Coinage, as a governmental function, was begun in America soon after its independence was gained. Silver and gold were both coined free at the rate of 15 to 1. It was a general belief that more of the precious metal could be drawn into the country in international trade by the double standard than by a single standard.

Anything that would be universally accepted as a medium of exchange would become a standard of value and therefore make a good money. In order to do this it must have certain qualities to which economists very generally agree as, value, portability, durability, cognizability, divisibility, homogeneity and stability of value. That a commodity which is to be exchanged for a good must have value is so obvious to require further consideration. In order that it may be transported easily it is desirable that its value be compressed into as small bulk as possible. An article must have durability if it is to be valued as a money, for it will often have to remain in the possession of the one who has given economic goods for it. It must be easily recognized in order that counterfeiting may be made difficult. Divisibility and homogeneity are very closely related terms. Divisibility enables a money price to be applied to any article and homogeneity prevents loss of value in being divided as it is of a uniform quality throughout. It must have stability of value in order that it may have a very necessary function; that of a standard of deferred payments.

More of these qualities are found combined in gold than in any other substance known to man. In recognition of the unity of these characteristics the nations of the world have gradually accepted gold as their standard of value. England was the first country to establish the gold standard (1816).

Germany accepted gold as her standard in 1871-73; the United States in 1873, and France in 1878. During a period from 1892 to 1905, which might be called a period of monetary revolution, practically all the countries of Europe who had not previously done so adopted the gold standard. In this period (1896) one of the greatest political campaigns this country has ever witnessed was carried on with the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16-1 as opposed to the single gold standard being the chief issue. In 1897 a law was passed by Congress which seems to have settled the question and to have placed the United States permanently on the gold basis. Previous to the adoption of the gold standard every conceivable effort was put forth to maintain a parity between silver and gold with the inevitable result of the silver driving gold out of the country and into hoarding places.

One question of vital importance in the study of a monetary system is the distinction between real money and a promise to pay money. The only real money we have is gold. Everything else used as money is, in reality, promises to pay money. These are of two kinds, token money consisting of all subsidiary coins, and absolute credit money consisting of United States notes, Treasury notes and National Bank notes. There are also gold and silver certificates issued in paper, but as they are issued only against gold and silver actually deposited in the Treasury, they circulate on the same basis as would the gold and silver itself. The silver dollar, which is a token money, is worth only a little more than forty cents as bullion. Its increased value rests in the government's guarantee to exchange one dollar in gold for it. Thus it is with all the subsidiary coins, they are enhanced in value as coins beyond their bullion value.

In the commercial world credit has come to be an economic good of inestimable importance. It even ranks in importance with many tangible or material articles of commerce. The banking system is an institution whose function is the manu-

facture of credit. The paramount expressions of this credit is the check system, which is yearly increasing in its importance as a factor in commerce. The leading business men everywhere use checks almost altogether except for small change and traveling expenses.

In a town, say, that has only one bank each person can pay every other person by check. These checks will come to the bank where accounts may be balanced and credited to the proper depositor. But in case of a large city where there are a number of banks this is not practical as the different people will patronize different banks. But in order to meet such a situation the banks maintain a clearing house where the messengers from the numerous banks may meet and compare accounts, and settle them without the exchange of more than eight or ten per cent. of the money involved. Were it not for the clearing house these messengers would be compelled to go from one to another of the banks to collect the money called for by the checks. This besides being a great trouble is dangerous.

H. W. SMITH, '12.



The Guilford Collegian

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Editorials

In this issue the staff wishes to call attention to the fact that we have decided to offer two prizes of five dollars each. One for the best story and one for the best poem contributed during the year. While this policy is not an established custom it is not new

with us as the prizes have been given before. However, we are glad to be able to offer them again this year. The only restrictions on competitors is that they must be undergraduates. The decisions will be made by a committee of three chosen by the editor.

The miracles of past ages have been accomplished by men and women of great self-confidence who had *Self-Confidence* unwavering faith in their power to accomplish the tasks they undertook. The same is true today. The people who are leaders of organizations, progressive movements of any kind—not only these but any people who are making success in their respective fields of work are the ones who have profound faith in their ability and act on that faith. It is the self-reliance, positiveness, and optimism of these people that establish for them a place among the leaders.

If we were to analyze the marvelous successes of many of our self-made men, we should find that when they started in active life they held the confident, vigorous, persistent thought of and belief in their ability to accomplish what they had undertaken. Their mental attitude was set so stubbornly toward their goal that the doubts and fears which hinder and frighten the man who holds a low estimate of himself, who asks, demands and expects but little of or for himself, got out of their path and the world made way for them.

Self-confidence is not egotism. It is knowledge—knowledge of oneself—of possessing the ability requisite for what one undertakes. Carlyle would translate the famous precept “Know thyself” into “Know what thou canst work at.” This is indeed a difficult thing for most of us and something that only our works can render decisively discernable. But we can feel confident of our ability to do something and with that confidence comes power and courage—a courage to push

forward into the vast unknown and create new fields of thought and action.

There is something in the atmosphere of the man who has a large and true estimate of himself, who believes that he is going to win out; something in his very appearance that wins half the battle before a blow is struck. By the force of his character and the creative power of his thought, such a man wrings success from the most adverse circumstances.

We can have no purpose, no conception of the work we want to do and in fact no decided whatever without an utter confidence and faith in our own powers.

The world has no room for the timorous person who merely exists and depends on others for the solving of his problems; who is afraid to take the initiative in anything—in short the person who is taking all and giving nothing in return, but it needs and welcomes the one who with the noble poise of self-confidence and complacency thinks and works independently and uses his ability in such a decided, aggressive way that it is a strong force for the benefit of all.

H. I. H. '12.

While it is not the policy of the editor to mingle in politics there is one political matter which needs the
Veto Power for attention of our State. The matter to which
Our Governor I refer is the veto power of the governor.

Out of the various states of the union North Carolina stands as the only one which does not bestow upon her governors the power of veto. What is the matter? Are our governors unfit for the exercise of such a power? Are they incapable of controlling the legislation which they are to execute to the extent of the right of veto. We should say no. Our governors are fully capable of exercising this privilege. No one can claim that either Aycock, Glenn or Kitchin were unfit for the exercise of this power. So far as the writer knows there is and can be no logical objection to the veto

power being granted our governors save only in placing more power in the hands of the State executive. And this is not really a substantial objection when it is remembered that the greatest duties which fall upon our governor are the pardoning power and the pleasing of his state by pleasant speeches. Place in his hands the power of veto and then you give him a tool with which he may control legislation and thus enable the people to place responsibility. Not only would the veto power tend to make the office of governor a more responsible position, but it would also tend to make the type of legislation higher in that the General Assembly would be more careful in the passage of laws which would be subject to the action of the governor. The veto power would probably tend to decrease the multiplicity of laws which would also be to the best interest of North Carolina.

J. B. W. '12.

The editors of *The Collegian* congratulate themselves upon the fact that we have an alert and wide-awake business manager. He has made provisions for the publications of the magazine, and faithfully performed every duty falling upon a business manager. He has made a greater effort than any other person to have the paper out on time. We have sought aid from the student body for every other department. Now we are going to ask the students to do their duty by him. But before we do so, we would be glad to cast around and see what the Collegian really is to the student body and college. In a way it is the criterion of the college. It goes out to other colleges and tells them to some extent what we are doing here. It gives them an insight into our life. It furnishes to the student a means of bringing to the notice of the outside world his literary productions. It also gives him in later life an annual of his school days.

Now we may ask ourselves what would we think of our col-

lege if we did not have a college magazine? Yet we must realize that we cannot have one unless somebody supports it. So who is to do this? Well we will answer it this way. If any department of our Athletic Association is about to fail to make both ends meet when it is to have some visiting team here to give an exhibition and furnish amusement for the student body you will see the faculty and student leaders marshaling the fellows up to the auditorium for the purpose of instilling into them some college spirit. This is all right. The very thing to do. You will hear some student leader or member of the faculty tell them how narrow, stingy and insignificant a fellow is who will not come out and pay the admission price to the game. This is all right. Just what they need. But here I want to say that some of these very same leaders never support the college magazine. They are reading their roommate's Collegian, provided he happens to be a subscriber, and provided further he reads it at all.

Now if Athletics or every other side line of college life is so much more important than the college magazine that it justifies such a course we have no more to say; but we are to be convinced. Perhaps the fellows have not thought of the matter in the way we see it. Therefore we do not wish to criticise them too severely. But we will say that our Business Manager Mr. Gilchrist, has a proposition to make to every student on the hill, and we want to see just how much real college spirit you have. He will give you an opportunity to measure yourself and see if you have any real college spirit or whether you have a kind lopsided feeling that you call college spirit.

Library Notes

That our library is all that could be desired in comfort and convenience is a well established fact. That we need more books upon our shelves is without question.

But there is yet some other phase in which a library should be a source of pleasure and of education to its frequenters. This is, that there should be works of art here and there in its recesses and these are conspicuously absent in the Guilford Library. By the time this reaches the readers we hope to have in place a section of the Alexander frieze along the corridor to the stack room, and also one each of the Landing of Columbus and of the Pilgrim Fathers over the windows on either side of the door.

These with a bust of Zeus and also one of Shakespeare complete the present purchase. This is being done with the regular fund at the command of the library—a fund which is of course primarily intended for the purchase of books.

With all this, the four corner niches are still unprovided for; we are leaving these with the hope that this second appeal may yet stir some class to respond. These niches require full length statues and such can be secured for \$60.00 or \$75.00 and I am sure some class will be ready to secure for us either Nike of Samothrace, or Michael Angelo's Moses, or Sophocles, or Hebe, or some of the more prominent in our own national history.

To the appeal made two years ago the first class of the college ('89) responded loyally and procured for us the double unit shelving then asked for. Why cannot the other classes follow this example and fill these niches with statuary which will be not only educative, but which will also cultivate a love of the beautiful both in form and outline and acquaint our students with the classic in art as well as the classic in literature.

J. S. W.

Y. M. C. A. Notes

The Y. M. C. A. held its regular business meeting on Jan. 25, President Woosley presiding. After the devotional exercises and the reading of the Minutes reports were heard from the various committees. H. S. Sawyer, Chairman of the Bible Study Committee, reported that this department of the work is in good condition. He showed that every man in college is enrolled and that the average attendance had been practically 70 per cent. His report proved the success of the present method of Bible study. H. W. Smith gave the report on religious meetings. He showed that most meetings have been conducted by students and members of the faculty, and that the attendance has been very good. A pleasing point is the fact that there has been a splendid prayer circle in which many students have participated. The report on Mission Study was perhaps the best in the history of the Association. Chairman Futrell showed an enrollment of over 98 per cent. and an attendance of 80 per cent. The course in "Negro Life in the South" is proving very popular. E. H. Marley stated that only three or four men remain in college who are not members of the association. While the student body is hardly so large as in some former years the average of membership is one of the best on record. Geo. C. Dees reported a successful year in social life and gave hope for even better things to come. The report of Treasurer Gilchrist showed a very creditable balance. He has been able to meet the expenses and to close up the year's work without collecting any spring fees.

In reviewing the year's work President Woosley called attention to a number of things not included in the reports of committees. The Association was able to get out a Handbook during the summer, a copy of which was mailed to every

prospective new student. This seems to have been appreciated and to have accomplished something. Not only did Guilford have a very good delegation at Montreat for the Southern Student Conference, but ten men were sent to Wake Forest to the Bible Study Conference in November. All these men have come back to us more enthusiastic, and better prepared for work.

The following officers were installed for the coming year: Paul S. Kennett, president; K. T. Futrell, vice-president; Geo. A. Short, secretary; Edgar H. McBane, Treasurer; and Rufus Dalton, Marshal. Later President Kennett announced the cabinet as follows: Bible Study, Eugene Marley; Religious Meetings, S. S. Nelson; Mission Study, J. T. Chappelle; Membership, W. G. Gilchrist; Finance, E. H. McBane; New Student; S. J. Lindley; Social, Geo. C. Dees; Music, H. A. Stewart.

That the earnest efforts of the retiring cabinet have resulted in great things goes without saying. May their example be followed and lead to a bright and prosperous 1912.

Y. W. C. A. Notes

For the past two months very many things have been going on within our association. Even the Christmas vacation and examinations intervening caused but very little let up in the work, much to our satisfaction.

Miss Crane came in November, with her sunny countenance and mirthful disposition, bringing to us many good ideas and suggestions. We hope to have her with us again soon.

At our last business meeting January 18, very favorable reports, with the exception of the Mission Study Department, were given by the different committees. The Mission Study phase of our work seems to be our weakest point. It is almost impossible for us to keep the attendance up in the way it should be. The Finance Committee reported the payment of our Foreign, Territorial and National pledges. As a result of this our finances are at present running rather low, but when the membership fees, systematic giving and proceeds from play are handed in they will be greatly replenished. The report of the Bible Study department was especially good. The Social Committee has been doing some excellent work. In the Fall a social was given just for the girls at which a mock athletic meet was the main feature. Every girl seemed to thoroughly enjoy this novel entertainment. The Saturday night following our return after the holidays a general social was given, when games of various kinds were participated in by all the students and everybody had a genuine good time. The Membership Committee has succeeded in enrolling nearly every girl for the Association this Spring term. It will not give up until it makes a final effort to enroll all. The Intercollegiate Committee is at present very busy answering letters recently received from a good many colleges within our territory asking for our ways of conducting different departments. Two

interesting features of this business meeting besides reports of committees were the reading of two letters, one from Miss Sharpless, a missionary in Japan and Suga Mashayama, a Japanese woman who is in the same work as Miss Sharpless.

We had a Bazaar Nov. 25 in Memorial Hall at which we cleared \$28.00. "Our Aunt from Alabama" was the leading entertainment for the evening. Besides this a very interesting selection was rendered by the boys Glee Club and also two solos were given by Prof. A. D. Crosby.

Under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. Dr. Gove of the Greensboro Normal gave us a lecture on "Health" the 27th of January. This every girl was much interested in and we hope was much benefited. After the lecture Dr. Gove with the Lady Members of Faculty and several others was served tea and wafers by the Senior members of the Cabinet.

At the Territorial Council to be held in Charlotte at the Presbyterian College we are intending to send two or three delegates to bring to us new ideas for carrying on our work.

Early in February we are going to organize a Maids' Club. It is our attention to have Bible study a main part of this club.

Before another issue of this Collegian a new Cabinet will have been installed in the Association. To this cabinet we are hoping that we are leaving the work in such a way as to be easily assumed and carried on. The Association is now in a progressive stage and we believe that with system and divine assistance it will go on in the way it now is and attain unto even greater things in the future. If only each girl will have an aim and strive even to make that her goal we may have no need to fear what may be in store for us.

Athletic Notes

Basket Ball

Due to the fact that the staff had intended getting out an Athletic issue, the class basket ball games which were played last fall have not yet been reported in the Collegian.

The first game was played between the Sophomores and Freshmen, and was won by the Freshmen, the score being 11-7. The line up was:

| Position | Sophomore | Freshman |
|--------------|-----------|----------------|
| Rt. Forward | Finch | Captain |
| Left Forward | Wagoner | Fred Henley |
| Center | E. McBane | Cotton |
| Rt. Guard | Hayworth | Shore, Captain |
| Left Guard | Futrell | Nelson |
| | | Fike |

The next game of the series was the Junior-Senior game. This was a very hotly contested game as the score—13-12 in favor of the Seniors—indicates:

The line-up was:

| Position | Senior | Junior |
|--------------|-----------------|---------------------|
| Rt. Forward | Woosley | Paul Ederton |
| Left Forward | Zachery | Gilchrist |
| Center | Smith | Richardson, Captain |
| Rt. Guard | Sawyer, Captain | Dees |
| Left Guard | Lassiter | Hartman |

The final contest for the class basketball cup then fell to the Seniors and Freshmen. This game was not so closely contested as the Senior-Junior game. The Senior five presented more team work than before. Every man got right down to work and by hard fighting defeated the Freshmen 13-8.

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The varsity basketball team has made a splendid record this year. This has been due largely to the good training of Coach Doak and the persistent efforts of Captain Benbow; along with the effective practice given by the second five. Practice began about the last of October and one game was played November 4th with Elon College at Guilford. Neither team had had much practice, but the Guilford boys outplayed the Elon team by a score of 53-5. The season proper, however, did not open until after Christmas, when the team played Elon again at Guilford, Jan. 20. The score this time was 59-7 in favor of Guilford.

The team next played a series of games in Virginia. The first of which was played with the University of Virginia, Jan. 22, at Charlottesville. Both teams were in excellent condition; and, since Guilford defeated Virginia last year by a single point, each thought it had a fair show of victory. The Virginia men were much heavier than the Guilford men. Aside from this the teams seemed to be pretty evenly matched. The ball had not been in play many seconds when a double foul was called. The Virginia free goal thrower missed the basket; but Hoyos, of Guilford, had his eye with him and thereby Guilford let out in scoring. The game was a hard fought one, especially in the last half during which it became very exciting because of a tied score, 15-15. The Virginia men seemed to think they could tip the balance in their favor. Every man on the floor fought desperately until the signal was given announcing that the time was up. When the score was announced it showed one point in favor of the Tarheels, it being 17-16. The game as a whole was rather rough, due to the determination of each team to win. Hoyos starred for Guilford in throwing free goals. He tossed twelve out of fourteen. Dr. Lannigan, the Virginia coach, refereed the first half. Coach Doak refereed the last half. The line up was:

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| Position | Guilford | Virginia |
|--------------------|-----------------------|----------------|
| Rt. Forward | Benbow, Captain | Karns, Captain |
| Left Forward | Hoyos | E. Rixey |
| Center | Keliher | W. Rixey |
| Rt. Guard | Sawyer | Neff |
| Left Guard | Moorefield | Churchman |

The next game was played with Jefferson School on January 23, also at Charlottesville. Guilford won easily to the tune of 34-7. It was a very tame game contrasted with that of the previous day.

The team then went to Staunton where it played Staunton Military Academy, Jan. 24. This game was characterized by the exceedingly rough playing of the Staunton guards, which seemed to be the heavy end of the team; while neither of their forwards scored, yet they held the scoring of Guilford down by their roughness. However, Guilford doubled the score on them which was 20-10.

The next games were played at Lexington, Va., with Washington and Lee University, Jan. 25, and Virginia Military Institute, Jan. 27. The team was in a run-down condition after having played four successive games, and the fresh teams at Lexington won out by hard fighting. It might be said here that Washington and Lee played two professional basket ball men against Guilford. After winning three out of five games in Virginia, the team returned home. They rested a day or so, and then played Virginia Christian College on the home floor, Jan. 30, winning the game very easily by a score of 54-16.

After the week's trip in Virginia, which, although it gave the team some excellent practice and experience, was an exceedingly hard one and one from which our boys could not become rested to any great extent; the team left Jan. 31 for the Carolina trip. The first game was with the University. It was slow; neither team showed up well. The Guilford

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boys appeared tired, which they were; while the Carolina team lacked training and practice. Guilford won to the score of 35—20. The line up was:

| Position | Guilford | Carolina |
|--------------------|------------------|--------------------|
| Rt. Forward | Benbow | Long, Erwing |
| Left Forward | Hoyos | Smith |
| Center | Edwards | Carrington |
| Rt. Guard | Sawyer | Chambers |
| Left Guard | Moorefield | Avid Jones, Tillet |

From Chapel Hill the team went to Durham, where they met their first defeat in Carolina at the hands of Trinity's excellent team, which was quite fresh and ready for a hard game. This being the ninth successive game that Guilford had played every man on the team was very tired and in no condition to meet the pep and ginger of Trinity. Captain Benbow was in bad shape for any game, especially for so hard a one as this. He was also covered by Hedrick the best guard perhaps, that Benbow ever met, and who covered him like a blanket, but he could not keep the ball out of the basket from "Bo's" hand. He threw two field goals. Neither of Trinity's forwards scored in the first half, at the close of which the score was 7-5 with odds for Guilford. Trinity put in some fresh men the last half and opened up with all she had. Guilford being stale from eight hard games could not improve much on the playing of the first half and while Crowell threw the only field goal of the Trinity forwards, the Trinity guards came up and shot at the basket several times with some degree of success. The result of the game however rested on free goals. Trinity got many more chances at those than Guilford and Crowell was very successful with them. The final score was 14-12. Guilford losing by only two points. Guilford used the same line-up in this game as in the one with Carolina.

BASE BALL

While as yet there has been nothing done in the way of Spring practice, the past few days have brought the base ball fever to the surface and work will soon start. The prospects for a splendid team are good. With Shore, Fike, Edwards, Benbow, Thompson, Nelson, and Short as a nucleus from last year's team and with such material as McBane, E. Morefield, McBane, P, Stuart, McClain, and Futrell to choose from for the vacant positions, there seems to be no reason why Guilford should not maintain her past record. Coach Doak has been giving the boys some cross country runs in order to toughen 'em up a bit and we feel sure that when the time comes his men will be able to deliver the goods.

Manager Woosley has been real busy with his schedule and while all the dates are not definitely settled as yet, indications point toward a splendid schedule. He has arranged games with every college in the State save Trinity and at the present writing it appears likely that two games will be arranged with this institution. Besides the state games, the team will take a short trip to Virginia on which Washington and Lee, V. M. I., Virginia Christian College, and probably another institution will be played. Below is the schedule as it stands at present. Several of these games have not been contracted for but are pending. Several other games may be added later.

| | |
|---|------------|
| March 18, Bingham at | Guilford |
| March 22, Catawba at | Guilford |
| March 29, Atlantic Christian College at | Guilford |
| April 2, Eastern College at | Guilford |
| April 6, Trinity at | Greensboro |
| April 8, Davidson at | Greensboro |
| April 9, Randolph-Macon at | Guilford |
| April 13, Elon at | Guilford |

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| | |
|--|----------------|
| April 17, Wake Forest at | Wake Forest |
| April 18, A. & M. at | Raleigh |
| April 19, Trinity at | Durham |
| April 20, Winston League at | Winston |
| April 22, A. & M. at | Greensboro |
| April 26, Wake Forest at | Guilford |
| April 27, University at | Chapel Hill |
| April 30, Virginia Christian College at | Lynchburg, Va. |
| May 1, Washington and Lee at | Lexington, Va. |
| May 2, V. M. I. at | Lexington, Va. |

Exchanges

H. W. Smith

Our exchange magazines this month come from seven States and the District of Columbia. As we have quite a few from each of three of these States, it is impossible for us to examine them all critically, unless we had no other duties to fulfill in connection with the magazine. But we appreciate them all nevertheless. Nearly all the exchanges are guilty of being late in making their appearance along with us, and I sincerely hope that we may all spur up a little and come out earlier next month.

The William and Mary Literary Magazine is very neat in its outward appearance, and has its material skillfully arranged. The story, "Mulcair Smith" is, to say the least, creditable. The greatest fault of the issue is that there is nothing in the way of an essay. One biography is the only thing among the contributions that would burden the mind of the reader with a thought. The editorials, aside from the fact that the thought is old, are strong.

The State Normal Magazine is a little paper we love to read. "Theories of Life" is a strong essay and shows much thought on the part of the author. "The Thief," is a good story being out of the ordinary cut and dried love story. And showing plainly the results of pride and selfishness. The "Victory" is also a splendid story, and is well worthy the time spent in reading it.

The Wake Forest Student, always a strong college magazine is about up to its usual standard. "Letters from the Trenches" are interesting to any one who has any interest in the lives of our fathers during those perilous days of '61-'65. They give a clear insight into the camp life of a private during the Civil war. "The Christ Idea in Browning," is no doubt

the strongest thing of its nature that has come to our table. It is enlightening as well as interesting. The story "Mose," is a real Southern story and a good one of its kind. We never tire of hearing the stories of those good old negroes that are no more.

The Trinity Archive contains a good love story this month. The editorial, A Campaign for Honor, is especially meritorious and a similar plan might be worked out to great advantage in other colleges.

We wish to acknowledge with thanks our usual exchanges.

Locals and Personals

Exams! Measles! ! !

Virginia 16, Guilford 17.

Valentine: Oh you Cupid!

Several new students have enrolled for the Spring term.
To each the Collegian wishes a pleasant and profitable term.

Notice: For all laughing permits apply to Miss Louise.

In German classroom which was very smoky—Elva S.:
Well John I suppose you might as well get used to smoke
here.

For the cost of measles see the Prices.

Prof. Davis in German: Where do you find "diese?"

George Dees: Ah-er, here I am.

R. E. Dalton was among those who came from Greensboro
to see the defeat administered to Virginia Christian College.

Two girls at Founders when watching the basket ball team
leave were heard softly singing:

Bye Baby, Bye a Baby Bye

Goodbye, my lover, Goodbye."

For the latest in regard to Surratt see one Mr. Gossett (ip).

Prep at the social: Oh! I have lost my new year's revolution.

Freshman English question: What is an epigram?

Answer: An epigram is of them things what go on your tombstone when you are dead.

Hub: What made Hazel blush so when she was introduced to Mr. Johnson?

Henry: Because he had been to Charleston.

Advice: Don't ask Prof. Carroll in regard to an answer which he got on the advantages of monogamy.

Girl at Founders: Is the name of that new boy Keller (her) or Kelly (she)?

James Waggoner, a student here has been suffering very severely from a combined attack of pneumonia and measles. We hope for him a speedy recovery.

Chic: Hey Woosley have those tennis shoes come yet?

Woosley: No, but they will be here in a week or so.

Chic: Well I wont need them then.

Louis H.: Yes that's right. Chic, for it will be warm enough to go barefooted then.

Henry Smith is said to be longing for more Grace.

Kinnie Futrell showing his brother over the gymnasium: "These two seats here are mine."

The entire community was recently shocked by the sudden death of Mr. Shubal Lamb. Mr. Lamb has two daughters who are in the Senior class and also a son who is in school here. He was the step-father of Prof. Meredith. Much sympathy is felt for the bereaved family.

It is understood that the measles are having a long time with Shore.

The final inner-class debate of the year, which will be between the Seniors and Sophomores, is scheduled for March 16th. The Seniors have submitted the following query to the Sophs: Resolved, That Corporations doing interstate business should have Federal charters.

Hey Back, what did lunch for your team cost in Lynchburg?

Back: Gee! it cost me \$6.75 and Hub Sawyer wasn't even along.

Puzzle: Why did Prof. Jay not try out for the Basket Ball team?

The preps have recently gained a new privilege, a two hour study period in the cosy parlor on Saturdays.

Hazel to Mary I.: If your lover should say "Ish liebe dich" to you, what would you say?

M. I. W.—desperately—I should certainly say "Ich hatie dich."

Elva Cassie and Mary I. visiting Hazel: Cassie: Hazel what in the world makes this room resound so?

H. I. H.: Because it has nothing in it.

Callers rush for the door.

Visitor: What's all this I hear about summer resorts?

E. S.: It's that infernal Sartor Resartus, duncel!

B. F.: (Turning the leaves of the Bible) Elva whereabouts in Proverbs do you find

“A whistling girl and a crowing hen
Always comes to some bad end?”

Miss Rustedt: Let me tell you I learned something new
this afternoon.

M. A. W. : What was it?

Miss R. : Well I declare I have forgotten.

Prof. Crosby (on Fresh. Exam.) : Give the definition of a
short sentence.

Fresh. : A telegram is a short sentence.

Senior: Oh dear me! Did you say they were going to
have another basket ball game between the scrub teams? Well
I am so tired of those old immature games I dont know what
to do.

M. M. wants to know if it isn't impolite to laugh at the
table.

Hazel to M. I. W. (who was trying on a new hat): Oh
your hat is so sweet and “Gurneyish” looking.

For information concerning pillow fights apply to Elva,
Founders Hall, Room 2.

Catherine Watkins talking about “Health Lecture”: To
tell you all the truth I didn't learn a thing new this afternoon.
Everything that lecturer said I had already learned from my
Physical Geography (Physiology) years ago.

M. I. W. (Teaching Bible class): I guess we will have
to take the casting out of evil spirits—figurative like Prof.
Jay takes “Jonah swallowing the whale!” You all know
about that I reckon, don't you?

Beware! Beware! of the way in which you ride through Latin on "wild ponies" or you will get thrown—then bad to you and ponies too! Ask Miss Louise if it isn't.

Everybody is invited to be present at the "Pony" bonfire which Miss L. aims to have as soon as she gets her collection complete.

Teacher: What is an antipod?

Student: An antipod is in some cases a large animal but in this case it is a three legged stool.

G.: What is an alegory?

P.: An allegory is one of these great big allegory (Angora) goats you see browsing around sometimes on the mountain sides.

Teacher: Where did you say that San Francisco is situated?

Student: San Francisco did you say? Let me see er-ah! why it is on the southeastern coast of Asia.

Mr. A. Grant Olwell ('11) paid the college a visit a few weeks ago. He was a welcome visitor as are all old students.

Wanted to know: If Frances S. ever gets lost in Wood?

Book of Happenings

Chapter I.

And it came to pass after the famine was over, that Queen Louisa calleth whom she would to Founders for a social. From Archdale, from Y. M. C. A., from New Garden, and from all the country surrounding came they forth. And there appeared men of valor and virgins of comeliness. And when they had come Queen Louisa spake unto them in this wise: "Hear, O ye people what I have to say unto thee: Hither have I called you that you may enjoy of the hospitality of my house. Thou shalt therefore seat thyself down to the tables which art before thee, and shalt prevail the one with the other in the games. And the young man may contest with the young woman, provided that he shalt not look her in the eyes not even thrice, nor shall he utter any word of consolation unto her. They shall furthermore not be unto themselves a single moment for such is against the law of the Medes and Persians which changeth not. But they shall strive with another young man and young woman in the games and continually shalt they strive. Neither shall any young man withdraw apart with a Virgin and perforce talk to her secretly for he who is caught in such an act him shall I utterly destroy."

And the people heard the words of Queen Louisa and immediately there was a tumult in the hall for the games had begun. The young men strove in the games with the young women and not one looked upon the young women for the power of Queen Louisa in that place was great.

But when the ninth hour was come, a certain young man from the Erlishkites and a young woman from the Perisites waxed tired of contesting in the game. Likewise they leave off their game and began to commune the one with the other near the door which is at the right end of the Queen's taberna-

cle. But no sooner had they thus spake together than the servant of Queen Louis a informeth her of what had happened. Then came the Queen running to the spot, and clapping her hands she spake thus: "Thou Erlishkite depart from me, ye worker of iniquity. Get thee hence into outer darkness where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth." And to the young Perisite spake she thus: Get thee to thy room or I will give thee a cut which if it profiteth thee not I will send thee to thy father's house and then shalt thou live with thy brethren and thy sisters all the days of thy life."

And again there cometh to the Queen Louisa several other servants and telleth her that the games are about to cease and that the young men have looked upon the young women almost thrice. This displeased Queen Louisa so that she became very wroth and immediately she called unto Emerson of the tribe of Ishmael to sound the trumpet. Then when all the people head the sounding of the trumpet they departed thence and the hall became quiet.

And the other deeds, are they not recorded in the book of chronicles of Queen Louisa?

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The Guilford Collegian

Volume XXIV

March

No. 7

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Spring

Spring! Spring! gentle Spring,
Come forth again with the flowers,
And the beautiful birds that sing
All day in thy lovely bowers.

Wake! wake! lovely Spring,
Awake from thy slumbers sweet
And bring with thee everything
That makes this earth complete.

Chase, chase, cold winter's frost
And icy chill haste along,
Let not a moment be lost
In coming with merry song.

Come! come! happy Spring,
With thy grace and beauty rare.
We will gladly, joyfully sing,
And hail thee of seasons most fair.

ELEANOR LOUIE FOX.

On the Alar of the Sea

The tide was coming in on the afternoon of a windy April day. The great waves as they rolled in boiled into yellow foam against the sharp, rocky ledges of the Maine coast, and whipped themselves into billowy softness along the shore. The resonant boom of the ocean filled the air with that soft, indefinable, mysterious sound that can only be understood by those who love the sea. Even the sky, too, seemed full of the mysterious secret, for the afternoon sun was in the west, and the low clouds on the Southern horizon boded ill to sailors that night. But this was not all in this wild picture, for crouched on the rocks looking seaward was a girl in the queer coarse dress of the sea folk. The wind blew her jet black hair over her shoulders in long streaming masses. Her chin rested in two brown palms and her elbows were on the rock. Her face was not beautiful in the sense of that word that people generally see it, but it contained the same unfathomable secret of the sea in its dark, weird loveliness. The skin was brown and roughened by the sea breeze and the hands were not even olive, but the dusky eyes, midnight black and lovely as a sea nymph's were filled with the same strange weirdness of the ocean. As she stood now, for she had risen, looking over the incoming tide she made a picture for an artist's canvas. Tall and lithe, yet seemingly bent at the shrine of her beloved sea, she stood with hands clasped before her and eyes wistful with the million years of mystery rolling, breaking and booming at her feet. There was an uncanny look on her face and an adoration in her dark eyes that beggared description. She might have been a dryad or a sea-nymph stepped from the waves.

As she contemplated the sullen mysterious deep she suddenly became aware of a presence and turning gracefully as a young animal at the sound of a step she saw leaning lightly

on a crutch and looking at the waves a young man who seemed strangely at variance with his uncouth surroundings. With a bound Jean Carr was at his side and her hand was on his arm. Then they stood there on the rocks looking seaward together. The wind lifted his fair waving hair from his girlish forehead with a caressing touch. They were both thinking of the stormy night almost a year before when the ship in which he had sailed from England had gone down on the rocks and all on board had perished but himself; how her father and his stalwart crew of lifesavers had rescued him; how he, Eric Thornton, had been a prisoner at her home, unable to walk without the aid of crutches through the long months since the wreck.

"Dreaming over the sea as usual, little sister, I see," said the young man taking her hand and looking down upon the brown face at his side kindly.

"Oh I love it!" she exclaimed impulsively. "Yes it has a strange power over me, and sometimes I fear that it will rob me of something very dear or do me some great injury."

"You shouldn't have such morbid fancies, little sister, the sea is a great big friend of yours. "But," he continued turning from the contemplation of the sea to look into Jean's face, "I came down to the shore this afternoon to tell you something that I have never been moved to tell before. You have heard me speak often of my home in England and of my friends there. There is one, who is more than a friend, for she is sometime to be my wife. I have a letter from her saying that she is coming with my mother and I must go back with them to England. I shall be sorry to leave the kind friends here, but I hope my little sister Jean will love Margaret Craven, for she is as good as she is beautiful. I shall have to say goodbye to the waves and rocks and my queer little Jean who has been such an amusing comrade during all my months of imprisonment."

He did not look at her face as he finished speaking so he

did not see the deathly pallor that covered it and showed through the tan. She made no sound; she had not moved while he was speaking, but the bitterness of death had entered her young soul and her teeth were set against her pale lips as if in pain. "Now I must be going to the house," he said kindly. "Of course little Jean craves one last fond look at her idolized sea before coming home tonight," he finished teasingly and turned on his crutch and moved slowly away.

Jean Carr stood as if turned to stone until the last sound of his steps was lost on the rocky path that led to the old stone house in the distance. Then with a cry that seemed to issue from the depths of her being she threw herself down on the rocks in an agony of despair. Since he had first come into her dreary life, making it brighter and lovelier with the charm of his presence, coming as he did from the outside world, she had been happier and had never thought that the end must come and the inevitable happen. She had lived in the present and now the hopelessness of it all entered her heart like a dagger. Her pain was accentuated by the fact that he had never cared for her in any other way than as a quaint queer girl of the sea folk; whose wild passionate outbursts of anger and penitence only amused him and beguiled the long dreary days before he could return home. She was not like him; his people were not her people. But her pain was none the less fierce and cruel because she realized this. She beat her brown hands against the cruel rocks unconscious of the hurt. He was going out of her life as suddenly and surely as he had come into it, and worst of all and what filled her jealous heart with anger, with the fair English girl who was to be his wife. Her agony at the thought of parting was far too deep for tears. She had given all the wild love of her wild free nature unsought and now her despair was almost inhuman in its bitterness. Her prone body shook with dry tearless sobs, while the beloved, though pitiless ocean curled and

foamed below her. She stretched her hands toward it as to a kind tender friend, but the idol she had worshipped all her brief life did not console her now in her hour of deepest trial, but mercilessly rolled and dashed its yellow foam on the rocks.

The oldest inhabitants of the village did not remember such a storm as swept the Maine coast that night. The clouds in the south fulfilled their ominous prophecy and the wind that swept the coast dashed everything before it. The hollow roar of the surf filled the air and roused the sleeping people from their rest. Jean Carr's father and the other life savers along the coast came from their homes and gathered on the storm swept shore.

"Aye, aye, a bad night to go to pieces on the rocks!" said old Simon Carr, shaking his weatherbeaten head knowingly. "A vessel once driven from her course and running into the rocks would—", but he left the sentence unfinished for the shrill whistle of a ship in distress sounded far out at sea. Another and another! It was the distress signal of a vessel going down on the rocks which jutted treacherously out from the shore.

"Man the life boats quickly, boys," commanded old Carr, his deep voice booming above the roar of wind and ocean. Speedily the life boats were filled with stalwart men. But this had taken time for if the vessel had gone on the rocks unprepared there was plenty of time for her to go to pieces, and in such a stormy sea, the hope of saving any of her passengers was slender. However the sturdy men breasted the waves bravely. It required all their fortitude and strength to be tossed about among the black rocks which threatened every moment to dash their frail boat to pieces. When they came as near as possible to the sinking ship, they found her a hopeless wreck with no living passengers to be seen. There was nothing to do but return to the shore, for it was quite plain that they were too late to save any of the passengers of the

ill-fated ship, and they went to their homes along the coast giving up the ship and all on board for lost.

Jean had not been able to rest during the storm and leaving her room had stolen down to the shore. The beach was covered with debris of floating timbers and wreckage. She was standing on the rocks watching the dark bits of timbers floating near the shore and thinking of the helpless people who went down with the vessel.

Suddenly she heard a faint cry far out toward the wreck. She listened intently and heard the far faint sound repeated twice, thrice! Jean could row as well as her father and now she knew that there was no time to go for help. Throwing her raps from her as she ran, she reached the boat house and drew out the light boat which she always used when rowing. The sea was calmer now for the storm was nearly over, and the wreckage was almost all washed ashore; so the task of rowing toward the sound of distress was hardly more arduous than many she had undertaken before. Her strong young arms served her bravely now and the wild free life she had lived stood her in good stead. All her own personal trials were forgotten in this struggle with the waves. She rowed with all her might toward the great black hulk which rose out of the water on the rocks.

The halloo came once more far on her right and she turned the boat toward it. The waves dashed her with spray until she was drenched and numb with cold. But her bravery was rewarded, for close by her lashed to a floating spar, she saw the figure of a woman. Jean's heart stood still for the face of the victim gleamed white and ghostlike through the shadowy gloom of early dawn. An old sea tale of the ghostly halloo which had lured many a brave seaman to his death on the rocks came into her mind. For a moment she was frightened terribly, but in an instant her reason returned and she rowed her boat close to the silent figure on the spar which was caught and held fast among the rocks. The figure was

that of a girl, slender and young, but the face was deathly white and the form seemed lifeless and still.

Jean had rowed all of her life but she had never known the terror of rescuing the victim of a wreck. With quick, unsteady fingers she loosened the rope that bound the limp form to the spar, and lifting the slight figure she placed it in the bottom of the boat. Then began Jean's real struggle for she had to watch the unconscious figure in the boat and steer clear of the threatening timbers with which the sea was filled. Her arm ached and her hearing seemed deadened by the incessant roar of the surf. Resting on her oars she bent over the still form. The lips moved and the one word they framed was "Eric"! Jean's heart stopped beating and in a flash she knew. She had saved Margaret Craven! She had rescued from death the girl Eric Thornton was to marry! For one awful moment which seemed like ages to poor Jean, she battled there with her love and jealousy. Could she save this girl? Nobody on earth knew she had been rescued. Perhaps when Eric found that Margaret Craven had perished he would turn to her and give her the love which she, Jean, would have given worlds to own. It was a horrible temptation for a nature so wild and impulsive as Jean Carr's. But she had forgotten God, and now as she remembered her Creator she felt very lone and near to Him out there on the storm-tossed ocean. All her calm strength returned, and her love and jealousy seemed small and of insignificant issue in comparison with the life of this girl whom Eric loved so well. She exerted all her remaining effort to reach the shore with her precious freight.

She had almost gained the beach and was straining every muscle to make it when a large timber which had come close to her boat unnoticed struck it full on the side. The brave girl strove with all her might to prevent it, but in spite of her efforts, the boat capsized. Jean was equal to this, too, and grasping the limp form in one of her strong

arms she struck out bravely for the shore which had seemed so close, but now seemed rods away. How near she was to success, this brave young girl. How close she was to the shore with her heavy burden! Could she hold out? Now she won it, and almost threw the damp burden on the beach. But her arms were weak after the ordeal, and it was hard to resist the waves any longer. They bore back against her frail strength defiantly. With the inborn love of life she struggled frantically against their strong force, but despite all her efforts she was borne back inch by inch it seemed by the hungry ocean, and now at the mercy of the raging sea was there none to save her? For a while she clung desperately to the last straws of hope, but the surf dashed her mercilessly, she ceased to struggle; her long black hair disappeared below the seething waves and she sank from view. The surf dashed on over the spot where she sank in mad mockery.

The sun rose majestically over the sea. His warm bright rays shone on the sad wreckage which strewn the beach in masses. The waves no longer rolled in mad splendor as they had done the night before, but as if their fierce wolfish hunger were satisfied, they boomed over the sharp rocks in yellow foam.

Margaret Craven was found on the beach where Jean had placed her, still unconscious but safe. Towards noon Eric strayed away from the men who were scouring the beach for Jean's body, and as he walked he came suddenly upon a sight that froze the blood in his veins. It was Jean, lying far down the beach. Her long black hair was twined caressingly about the still form, and great clusters of sea weed clung to its damp, gleaming masses. Her face was calm and peaceful, yet awful in the majesty of death. She had given her life as a sacrifice to the sea, but it rolled its million years of mystery at her feet unheedingly.

CARRIE MORGAN, '15.

Retrospection

When the shadows of twilight had come and departed
And the moon in its glory stood high,
Many thoughts of sad days through my mind swiftly darted
Of the days which too quickly passed by.

Of the days when my life was quite free from all sorrow
When my sighings and sobbings were few,
It was then that my mind had no thoughts of the morrow,
It was then that no trials I knew!

O, backward, turn backward, come sweet days of happiness,
O come back from the shores of the past
And bring with thee joy which will drive away sadness,
And the love which forever shall last.

PEARLE DAWSON, '15.

Obstacles—The Measure of Success

Some time back I heard a student who was hard pressed for funds with which to continue his course, in referring to another student who seemingly had everything he could wish, make this remark: "If I were fixed like that fellow I could get some pleasure out of going to school." It is unpleasant to hear and unprofitable to repeat such remarks, but it serves here to introduce the subject of this paper, namely: the interrelations of obstacles and success, considering success as meaning the development and exercise of a man's capabilities to the highest possible extent.

There is no more hopeful person in the world than the new fledged college graduate unless it be the new fledged high-school graduate. Every fellow somehow feels that he has the stuff in him that is bound to make him succeed. Especially is this true in these days when the prevailing opinion is that a college education is the prime requisite to success. He has been taught, and doubtless truthfully, that success is partial to the college man. Popular commencement orators have told him that where there is a will to succeed there is a way to succeed. They have fired the imagination by references to the careers of such men as Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Jackson and by quotations from Garfield to the effect that no man ever went down in the struggle who deserved to stand. In addition to the sanguine expectations incident to youth and health, he has the faith and assurance which come from a belief in these teachings. His calculations for the future are like the laws of motion in his physics, based upon the presumption that there are no opposing forces, no obstacles to overcome. "Action is equal to reaction." Barring external forces a body once set in motion will move forever in the same direction with unabated speed. He has not yet learned to apply that other principle of the material world that all matter in

motion is retarded by external forces. Toss a ball to the ground and the reaction is equal to the action, but the ball does not rebound with the same force with which it fell. Why? Gravitation. Start a ball rolling on the ground and sooner or later it stops. Why? Gravitation and friction.

Pretty soon the fellow begins to meet up with unforeseen difficulties, or is handicapped in some way. Then he begins to wonder if he has not been over credulous in picturing to himself such a bright future so easily attained. In the light of these new difficulties his prospects take on a different coloring. He begins to investigate and if he is a close observer he finds that most other people go through similar experiences. Then, and not till then, does he begin to learn in the truest sense of the word and to live the life of a real man.

"No man has begun to live until he has made a truce with necessity." Carlyle meant by this simply that a man must recognize that for this well known fact of physics, that in all motion there is resistance to overcome, there is a correspondingly vital law for human lives. The greater the volume and mass of the body in motion the more gravitation and friction it has to overcome. The measure of energy behind a body is the measure of resistance it overcomes. These truths also hold good in human life. The greater the man, his ambitions, his undertakings, the more resistance. The measure of a man's success is the measure of obstacles he surmounts. The biography of a real man like the history of a great nation is one long record either of overcoming obstacles or of succeeding in spite of them. How often do we hear the substance of these expressions: If I had just received an education when I was young, what could I not have done? If my father had not died and left the burden of the family upon my shoulders, I might have made my mark in the world. Why have I been compelled to struggle with poverty? Why was I not given a strong physique? It is the old disposition handed down from past generations to give ourselves over to

vain regrets of what might have been, and is as unworthy as it is unprofitable. Men who have succeeded in life have done so not always by overcoming their handicaps, but in proportion as they have put up a brave and strong fight against those handicaps. There are times when it requires more courage and grit to hold your ground than it does at others to make an attack. Some men are so situated that if they never do more than stand their ground they do well. They are born ambitious and tied. They have to contend with undercurrents of opposition of which the world knows not. It requires much more energy for a steamer to make twenty knots an hour running counter to the Gulf stream than when running with the Gulf stream. Many a man who has never been heard of outside his immediate community has fought a fiercer battle and attained a more real success and developed within himself more of the elements of true and powerful manhood than many another who, less hampered, has written his name in the Halls of Fame almost at a single effort.

There is a man living not more than ten miles from here on a small farm which he cultivates with one mule. On the proceeds of that farm he has educated his children who are now all married and stand among the leaders in their respective communities. There is nothing prepossessing about the man's appearance, nothing to stamp him as out of the class of the ordinary country farmer. And yet, a prominent educator of this county, in conversation with another prominent educator, remarked that he would rather have that man's advice on a subject concerning the local public welfare than to have the advice of any member of the State Legislature. Not many of you ever heard the man's name. Why is this? The man has undoubtedly succeeded in the truest sense of the word. Why is his voice not heard in the land? Simply because he has been tied down by untoward circumstances and forced to go through the daily grind without any oppor-

tunity to enlarge his sphere of action. Carlyle was right rather than Garfield. Some obstacles cannot be overcome.

I am aware that this is a dangerous doctrine to preach, notwithstanding its evident truth. Some men after a few unsuccessful attempts give up and conclude that further effort is useless. (Sir) Thomas Gray in his elegy endeared himself for all generations to the men who fail. The low-spirited fellow, after a few vain efforts, however feeble, sighs a deep sigh of consolation and self-pity as he imagines himself one of those flowers that are "born to blush unseen." He sees the other man's success but does not see what it cost him.

"How then" you ask, "am I to tell which difficulties can be overcome and which ones cannot?" You cannot know. Then why all this talk? What is the moral? This: Make your obstacles stepping stones to promotion—if you can. If not, submit to them as inevitable, make a truce with necessity, and get promotion in spite of them—if you can. If not, die in the breach. The strength of your fight is the measure of your success.

A Reverie

I idly sit on the sea swept shore,
And gaze on the changing waves;
While my mind reverts to the golden past,
And the hopes that are dead in their graves.

Once on a beautiful moonlit night
You sat at my side by the sea.
Your little hand lay like a rose leaf in mine,
And your dear eyes looked love to me.

It has gone forever the dreamy past—
Like a ghostly white shadow, 'tis fled
And only the memory, sad and drear,
Remains of the years that are dead.

But I think as I sit by the sunlit sea,
That perhaps in some far away clime,
I shall clasp her dear form to my yearning heart
And at last claim my love as mine.

CARRIE MORGAN.

The Census Enumerator Makes a Call

Rain was pouring in torrents as the census enumerator knocked at the door of a little double log cabin. The door was opened by a tall, muscular, copper-colored, rather elderly, negress, who, with exaggerated but sincere politeness, asked the enumerator to come in. He was very glad to do so, for the heap of blazing logs in the big, open fireplace looked cozy indeed contrasted with the rain on the outside. The negress took his coat and umbrella, placed a chair before the fire and asked him to have a seat, at the same time making profuse apologies for the untidy appearance of the room.

After these preliminaries the enumerator explained his business, opened his book and started off on his list of a thousand and one questions. Aunt answered them promptly as best she could and apologized that she could not answer them better.

"What's your name, Aunt?"

"Mandy Reed."

"How old were you your last birthday?"

"I dunno when mah las' buthday wuz, young Boss, but I thainks I's bout sixty-three."

"Were you born in this state (N. C.)?"

"No, sah! Boss," rather offended, "I was bawn in Randolph."

The enumerator smiled in his sleeve.

"How many children have you?"

"I has nine, but dey's all gone an' lef' me but two."

"What is the name of your oldest child that's at home?"

"I—I—I—dunno zackly, Boss, which 'n you'd call de oldest; dey's bofe twins."

The enumerator's smile refused to stay under his sleeve that time.

"What is your business, Aunt Mandy?"

Suh? What's my business?"

She didn't understand. The enumerator undertook to explain.

"Yes, what do you do? How do you make a living? Do you take in washing, cook for people, or what?"

Aunty caught on and her dignity was offended. Aunty was one of the "big niggers" herself—the aristocratic kind.

"Humph! no sirree, nothin' lack dat fur me. I's a farmer."

The enumerator finished his personal questions then began to inquire about the farm.

"Do you own your farm Aunt Mandy?"

"No suh, hit b'longs to Mr. Jones. He lives twenty miles frum here."

"How many acres have you in cultivation? that is, how much land have you got in 'tendance?"

"Lawd, Boss, I dunno."

"Well you know more about it than I do and you say Mr. Jones lives twenty miles away, so you will have to guess at it as nearly as you can."

"I jes don't see how I ken. Hit's scattered 'bout in places so, some here'n, some yander, it I jes can't zackly recognize hit up handy."

Another smile under the sleeve.

"Guess at it Aunty. Guess at it."

Finally she said she supposed she had about thirty acres.

The enumerator then asked her about her chickens and gardens and truck patches and finally came to the acreage of her various staple crops.

"How many acres did you have in wheat this year?"

"I had 'bout leben acres."

"How many acres in corn?"

"I had 'bout fo'teen acres in cawn."

"How many in oats?"

"'Bout fo."

“Tobacco?”

“Seben.”

Thirty acres were rented in all. Of this amount she had eleven acres in wheat, fourteen acres in corn, four acres in oats, and seven acres in tobacco. The enumerator added his figures and found she was cultivating five acres more than there was to be cultivated.

At last the questions were all asked and answered. The enumerator put on his coat which Aunt Mandy held for him, cast a longing glance at the cheerful fire, cracking on the big, rough-stone hearth, said “good bye” and started out into the rain.

That night in his room he laughed to himself as he thought of the “great old darky” while correcting her report before sending it in to Uncle Sam.

A Relic of Colonial Days

Probably some of my readers will be interested to learn that in the Isle of Wight County, Virginia, near the banks of the James River, there stands an old brick structure which has the distinction of being one of the first buildings erected in this country. This historic building is St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Church, which was erected in 1632 under the supervision of Joseph Bridger, an Englishman, who died about 1685, during the reign of Charles II. Doubtless ignorance of the existence of this building is probably due to no historical incident having occurred in connection with it as is the case of St. John's Church, Richmond, where the immortal Henry made his speech, and St. John's, Norfolk, where there is the scar made by Cornwallis' ball during the Revolutionary war. But if no event of a truly historical nature has made Saint Luke's famous, the fact that there now exists such a building nearly three hundred years old, and still used for worship, is sufficient, it seems to me, to claim the interest of every American citizen. For the people who were instrumental in its construction contributed their share towards laying the foundations of our government just as much as the people at Jamestown. In fact, it is almost a coincidence that the old church is not so far distant from the original site of Jamestown, for the two points are within easy reach of each other by the James River. Knowing this to be true we can readily assume that intercourse existed between Jamestown and the region surrounding the old church.

It is unfortunate that our knowledge is limited concerning the past history of this relic of bygone days. It has been proved conclusively, however, that it was built in 1632 under the direction of Joseph Bridger who was undoubtedly its first pastor. Near the church is his old home. Here can be seen the remains of his dwelling in what was once the cellar

or basement, and what is even more remarkable, his grave can still be seen. This is due to the fact that it was prevented from caving in by a stone slab which was removed in 1894 and placed before the chancel in the church.

For some time after the war the old church was left to ruin and decay. In 1894, however, interest was aroused to such an extent that a complete renovation was effected making it a beautiful and appropriate place for worship. It was at this time that the slab marking the grave of Joseph Bridger was removed to the church. It is also worthy of mention that Queen Victoria aided in its restoration, contributing a lovely window which is one of the main features of interest. The plan of architecture followed in the erection of the building was simple in the extreme, and, is easily understood, when we consider how difficult it was to obtain material three hundred years ago. It is said that the material used in its construction came from England. This then explains to some extent the Puritanic simplicity of its style. Rectangular in shape, very low pitched, and surmounted by a tower, it presents an appearance truly in harmony with the times which produced it. The lower portion of this tower is used as a vestibule on the left of which as you enter may be seen the window donated by Queen Victoria.

The interior impresses you everywhere with its colonial aspect, for the sounding board and the pews carry one back to the times when the wealthy Virginia planters assembled here for worship.

But probably the most striking feature is a large window in the rear end of the room representing Christ and his disciples, the view of which is very impressive as you enter.

And then, too, we are instinctively drawn to notice the epitaph of Joseph Bridger on the stone before the chancel. The marks of age on this ancient relic are very evident, making it somewhat difficult to understand the inscription. The visitor is relieved of all trouble however in being furnished

with a copy. As the reader may imagine the inscription is in old English and by giving the date of his death helps to substantiate what is known of the history of the church. It seems very fitting that this record of his death has been placed within the walls of the old church which has stood for nearly three centuries a monument to his memory. Who knows but what in coming years it may be the means of identifying the site of this old historic structure? Unless some sudden destruction comes upon it, however, there is little possibility for decay, since it has defied successfully the winds and storms of three centuries. Indeed its state of perservation is remarkable. Save for an occasional crumbling of the moss-grown walls it looks as substantial as when it was first constructed. This most enduring memorial to the memory of our forefathers to whom we owe the beginning of our great nation is less known perhaps than any building of its kind in the United States. But there are many organizations for the preservation of colonial relics and there is no reason why Saint Luke's should not receive the attention due it as one of the few significant landmarks of our earliest history.

Virginia had many churches of which she is justly proud. Two have already been referred to, and there are many others besides all of which would do credit to any state, but let us hope while these are being preserved for future generations that Saint Luke's will not be forgotten, that she may be accorded the precedence which is hers by right of age.

E. R.

Would We Sing

Two little birds at dawn of day,
Sat up in a tree and sang so gay.
For what cared they for the wind that blew,
Or the rain that drenched them thru?

They never knew neither sorrow nor night.
Their little hearts were care free and light,
And so they sang to the world and me,
While building there a nest in the tree.

Through the mist the sun shone clear
As they worked and sang nor knew of fear
From morn till night such soft sweet notes
Came from out their slender throats.

If we would only sing away
The care and strife that come alway
How much happier far, 'twould be—
The joy of living for you and me!

As if by magic, night would flee,
And there would only sunshine be
Flowers would bloom by our pathway bright
Would we sing from morn till night.

ELEANOR L. FOX.

Aviation

Aviation is a science which is rapidly developing into an art. A decade ago the problem of aerial navigation had no better solution than a few half tried experiments, performed by some adventurous minds hoping to arrive at something practical. For seventy-five years balloons have been used more or less by explorers and also military scouts. They have served the purpose for which they have been used, although until recently they have been too rude for extensive use.

But it seems that the discovery made by Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier is destined to lead to a new art as well as a new science. This discovery was made one November night in 1782 as these two brothers rested by their winter fire in the French town of Annonay. As they watched the smoke rise up the chimney Stephen Montgolfier asked himself the question: "What is the hidden power that makes those smoke wreaths rise upward—could I not employ it to make other things rise also?" As an experiment the brothers made a fire of some light fuel in a tin tray and over the smoke of it they held a large paper bag. It filled out and made a feeble attempt to rise. They repeated the experiment, hoping to make the bag rise into the room. In the meantime a neighbor became alarmed at seeing smoke issuing from their windows and went to the home of the Montgolfiers. He watched a few of their attempts and then suggested that they fasten the tray to the bottom of the bag. This was done and the bag rose to the ceiling; and in this humble fashion the first of all balloons sailed aloft.

The brothers were paper makers by trade and they made some large balloons with which they attained some very high ascensions. Large crowds attended these experiments, and the news of them spread throughout Europe like wild-fire. Stephen Montgolfier was at once invited to Paris, and supplied

with funds to continue his experiments. He soon constructed a balloon seventy-two feet high and decorated it gorgeously. This one ascended in the presence of the royal family at Versailles, bearing three passengers—a sheep, a chicken and a duck. The multitudes hung breathlessly as the innocent victims were placed in the basket of the balloon, and borne calmly and majestically over their heads. Eagerly they followed the balloon to where it fell in a neighboring field, and found the sheep quietly grazing, the chicken perfectly at home, and the duck quacking cheerfully.

Then King Louis suggested that two criminals then under death sentence should be sent aloft in a further experiment, and a young Frenchman replied indignantly, "Shall vile criminals have the first glory of rising into the sky," and on the 21st of November, 1783, a great balloon soared majestically into the open with two young adventurers:

"The first that ever burst into that silent sea."

Hot air was superseded by hydrogen, and ballooning became popular among the more adventurous classes. They were used in the study of the atmosphere and scientists had baskets fitted with instruments to perform experiments in the high air. The craze spread into England, and in 1862 a British balloon made an ascension over six miles high. This is the highest recorded in history. Such ascensions are not ordinary for at such heights the atmosphere becomes very thin, although the fact was not widely recognized by the balloonists before this time. In this instance the passengers became unconscious and it was through Providence only that they revived when the balloon sank to denser air.

The balloon has also found its place in the military field, and here it has received most of its development and here also will it have the greatest influence over the world. Already has it proved very useful in scouting. In June, 1794 the battle of Fleurus was fought between the French and Aus-

trians. Before the battle a French balloon party observed the position of the Austrian forces, and through the information thus obtained they were able to gain a speedy and decisive victory. Balloons also carried messages from besieged cities whence it was then impossible to send them otherwise.

But guns were devised which made ballooning dangerous, because the balloon had no means of propelling itself and must therefore drift with the wind, which seldom carried it at a rate to be safe from the guns of the enemy. This made it necessary to have some means of propulsion and also some way of steering, and accordingly the balloon was equipped with sails which helped somewhat. It was not long however before an improvement was made over this equipment; and so through a very complicated process of evolution. In this way the gigantic airships of the present have come to us. It would be almost impossible to give a detailed exposition of this evolution but it is well to say that the first great step toward the airship was made when the style of the gas bag changed from the old familiar pear shape to that of a cigar. This new shape made it much easier to pierce through the air, and also lessened the effect of the wind. When this large cigar was propelled by motor-driven propellers, and steered by a rudder, the problem of aerial navigation was thought to be solved; and in truth many successful flights were made; but when high speed was attempted, the ruffled air resistance effected the shape of the inflated envelope. This fault was overcome by constructing the balloon on some sort of framework. This frame appeared like the skeleton of an immense bullet and was usually made of some very light metal like aluminum. Over this frame was constructed the fabric which held the gas; and through this process an airship was produced which held its shape at any speed attainable by any motor of the present day. This feature is found in the ribbed-sided dirigible Zepplin, which airship was designed and constructed by Count Zepplin, of Germany, and is the most com-

plete type now in operation—a ship for both peace and war. It is over four hundred feet long, has a lifting capacity of five tons, and can easily attain a speed of thirty-five miles an hour. It is equipped with wireless telegraphy, and a rapid-fire gun delivering sixty balls a minute. This large craft is capable of traveling a week without landing. It has made successful flights in snow storms and landed safely in forty-mile gales. It is true that some of this type have come to grief; but it was usually because of a motor break-down just at the moment when lifting power was most needed. But in the face of the great strides of progress in engineering, it is safe to say that in a short time very powerful motors will be designed especially for the use of air machines.

Space cannot be taken here to comment further on the success of lighter-than-air machines, but an eye kept on the papers and magazines, and especially the Scientific American will be convincing that there is a future for them.

But these successes with machines that are lighter than the air (because they are supported by gas) do not satisfy the problem of flight with heavier-than-air machines. Flight with wings has been a floating idea in the mind of man through all ages. Almost every religion, whether pagan or Christian, has conceived the future state as the surviving personality being endowed with power to fly. In our own sacred literature we have such figures as: "Oh! that I had wings like a dove! For then would I fly away and be at rest." The oldest monuments of the dawn of civilization picture men with wings. We marveled at the eagle and the albatross, and when the domestic fowl came under our observation we framed the one question which has inspired the idea of aviation and made human flight only a matter of time.

We first sought to fly with the use of artificial wings but it was ultimately discovered that we did not have sufficient muscular power to work them effectively. By slow degrees we came to gliding machines with fixed wings. Short soaring

trips could be made with these, and it was discovered that if these planes were inclined upward at a small angle and projected through the air, a certain amount of lifting effect took place. Further experiments developed new ideas, and the product of these new ideas is the aeroplane. When it was developed to where it only needed something to give the velocity necessary to keep it in the air, the motor and propeller were added.

The first successful trials of an aeroplane with a gasoline motor were made by Wright brothers in 1905. They flew up to twenty-four miles but it was kept practically secret until 1908, when Farman, Delegrange and Bleriot in France gave some public exhibitions which attracted them universal attention. The Wrights then went to Europe, and in the most sensational manner easily excelled all their rivals. The great awakening in 1908 was followed by Henry Farman's cross country flight from Bouy to Rheims at a mile a minute; and Bleriot's flight across the English Channel which was the first successful invasion of England since the Norman conquest. By 1910 several adventurous aviators had learned their business and had chosen aviation as a life occupation. Aviation meets became the craze, and now flying machines are manufactured for sale. The Wrights have a factory and also an aviation school in Dayton, Ohio. In France and Germany, there has been formed the Woman's Aerial League, which is establishing aviation schools where perhaps the harem skirt and other French fads may find a place at home and aid the woman to a level with man in the aerial regions and possibly to significance in politics when the time comes for aviation treaties.

And that time is about here. Aviation treaties, though a great novelty, are now being negotiated by France and Germany agreeing that no air machines of the one shall drop explosives or destructive missiles into the territory of the other.

In this kind of work the aeroplane has proved itself very

effective, and it must be admitted that the aeroplane will serve as a very strong means of coast defense. Of course guns will be and are now being devised against the aeroplane but it will be found very difficult to construct a gun heavy enough to do effective work against the aeroplane; and also be light enough to be handled so dexterously as to hit this squirming dragon at lightning speed. Glenn Curtis, the most competent aviator of today, says that "It would be perfectly practical to drop enough dynamite or picric acid down on West Point or a city like New York to destroy it utterly." Of course this will call for war in the air, and war above the earth where the defeated fall to the elements below, a mangled mass of machinery and humanity, will become too ghastly horrible to exist in a world where the people are enlightened enough to devise such implements. When used as a coast defense they will in the very nature of themselves discourage bombardment, for to the blockading fleet, destruction will not come from some neighboring fort or cruiser, but from the very skies themselves.

It is strange to say that we as the general public understand so little about aviation and realize so vaguely the revolution that it seems destined to work. We regard it too much perhaps, as our forefathers, only a century, regarded the railroad and the steamboat—a new fad which consumes more lives than it is worth. It is true that air machines are of little commercial value but aviation is only in its infancy, and the machines are necessarily crude and somewhat dangerous. But the difficulties of it all only add to its fascination, and daring aviators will continue to risk their lives in the development of the instrument which is to carve a new epoch in the history of the world. Only a hundred years ago, amid the hisses and sneers of a ridiculing mob, the "Rocket" scuttled by and Robert Fulton tried the "Clermont" on the Hudson.

Could it be possible that within a century men would

navigate the skies with more ease than they thought Robert Fulton would ever navigate the rivers? Doubtless Napoleon with all his imagination never conceived Chavey flying over the Alps September 23, 1910, along his own track and accomplishing in a few hours what took him and his invincible army so many weary days. We are upon the threshold of a new world. From locomotion on land and water we have progressed to the aerial sea which dominates all. We are not able to comprehend the tremendous scientific progress attained in the past few years, but it seems that all impossibilities are coming into reason and everything within reason is being accomplished, while the progress which we have a right to expect during the next hundred years is far beyond conception.

ROY C. MITCHELL, '15.



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Editorials

Every day men are called upon to perform some duty. It may be a duty to his country, his state, his church, his home or, in fact, to himself. As a reward for many high services, men often have great praise heaped upon them, while many small things that most

Practical Patriotism

any one can do, go unheard of. Yet they carry with them just as great principles as the larger tasks. For instance our country is thrust into war, and its honor is at stake, who is there among us who would not feel his breast swell with pride that he could go even as a private and bear the hardships of a soldier's life in order to defend the fair name of his nation. Why is it that men are thus willing to sacrifice so much of their personality for the general welfare? It is because they have had instilled into their very being a sense of their duty to society. They have been brought to realize that they owe their freedom and existing conditions to the government. They recognize that peace and justice are dependent upon the maintenance of strong and stable government. Therefore they are ready to toil and suffer for it. It has been said that he who most faithfully performs an humble service is the truest patriot. Now why can we not apply this principle to a present day condition? We now have reference to the present condition of our jury system. In practically every section of the country there is a growing discontent with the jury court. This is not because a trial by jury is not the best trial. But it is largely due to the fact that most of the best qualified men are shirking jury service as far as possible. Not only are men themselves seeking every flimsy excuse to shun service; but according to present laws, lawyers who wish to turn aside the course of justice are enabled to throw off too easily honest men and pick a jury that they can influence.

We as Christians should come to realize that our courts are a link in the chain of our government and as no chain is stronger than its weakest link our government is no stronger than its courts. Therefore we should strive to secure improvements in the laws that exist under the laws. Then we should come to realize that there is just as great an opportunity to do patriotic service in the jury box as on the battlefield. For there we will be enabled to prevent the miscarriage of justice. Then we will be more willing to do that service even though

we do it at a sacrifice of daily business. Then we will not leave the destiny of justice and the courts to that class of people who hang around the court house for the purpose of being caught up on just any case.

Believing that if college men live up to their duty they are destined to be the leading citizens of the land and believing further, that the highest type of citizenship does not go hand-in-hand with self-seeking but rather with service, we present this theme to students for their consideration.

The aim of a college should be to see that every person coming under its influence has an opportunity to develop himself physically, mentally and morally. Then after the opportunity is given the duty rests on the college to see that the students who are entrusted to its care take advantage of these opportunities. It goes without saying that every college in the state furnishes these opportunities. It is customary for these colleges to send out teams to represent them in the various phases of athletics. Now the question arises: should these men be truly representative of everything the college stands for or should the college be satisfied to have merely represent the physical department. Theoretically, we would as a matter of fact say, that they should be truly representative of all phases of college life. But how are we to secure this in practice. Some effort has been put forth already by some colleges to secure this end. The results have been good though not entirely satisfactory. The policy adopted by some colleges, of debarring men who have played on salary or what is known as professional players works a hardship in many cases. For oftentimes men who do their work, are truly representative of what the college stands for, and have developed themselves right in the college, can and do take part in the professional game.

Then again the requirement that one should be a bona fide student ought to mean more than that he has his name on the matriculation list. It should mean also that he regularly attends classes and makes a creditable average on his studies. We are glad to know that Guilford has recently taken one forward step in this direction, in that the faculty has decreed that no students who overcuts during a week shall take part in an intercollegiate contest that week. And other regulations are being formulated. We earnestly hope that the colleges of the state may get together and adopt some sane regulations by which a conformity to the above stated standards may be procured.

In this progressive age we often overlook the little things of life and do not regard them as the steps by which we ascend to higher and nobler things. If we perform the little duties of our daily life in a creditable manner we need not fear about the greater responsibilities, for every day is a little life and our whole life is but a day repeated.

Little acts are the elements of true greatness. They raise life's value like the little figures over the larger ones in arithmetic, to its highest power. They are the tests of character, for if we wish to determine the character of a man it is only necessary to observe the little acts of his daily life. They are the straws upon life's deceitful current and shows the currents way.

Life is made up of little things. He who writes a book must do it sentence by sentence and he who learns a science must master it fact by fact and principle after principle. Of what is the happiness of our life made up? Little courtesies, little kindnesses, pleasant words and good deeds. One in a million—once in a lifetime—may do a heroic action; but the

little things that make up our life come every day and every hour. If we make these little events beautiful and good then our whole life will be full of beauty and goodness.

It is the countless grains of sand that make the beach; the trees that form the forest. So with character, fortune, and all the concerns of life—the littles combined form the great bulk. The greatest and best of men have not been above caring for the littles, but are those who improve them the most carefully.

Discoveries are made mostly by the observation of little things. The art of printing owes its origin to rude impressions from letters carved on the bark of a beech tree—a thing which thousands would have passed over with neglect.

Many of the most distinguished names in the world's history were nearly half a century in attracting the admiring notice of mankind; look at Cromwell, Bismark and Beecher. But their star will never die; their works, their influence on the age in which they lived will be perpetuated to remote generations.

It is the close observation of little things which is the secret of success in business, in art, in science and in every pursuit of life. Human knowledge is but an accumulation of small facts, made by successive generations of men, the little bits of knowledge and experience treasured up by them growing at length into a mighty pyramid. Though many of these facts and observations seemed in the first instance to have but slight significance, they are all found to have their eventual uses and fit into their proper places.

The heroism of life is to do all its little duties promptly and faithfully.

ROBERT BROWN, '15.

Exchanges

Paul S. Kennett.

The University of Tennessee Magazine is particularly well balanced. A number of good stories, a few well written articles, and some verse make a very pleasing combination. The "International Law Papers" give evidence of considerable thought and ability. "Another Version of Rip Van Winkle" is very interesting, and altho' following the main outline of the old, is yet full of the new in life and politics. "How Conner Got Through," is an excellent picture of the life and moral code of the mountain moonshiner. Altogether this is one of the best exchanges that has come to our table.

The Acorn is a very interesting little magazine. The size, however, is rather disappointing and the February number contains no production of special merit. "Modern Advertising" gives some valuable and almost startling information, and is a good short essay.

The Davidson College magazine always has at least one especially strong article. In the last number the paper on "College Spirit, False and True," appeals to us of being of vital importance everywhere. It states in clear convincing language the existing conditions in many colleges and the needful reform. "The Fortune Teller" is perhaps the best of a number of short stories. The department of fiction seems, however, to be somewhat weak. The magazine contains quite an amount of very good verse.

The College Reflector is hardly up to its usual standard. It contains a number of interesting stories, but no solid con-

THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN

tributions or verse. This deficiency is, however, probably explained by circumstances. "Love's Influence" is a very sweet story of the shorter type.

The most attractive magazine that comes to our table is the Dahlonga Collegian. The simple yet beautiful cover and the splendid arrangement made it especially admirable. The material is well divided and is worthy of praise.

Alumni Notes

Every Alumnus should keep in mind that Guilford is to celebrate her 75th birthday on the 28th of May. It is to be hoped that at least one hundred Alumni will be present. At evening a banquet will be given by the college to the friends and guests of those present.

The college was fortunate in securing William Penn Henley to canvass her friends and solicit funds to raise her indebtedness. As was explained in the last Bulletin, Guilford has at least \$40,000 worth of improvements, but is in debt only \$23,000. If this debt can be raised it will put her on the safe basis which her increased usefulness demands.

Flora Harding Eaton, '03, is teaching in the Orphanage at Thomasville.

We were glad to see W. C. Hammond, O. V. Woosley, Rush Hodgins, J. E. Winslow, Robert Dalton and W. P. Henley at the basket ball game played between Guilford and A. & M. They seemed to enjoy Guilford's victory as much as any of the students.

William Lindsay, '05, has shown great interest in our team.

William P. Holt, '10, can take a bit out of the whole day even to come to Guilford if there is a basket ball game to be played.

Henry Davis, '09, is planning to make great improvements on the valuable estate near Deep River Church, which he is now farming.

Senator Dixon, one of Guilford's oldest and most distinguished graduates is to make one of the principal speeches at the Anniversary. We should keep this in mind.

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✓ Maria E. Bristow, '03, and Elizabeth Bradshaw, '04, are teaching in the High School at Corinth, Virginia.

✓ Mabelle V. Raiford, '08, has charge of the primary department of the graded school at Ivor, Virginia.

✓ Deborah White Babb, '97, is living at Ivor, Va., where her husband is a successful physician. She is one of the leaders in the Temperance Union work in her home town.

✓ Mary Ricks White, '10, is teaching near Franklin, Virginia.

✓ A. K. Moore, '11, is with his brothers in the insurance and real estate business at Wilmington, N. C.

Locals and Personals

Prof. Carroll, (Teaching History): "Gossett, what was the date of the reign of William II.?"

Gossett: "1087—900 A. D."

Prof. Crosby: "What is meant by deduction, Miss Cox?"
"M. C.": Arguing when you are out of your head."

Prof. Carroll, (visiting a measles patient, who has been in bad health for three days): Take one of these pills now and the other when you go to bed."

Soliloquy of an ambitious freshman: "Just think! how I have made good at Guilford; I have been elected class debater, have made good in the Glee Club, I sing in the choir on Sundays, came very near being elected to the presidency of the class, and every girl at Founders is right foolish over me. My! my! isn't it strange how a fellow is so revered when he is taking a course of only one hour a week."

Prof. Jay: "Now if there is anyone absent this morning, I would be glad if he will please speak up."

For new style in banging hair, see Earl Pearson.

Prof. Carroll has introduced a new theory concerning the customs of medaeval times. He says that Henry II never sat down except while he was in bed asleep.

H. S. S. (To photographer): "Say are you going to get my feet on that picture."

Photographer: "Well yes, I shall get part of them but there won't be room for all of them."

P. S. K. (To Bryant Smith)" It seems as if you had deserted us and cast your lot with the Sophomores."

B. S.: "Yes. My interest in the Junior class took the appendicitis and has gone to Cuba."

Tell me not in scornful mocking
That our work is but a dream,
For the student flunks that slumbers
And exams are not what they seem.

Marks of others all remind us,
We can make our own sublime,
And departing leave behind us,
Imprints on our teacher's mind.

M. H. SHORFELLOW.

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The Guilford Collegian

Volume XXIV

MAY

No. 8

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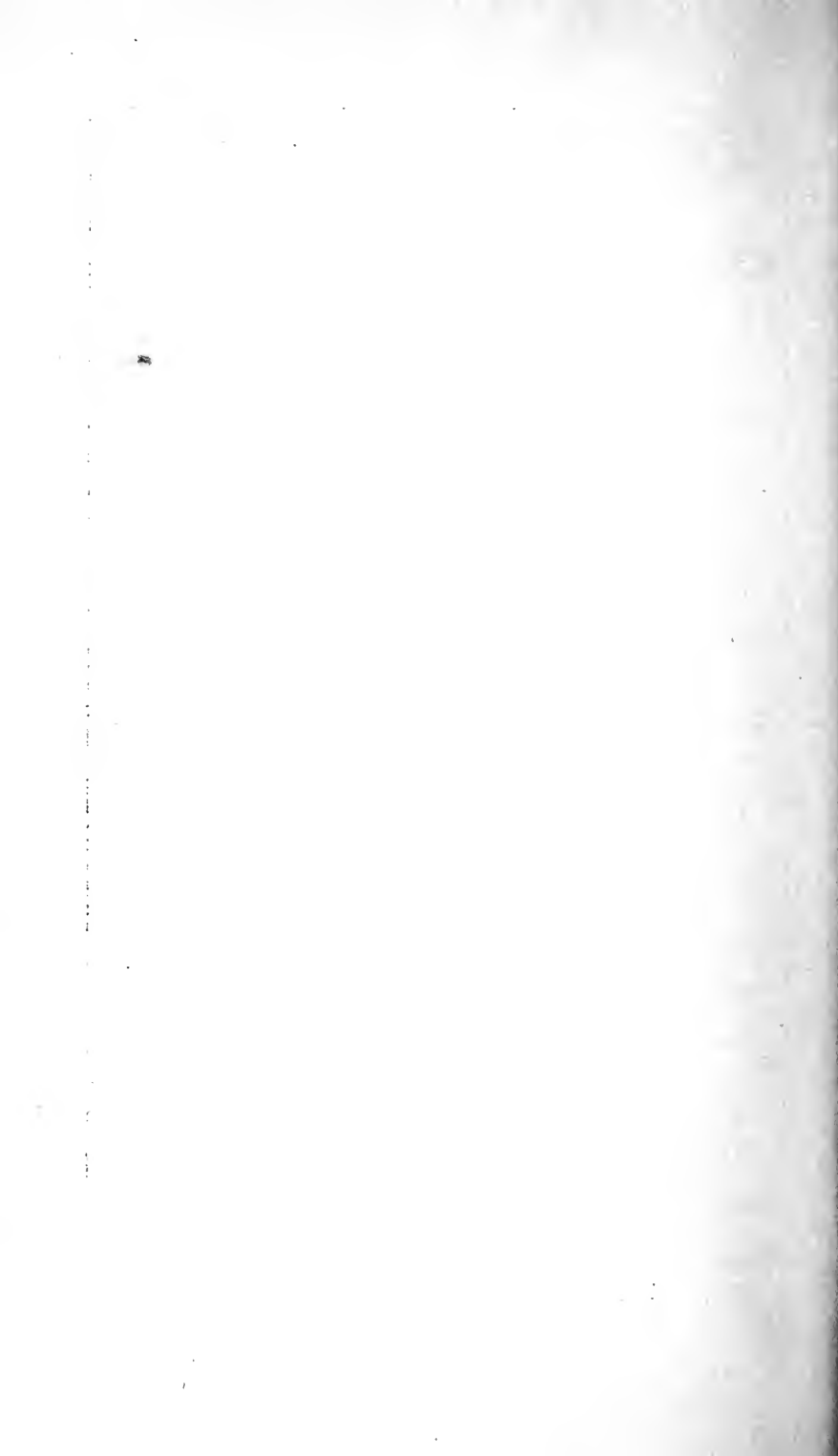
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The Guilford Collegian

VOL. XXIV.

APRIL, 1912

No. 8

My Mary

How oft when life's crest seems so rough,
When angry storms tear flower and berry;
When fond hopes fail and passion dies
I've sought deep, deep, deep in thy eyes
And found relief, my Mary.

Tonight sore tossed by pain and doubt,
With wind and sail and tide contrary,
I'd give all fame and praise comprize
To look deep, deep, deep in thy eyes
And find content, my Mary.

And when my ship has sailed its last
On earthly seas where tides so vary,
I fain would steer toward Paradise
If there deep, deep, deep in thy eyes
I may find rest, my Mary.

ANNA L. DAVIS.

The Lowrie Outlaws

(Continued from January number.)

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters—The tribe of Indians in the eastern section of North Carolina, called Croatans, have been pressed into service in the Southern ranks during the latter half of the Civil War. By their stubbornness to yield to such treatment, they incurred the hatred of the whites, especially in Robeson county, N. C. This hatred especially, and more so than any other, fell upon a certain family of the tribe called Lowrie. On account of some depredations committed in the neighborhood of Lumberton, N. C., and other cross-road places about the country, coupled with circumstantial evidence against the head of the family stated above, Allen Lowrie, together with his son, William, who had been hiding from the Confederates, was, after a brief session, court-martialed and shot. Allen's youngest son, Henry Berry Lowrie, who had also been in hiding from the Southerners, very unfortunately returns just after the Home Guard had killed his father. Henry goes into the house where the grief-stricken mother and sisters sat, and over the dead form of his aged father, swears revenge on all those implicated in the foul crime. The carrying out of this oath has been recorded in the history of North Carolina with blood.

Before going further into this history of the Lowrie outlaws, it would be well to mention to the reader, or in a degree endeavor to explain why the white people of Robeson county, bore such hatred to the family of Allen Lowrie. I have mentioned this attitude of the people above, but being in the synopsis it is not quite full enough.

In the Croatan settlement there were two brothers belonging to the family of the Lowrie's, who being young—not above the age of twenty-five—voluntarily cast their lot with the South, and were immediately despatched to Fort

Fisher, near Wilmington, N. C. After fighting for some time, they were allowed to visit their home. The brothers had spent only a small part of their allotted time when they were arrested on the charge of being deserters from the Southern army by Brantly Harris, one of the most disreputable cut throats that held a public office at the time. The men produced their furloughs, but Harris would not accept that as proof. Nothing was proof to him. He wished to carry out a revenge which had nestled within his breast for some time. This which I refer to, was a little dispute about some pigs, that had occurred a few years before, between him and the father of the two young men. Harris was a beastly man—one that is a bully until cornered—and being worsted in the quarrel, sought in every way imaginable to get revenge. Now the opportunity had come—now he would grasp it. After binding the men with ropes, he placed them in his buggy and drove off toward Lumberton, stating that he was going to put them on the train at that point and send them back to Fort Fisher stamped as deserters. But before this inhuman cur had proceeded very far, he halted—took the men a short distance from the road, and while in their helpless condition, with hands tied behind their backs, this beastly man beat their brains out with a fence rail.

By this inhuman, cold blooded act Harris incurred the anger of the whole Croatan race. His every movement was watched by them, in order to get a chance to even up matters. Harris perceived this, therefore he went about heavily armed. But soon he feared that this precaution would not suffice, therefore to insure further safety he obtained a Croatan woman to accompany him on all occasions. The Croatans having a high respect for woman did not molest him fearing lest they did, this woman would be harmed. This is one of their characteristics that

cannot be praised high enough. Nevertheless they watched him—they waited for the opportunity.

After several days of vigilant watching the time came, One evening when he rode up to his house, which was situated close to a swamp, with the Croatian woman, he somehow felt himself safe, therefore he got out of the buggy first, instead of both getting out at the same time as they had always done heretofore. So close did the Croatians watch, that he had taken only a few steps from the vehicle, when a volley of rifles was heard and his lifeless form fell to the ground.

This deed though bloody in its nature, was a blessing in disguise to the good people of Robeson county. It rid the county of one of its worst and most bloodthirsty citizens. No ! Not a citizen, for that is too great an honor to bestow on this Brantly Harris.

Since the Lowries were the direct relatives of these two brothers, who met their unmerited death, at the hands of this lawless person, and further, since they had been heard to say that they would avenge their death (two young men) it was then evident that the Lowries had a hand in the killing. An investigation of the swamps revealed the fact that there was a blind, where a band of men had encamped for several days, in order to watch the movements of Harris. Yet the robberies committed in the neighborhood as stated above could not be laid directly upon the Lowries. The charges were merely suppositions—only circumstantial.

Henry Berry, after his declaration of revenge, with a countenance expressing in a high degree sternness and calmness, walked out of the room into the yard. There,—yes, just over there beside the road his father met his fate,—his undeserving fate. If they had suspected him to be a base criminal, “a man’s a man for a’ that.”

The news of Allen’s death at the hands of the Home

Guard spread like wild fire among the Croatans of Scuffletown. The whole community was silent, with the exception of the sobs of the women whose hearts went out to the family of the dead person. That night as was their custom of the time, they placed the remains in a plain box and bore it to a lonely spot in the woods. There, Allen found his last resting place, among the woods he loved, where he loved to hunt. The moon shown dimly through the bare branches of the trees. While the whispering pine moaned a funeral wail. After the box was placed at the bottom of the hole dug for that purpose, and after the earth was smoothed down, those who had come to perform the funeral rites turned away with drooping spirits. The last to leave the spot was Henry Berry, who seemed to be loathe to leave the place where his father slept.

For some time after the death of Allen Lowrie, strange to say, the many robberies and depredations committed in Robeson county ceased, and the people were sure that such crimes had come to an end, and thought their peace was assured. Perhaps the robbers were frightened at the extreme measures, such as were caught were dealt with. But anyway this period of quiet proved to be just an Indian Summer. During this time Henry Berry was getting together a band of men who would stick to him, who would stand by him to the finish. The majority of these men he gathered, happened to be connected with the Lowrie family, except Zac T. McLaughlin, a low bred Scottish youth; shoe-maker John, a negro; and Will Chavis, a half-breed Indian. The rest of the band were Stephen Lowrie (Henry Berry's brother) William Lowrie, Tom Lowrie, Calvin Oxendine, Henderson Oxendine, Bass Strong, Andrew Strong, and George Applewhite. These men together with Henry Berry Lowrie as their leader were connected with the awful raids on human life and other property of the people of Robeson county during the years between

1864 and 1874,—a period longer than the duration of the Revolutionary War. In all his dealing, even with his enemies, we must not forget that Henry Berry warned them beforehand in order to give them a chance even if they had acted so beastly with his father in which the case was the opposite. He always warned the victim, and always gave him an opportunity to escape the country. But it seems that they did not take advantage of the warning but just placed their lives in the hands of Henry Berry's who always kept his word. If he said that he would come with his men at a certain time to kill you—at the appointed time he would arrive. He was true to his promises. Forgot not an injury, nor a good deed. During his whole campaign against his enemies, not a single time did he insult a woman, nor offer any violence; neither did he allow the other to do the same. He had the highest respect for woman. He cannot be charged with arson. By the mentioning of these two traits of character the reader can see distinctly the cavalier blood of this man. The price placed on his head (\$10,000) was perhaps the greatest reward offered for the capture of anyone who has violated the common law.

Since space will not permit a lengthy discussion of the deeds of these outlaws, who waged war upon the people of Robeson county for quite a number of years, I will discuss only those happenings of greatest importance * * *

THE KILLING OF COL. F. M. WISHART.

In the early part of the year 1877, the raids, which Henry Berry and his men occasioned, had passed the limit. Efforts had been made on the part of every honorable citizen of Robeson county to put an end to such depredations, but it seems that all efforts were vain. Those who at-

tempted to arrest them, or to exterminate them were sure of instant death, if once in the hands of the outlaws. But with all this in view eleven noble sons of Robeson county came together and formed a compact that they would never spare any time in other pursuits of life until the Lowrie outlaws were completely exterminated. These men decided that if it were possible to put Henry Berry out of the way it would only be a question of time until the others would be dealt with in the same manner. They realized that this person was the mainstay of the band, and if he could be dealt with in the right way, the gang would then fall to pieces, as the great Alexander's vast empire did after his death.

Col. F. M. Wishart, one of the eleven, decided that possibly he could accomplish this task and rid the good people of Robeson of this great outlaw, who by his deeds had proved to be a menace to society. He therefore sent a message to Henry Berry requesting a consultation with him at a certain spot in the woods near Moss Neck, N. C.

The terms specified in the message was that both were to be unarmed at the meeting place. This being agreed upon, they both met at the appointed place. Henry Berry as usual was punctual, coming to the place unarmed. During the conversation when Col Wishart supposed that Henry Berry's attention was at its highest point, he slowly reached his hand for his pistol in his hip pocket. But, alas ! Col. Wishart's hand never reached his pocket. He fell riddled with bullets. Henry Berry, true to his promise, came unarmed, but his faithful men were guarding his safety from a clump of gall berry bushes nearby.

Different persons give different accounts of this murder of Col. Wishart. Some say that he was summoned by Stephen Lowrie to meet him in the woods instead of the Colonel making the request. But good authority, one who

lived at the time in the neighborhood, gives the above as true.

This act of the outlaws took from Robeson county one of its noblest citizens—one who was beloved by all that knew him,—one whose patriotism was of no small measure—dying in the act of endeavoring to rid his country and his people of a person, although having an injury done him of the greatest kind, nevertheless who had now become desperate and was going beyond the limit of his revenge. His Indian blood knew no bounds for revenge.

THE MURDER OF MURDOCH A. M'LEAN AND HIS BROTHER,
HUGH—ALSO THE WOUNDING OF ARCHIE D. M'CALLUM.

On the morning of the 17th of July, 1871, young Hugh McLean carried his sister to the home of Mr. M. C. McNair in an open buggy. When returning home, he met Murdoch, his brother, and Archie McCallum, who carried on a lengthy conversation with him. At last the two men jumped into the buggy and being armed started off toward Maxton with Hugh in search of the outlaws. Hugh being unarmed sat in their laps and drove the horse. The three men had proceeded but a short distance when the rough word "Halt!" was heard. Immediately a gun was cocked by Henry Berry, who was the first to approach from hiding near the road. Murdoch leveled his gun, but instantly he was simply riddled with bullets; also Hugh fell at the same time. Archie spring out of the buggy, at the same time dropping his pistol; however he had the coolness to stop and pick it up, then being hard pressed by the outlaws, he fled, receiving a bad wound in his leg. The horse taking fright galloped down the road, with the buggy in which were the dead bodies of the two brothers.

This was the most horrible of all the murders committed by the outlaws. It showed the great Indian cunning that predominates in this "Lost Colony of America." This incident had been mapped out and meditated for weeks, according to the statement given out by Henry Berry to that effect. Thus the outlaw chief had avenged his father's death on another of the Home Guard—Mr. Murdoch McLean. But what must I say concerning the innocent Hugh? Ah! what a blot on the career of the robber band. It has been said to me that Henry Berry is said to have confessed that during his whole career, the murder of this boy was the only thing that smote his conscience. He said that the face of this youth was the last thing he saw on going to bed and the first thing on waking. He further stated that it was impossible to get the other two without killing Hugh, the position in which the boy was placed necessitated the action. This young man had never molested the outlaws by deed or word. He was one who attended strictly to Hugh McLean's business, and to no one else. He was also in his twentieth year of age, with the prospects of becoming a great and noble man.

CONDITIONS OF AFFAIRS IN ROBESON COUNTY.

When the news of this awful crime reached the ears of the people, confusion and fear seized them as nothing had before. The good people of Robeson knew not which way to turn—they knew not what to do. The outlaws were too cunning for them. They committed such crimes, then retreated into the swamps where they were lost, as it were. No one knew where they would strike next. The people had armed militia searching for them, but no good had they accomplished. Troops were ordered by

the governor to hunt them down, but they too, proved powerless. Many times Henry Berry boasted of having these troops mentioned above, completely at his mercy, but on account of their innocence he would allow them to slip. Once he wrote the governor pleading that he withdraw the company, for he did not care to kill so many innocent souls. But equally was the danger to the outlaws; once when Mr. Donnahue McQueen had them in his power. Mr. McQueen states that once he saw the whole gang walking in Indian fashion—one behind the other—along a narrow path, and that from where he was concealed he could have killed every one, if he had had one of the present day Winchester rifles. He stated that he was sure of the first three even with his Old Henry rifle, but that he would not have given the snap of his finger for his own life, if he did not get all. The people hunted them down, separately, but to no avail. Many times men have suffered the hardships of winter in those dark swamps of Robeson county while in search of the outlaws, but they could accomplish nothing. Citizens of other counties would lend no aid, but instead branded them as being cowards. It seems that their situation was not realized beyond the county limits of Robeson—but could their nightly vigils and midnight tramps with knapsack and gun, all be recorded; their days of exposure to cold, and often to hunger, in the dense woods watching for the dreaded enemy, be chronicled, "Cowards of Robeson," would be changed to "Robeson's Gallant Heroes."

MURDER OF MR. J. TAYLOR.

Mr. J. Taylor, a member of the Home Guard, one morning found a slip of paper on his door-step which read thus:

"If you are seen in Robeson county after forty-eight hours you are my man. After this time you are living on my time and not your own, if seen in this community."

H. B. LOWRIE.

This note caused a great deal of confusion and fear in Mr. Taylor's home. But Mr. Taylor, to whom the note was directed, comforted his family with assuring words, whose import was that no harm was meant, further, being surrounded by friends, Henry Berry could do no harm. He laughed it all off as a joke to scare somebody.

The following day a friend came to Mr. Taylor and warned him that Henry Berry meant business, and was then on his way. Bidding his wife and children farewell Mr. Taylor drove off in his buggy to catch a train at Moss Neck, N. C., a railroad station close by, little thinking that instead of death coming to him he was going to meet it. As he neared an old grist mill, only a little way from his home, the stern cry of "halt!" was heard from the underbrush near the road. The horse being frightened, reared up and started to run. In a moment all was over—Mr. Taylor's limp body fell to the ground. The horse continued with the buggy and in a short time reached home. The blood spattered on the buggy cushion related in silence the awful tragedy.

At the time a whole company of soldiers were stationed only a short distance away. Why they allowed such a crime to be committed right under their very nose has been a mystery. Perhaps the soldiers could best answer this if they cared to, but we reserve the right to say that since they could give no explanation, they were well pleased with the tragedy, if not aiders and abettors in the awful scene of death.

THE DEATH OF THE ROBBER CHIEF, HENRY BERRY LOWRIE.

Early in the morning of February 20, 1872, between

daylight and sunrise, the whole band of outlaws returned to the home of Tom Lowrie after their raid on Lumberton, having on the previous night entered the store of Messrs. Pope & McGeod and abstracting therefrom an iron safe. With this and a few other valuables taken from the court house, they proceeded to leave Lumberton by way of the turnpike road leading across the country by Morrissey's Mill. From the safe they obtained about twenty thousand dollars. After taking its contents they left it on the streets. The band had then proceeded to the house of Tom Lowrie in Scuffletown, as stated above. There, being fearful lest they were pursued, they built up a fire near the corn crib of Tom Lowrie. Soon a shower of rain began to fall and all were forced to seek shelter within. On coming out after the shower, the hammer of Henry Berry's gun accidentally struck the door facing, the escaping load taking off one side of the chief's head. Death came almost instantly. Thus perished the great robber chief of Robeson county.

Preparations were then immediately set about for the burial. Some of the men went to Mr. William Stewart nearby, who, at their request, made a rough coffin for the dead chief. When all was ready, the body of Henry Berry Lowrie was borne to its final resting place. The location of this place remains a mysteary to this day.

Thus passed away this remarkable bandit in his twenty-sixth year. He was said to have had a good deal of money in his possession at this time, as his comrades in arms afterwards reported to outsiders that he was in the habit of appropriating to his own use, "the lion's share" of all money taken, giving to the others the remainder of the booty.

For some time after the death of Henry Berry Lowrie, his companions denied all knowledge of his fate, even his relatives professed to be ignorant of it. But the facts,

one by one, leaked out through different ones of the race. Many of the Indians are very outspoken in regard to the death of the great chief and they all verify the facts as stated above. Some have compared him to Ocoola, or Powell, the noted leader of the Seminole Indians of Florida; others to "the bold Archer," Robin Hood; while others say that he was more like Rob Roy McGregor. Be this as it may, he certainly played an extended role in his own way, being the leader of the most formidable band of outlaws, considering the smallness of their number, that has ever appeared in this country.

Like all great personages, after Henry Berry's death, his band of followers soon fell to pieces. They missed the clear, cool thinking and planning, they missed his personality which held them compact. His brother Steve endeavored to be the successor, and tried to steer the gang, but he was not the man for the place. Henry Berry was the man and the only one to be chief of such a band. Henderson Oxendine was hung in Lumberton soon after this awful calamity. Boss Strong was killed by Henry Biggs. Steve became unwary and met a similar fate at the hands of Messrs. Patterson, Sutton and Holcomb. Andrew Strong was shot by Donahue McQueen, through a cat hole in his door, while lying on the floor before a fire playing a Jew's harp. Those that remained never regained their strength. They were helpless, therefore they fled the country and went out to the Indian Territory to join a tribe out there.

At last Robeson county was quiet. The people were no longer afraid of the hated outlaws. The band had been—had passed into history, and now was no more. Henry Berry Lowrie had proved true to his word with the exception of two persons, who escaped by taking advantage of his merciful warning which he gave to all before he came to exact his pay.

(The End.)

"CY." 296

Dawn

O look! where comes aurora's light,
Up the rosy steep,
Her brilliant banner waving bright
O'er the world asleep.

Faster, faster on she comes,
Chasing the glimmering stars;
First, the peace of heav'n disturbs,
Then, the earth she mars.

Now, the merry mocking bird
Awakes from a night of rest,
And goes away to bring the food
To the young ones in her nest.

Then, Pheobus comes up with his steeds,
O'er the trodden way;
His bright crown fades aurora's light,
As he swiftly brings the day.

N. E. L., '13.

The Twentieth Century Physician

Man long ago gained comparative security from the attacks of wild animals, but only recently has it been discovered that the microscopic bacteria of certain diseases are more destructive than wolves or lions. The campaign against bacteria is our last and one of our most terrible conflicts with natural enemies. (This is a war in which we shall have to fight or lose our lives.) While microscopical studies and the use of animals in experimental work have resulted in remarkable progress in coping with some of the worst forms of disease. The field still to be explored is far greater than that which thus far has been conquered.

The prevention of disease is the greatest problem that is confronting us today. Prevention means the prolongation of life. This is essential. Life has become complex, and it requires a longer period for preparation. Preparation is education, and requires time. As the stock of knowledge increases, the period for acquiring it, even enough of it to enable one to earn a livelihood, is constantly tending to increase. The age of leaving school and college is presumably growing greater, therefore the prevention of disease is the problem of this age; and the leader of this campaign against disease is the twentieth century physician.

Scarcely more than a generation ago the graduate in medicine had his professional career marked out for him with a fair degree of definiteness. Apart from surgery, the private practice of administering medicines, offered almost the only opportunity for the use of medical training. During the past thirty years medical activities have become greatly diversified. In common with the other sciences the various branches of medical science have

been so elaborated that it is now simply impossible for one mind to encompass the whole domain of medical knowledge, hence public health specialties are now logical necessities. The fields of service that now invite the young physician are so varied that every doctor should be able to select a way for employing his peculiar powers to the best advantage. Quite different from the conventional career of the physician, the surgeon, or the different specialties, are the opportunities for usefulness in the widespread movements which are socializing medicine. In professional service at hospitals and sanatoriums important work can be done. In boards of health, municipal, state, and national; in public propaganda for temperance; in the prevention of infant mortality; in industrial hygiene; in the care of school children; in the campaigns against tuberculosis; and in this Southland of ours in preventing the hook worm disease; in all these activities the twentieth century doctor is called to service. The time has come that the prevention of disease in all highly civilized countries is now regarded of the first importance. That the health of the people of any nation, individually and collectively, constitutes its greatest asset, needs no argument; for all will admit that upon its possession depends the vigor, efficiency, contentment and happiness of its citizens. With this fact in view permit me to discuss a very few of these fields which are open to the twentieth century doctor.

Boards of health are of recent institution, and in this country they have as yet been only imperfectly established. They can never become the power they should be until, first, the public better realizes their usefulness and the fact that their cost to the taxpayer is saved many times over, secondly, until there is more and better health legislation; and thirdly, until special training is secured

for what is really a new profession, that of a public health doctor.

Hygiene and sanitation in the cities are placed in the hands of boards of health. These have power to issue sanitary regulations, abate nuisances, and even in case of violations of their instructions to punish by fine or imprisonment. The fact that municipal boards of health cannot alone do effective work brings us to think of a more important field, that of the state board of health. (The co-operation of these two boards is absolute for many reasons, one of the greatest of which is, the city is dependent upon the country for its supplies.)

The general problem of public health at its present stage of development is at least 90 per cent. educational. The unnecessary loss of life and productive energy is through ignorance regarding preventable disease. A large amount of public health work in North Carolina is accomplished through the educational influence of the bulletin of the state board of health. The influence of this bulletin is inestimable. It has a board of contributing editors composed of 20 of the best men in the State. Again, the North Carolina state board of health treats such diseases as hydrophobia, which baffles the general practitioner, as the Pasteur treatment is the only cure. This is very important, especially in this state where rabies is common. Let it suffice merely to sum up the other great services of the state board of health, in treating such diseases as that caused by the hook-worm; in the distribution and administering of antitoxin, vaccine and anti-typhus; in the regulation of sanitation in factories, and of labor of women and children.

In the prevention of disease we are proud to say that North Carolina has taken the prominent stand in this forward movement. The Old North State is the only one in the South which has a county employing a public

health doctor who devotes his entire time to the prevention of disease, and that county is Guilford.

There is still another great field, that of infant mortality, which, with the possible exception of tuberculosis is the most important public health problem of the times; there is no other question facing us upon which we have so much absolute knowledge as to the answer. We are just beginning really to recognize the vast difference between theory and practice, between what ought to be done, and what is done; if we are definitely to lower the infant death rate to its normal ratio. If the work continues to gain as it did the past year over the previous years, it will mean the saving of 35,000 babies annually from the Herods of the twentieth century. We hear it frequently repeated that 70 per cent. of the deaths of infants are preventable. Truly, they are preventable, but not prevented. At the recent international congress on tuberculosis one delegate reported an experiment tried by the local government of Liverpool, England, of using pasteurized milk. The amount of illness and death in that city from tuberculosis in children is very great, yet among 1,800 children who were given pasteurized milk, and who were carefully watched every week, not a single case of tuberculosis developed, which seems to prove conclusively that tuberculosis in children is entirely preventable. Again in New York City, which has probably as intricate condition of congestion of people and material ignorance as can be found anywhere, there are 125,000 births a year and 20,000 infant deaths. During this past year there has been a campaign going on there by placing milk stations in different parts of the city, and as a result during this one year there has been a pronounced reduction in infant death rate. From January 1st to October 1st, 1,187 fewer deaths under one year of age were recorded than for the same period in

previous years. Applying the last year's rate to this year's population means the saving of 1,700 infant lives. There has never before been in the history of that city such a systematic campaign, nor such a low infant death rate.

Lastly there is another new career open to the young doctor, that of medical research. The attention of medical students is fixed so definitely on the practice of their calling they may entirely fail to understand the nature of scientific research, the sort of value which it possesses, or the incentives which impel men to its pursuit; in short they may remain quite unaware of what productive scholarship in medical sciences really implies. It offers important possibilities of serving not only one's own generation but all future generations as well. There is no realm, however, in which the deep satisfaction of seeing discovery applied to human service is more likely to be experienced than in the realm of medical research. Consider how great must have been the joy of Pasteur and Lister when they realized that the consequences of their investigations must lessen forever plague, pestilence and pain in men, and must permanently remove much of the blind struggle against mysterious agencies of disease and death.

Through the employment of methods of scientific research to medical problems, more progress has been made during the past years towards an understanding of the nature of diseases and their control than has been made in the previous twenty-three centuries. Think for a moment of what has been learned about diphtheria and tetanus; about meningitis and rabies, about cholera and typhoid fever. How greatly our attitude toward these diseases has been altered at the discoveries of medical investigations have given us insight and power of control. What great progress we have already made in this relatively

short period towards the relief of man's estate. Still we must not forget that there are intricate problems yet to be solved, such as the cause of measles, and pellagra, and mumps, whooping cough and typhoid fever, and many others. We are yet surrounded by innumerable mysteries, which can only be solved by persistent research.

Thus if the spread of disease is to be avoided and precious lives saved every individual will have to do his part. No one has the right to neglect his duty when called upon. His laziness or indifference is a crime and the guilty should be punished lest the innocent suffer. Obedience to the laws of quarantine causes discomfort, and sometimes financial loss; yet no one has the right to endanger the lives of his neighbors. Let us see to it that we help out this twentieth century doctor, for without our cooperation he can do but little. We must realize that we do not live to ourselves alone, nor is it true that our sickness or our death concerns us only. We are not free to do as we please. The right thinking person will not dare to place his personal liberty above the welfare of the community. The time will come when he who does so will be isolated as a dangerous and unworthy citizen, and so I plead that each person observe the health laws, and do every thing in his power in support of this modern doctor in his war against disease.

G. C. D., '13.

To Alexis at Nightfall

I watched the mellow tints of gold and rose
Sink from the west, then lost the gray ones soon
Till now, Alexis, night with amber moon
Has closed another day. Deep reigns repose
Save for the mocker who with me still knows
How beauty suggests love, and, with his tune
He pleads for one he loves, methinks, a boon
As I for you, so fervantly it flows.

I beg sweet peace for you at close of day;
Low whisperings that promise toil is done.
O rest you well, and when the golden sun
Comes in the morn to send you on your way
'Twill bear the kindest wish, 'er conned, to you
The brightest hope the purest love—Adieu !

A. L. D.

Retrospection

When the pleiads kiss the pine-tops with their seven little
lights,
And the moon's a tender sickle in the blue,
Out of dreamland comes a playmate that I loved long
years ago
When the gates of life first opened to my view.

Summer's sky is blue above me while another time we
roam
Hand in hand across the daisy flecked way;
Once again I smell the clover as its rosy heads bend over
With the soft and mellow sweetness of late May.

And the cloud-ships sail above me toward the haven of
their rest
While I watch them filled with wonder, as that day
When beneath the orchard's fragrance we had watched
them plow the blue
While upon the grass in lotus-ease we lay.

Oh, 'twas there I saw the blossoms shatter 'round her gen-
tle head,
Knowing naught of death or beauties sad decay,
While the thrasher's liquid song sang so sweetly all day
long
That I thought there was but gladness during May.

I recall the dewy daisies and the moon's soft amber light
As we parted last, not dreaming for so long;
I recall the thrasher's hush as she said her last good-bye,
Then how I thrilled to hear its echo in his song.

But she died—and left the thrusher singing melancholy
tunes,

Mixing love with sorrow always in his lay;
Leaving blooms to droop and fade, searing hills where we
had played
In the innocence and freedom of our May.

Yet I'm glad she taught me sorrow, else I never could
have brooked

What since then has often drifted o'er my sea,
For the memory of her beauty and the kindness of her
love

Make the starlight bring my childhood back to me.

'13.



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No. 8

Editorials

Very often in our college life, we are called upon to do those things which are evidences of our daily thoughts.

Perhaps it is only a talk in Y. M. C. A.
Our Present or Y. W. C. A.; perhaps it is to lead services in Sunday morning collection; or it
Time may be an article, story, poem or oration.

These performances show, in many of us, the tendency to

reiterate those things which are old and worn out. They show that our minds are not flooded with thoughts of what is taking place at the present day, and are not filled with hopes of problems that are now anticipated by the country at large.

Imagine an article on the value of the invention of the steamboat, or an oration on the life of George Washington. Such subjects as these are, nevertheless, frequently chosen for articles and orations; and, discreditable as it may be, they sometimes win prizes. Speakers and writers should "think twice" before choosing a subject, and perhaps they would at least choose a modern one. What possible good or interest can one expect to create by going over again the horrors and wickedness that existed during the civil war; or why is it worth while to mention again, in this respect, those incidents and qualities in the life of such great men as Lincoln or Lee, since these same words and phrases have been employed repeatedly by previous historians and orators? Does the amateur scholar have a vocabulary at his command that would picture more magnificently, than other writers have done, the character and achievements of these great men?

Why not live in the present day, think of it, speak of it, write of it? By doing this we would certainly get a broader education for ourselves, we would help to promote such good courses as are now alive in our country; we would eventually crush out all old prejudices that now exist between survivors of those who were participants of national or international complicity struggles; and, best of all, we would show to our fellow-man, and to future generations that we are entirely and strictly modern.

E. H. M. '13.

The truth of the old adage, "knowledge is power" has been thoroughly tested. Numerous examples illustrate its veracity and prove that educated minds are the generators of force. *Need of Scientific Study* Step into a large work shop and the man who knows, can early be pointed out. He goes about correcting, suggesting, directing and supervising his inferiors. And so in all the other phases of the commercial world the appalling need of educated workmen is everywhere apparent. Travelers, visiting manufacturing establishments, are constantly met with, "I don't knows"—"ask the boss" when they inquire into the reasons for such and such a process. An ignorant man, who does not appreciate the whys and wherefores, is little better than a machine, designed to do some particular kind of a work. If a chemical reaction or a physical change behave in an unusual manner he cannot explain the cause or correct the mistake; often as a result the materials have to be thrown away. Unskilled labor perhaps causes more waste than all other destructive agencies put together.

Again there are many expensive patent mixtures which are simple yet often harmful. A little knowledge of chemistry would prepare a person to easily ascertain the ingredients and thus protect himself against the deceit, practiced by the sellers of such dope.

The farmer daily meets problems involving the understanding of certain scientific principles. The successful tiller of the soil must acquaint himself with the fundamentals underlying the changes of matter into new substances.

Since science plays so large a part in the lives of all people, more time should be devoted to it. Physics and chemistry is in the curriculum of nearly all colleges and because of the practicability of these subjects especially should be woven into the foundation of all students.

Ever since the creation of the world there have existed certain principles of human life which have always been the same and will continue to be the same as long as time shall last. Those *Adhering to Life's Principles.* principles do not have to be taught us, they come to us instinctively. Of course, it is possible to refresh them in our minds, and cause other people to deliberate upon them. Indeed, it is nothing but right and proper that we should do that.

We sometimes respect those underlying principles of human conduct and human affairs more at home than elsewhere. For instance, when we go to college, and get into a new atmosphere, as it were, we often deceive ourselves by thinking that those principles do not apply. We are off at college, you know, and things are so far different that we feel justified in making a radical change. That is the view that some of us entertain. Of course, it would be absurd to imagine that circumstances and conditions are not different there from those at home. Nevertheless, those ruling principles of human life apply in college just as vitally as they do elsewhere. The new environment does not give us the right to lie, steal, or practice dishonesty, selfishness, and insincerity. In fact, those evils are just as injurious to college life as they are to home life or the life of the nation. There is no need of describing them in detail, for everyone knows what they are and what they mean.

Is it right, then, for us to cast aside those old never-changing rules and principles? No; it is not, for others equally controlling and imperative do not exist. It is highly important, therefore, that we remember that the guiding principles of human life are the same at all times and in all places and that they cannot be replaced by others of equal excellence.

U. G. WHITE, '13.

Y. M. C. A. Notes

Since our last writing the Y. M. C. A. has been by no means idle. The various committees upon organization immediately went to work and are progressing nicely.

BIBLE STUDY.

The Bible study department seems to be taking on new life. The chairman has made a special effort to increase the attendance and has met with very gratifying results. The majority of Guilford students have entered into the spirit of our present system and are making it a success. Certain ones, however, have not done this and so we are not satisfied but hope for still better things.

DR. OGBURN.

Everyone greatly enjoyed the address of Rev. T. J. Ogburn, D. D., of Grace church, Greensboro. Dr. Ogburn spoke of missions from the standpoint of broad benevolence. His address was clear, strong, telling, and the flashes of wit and humor only served to enliven and interest.

THE MEETING.

We were particularly fortunate in having with us for a series of special services, Rev. J. H. Barnhardt, of Washington Street M. E. Church, South, High Point. Mr. Barnhardt's preaching was especially effective and we feel that much good was accomplished. The earnest, simple, gospel talks strongly appealed to the young men leaving many a lasting impression. Mr. Barnhardt is a man of striking personality and touched those men with whom he came in contact to a remarkable degree.

THE CONFERENCE.

A thing of vital interest just now is the formation of a delegation to the Southern Student Conference which will meet at the New Blue Ridge Association buildings near Black Mountain on June 15-23. Announcements received, show that this is to be a conference of especial power, and one which every fellow who possibly can, should attend. Last year Guilford made a fine record in athletics losing the base ball game with the University of Chattanooga 1 to 0, Chattanooga subsequently winning the championship. We hope for the largest delegation in the history of the Association this year and for a great conference.

Y. W. C. A. Notes

With the election of the new cabinet the work of the fall and spring term has continued with renewed zeal and energy. Each girl seems to have felt the new responsibility that has come into her life and each has shown her capability to perform her task. We are sure that much strength and good was derived from the visit of Miss Oo-looah Burner a general worker in the National Association. She came to us as we were entering into our new tasks a time when we feel our inability most. But our burdens were made lighter and our visions of life were broadened by her presence. Arrangements were made for each girl to meet Miss Burner and to know her personally. She gave strong practical talks each evening and marked interest was shown by the splendid attendance. We are all only too glad to show in a small degree our appreciation for her visit by contributing to the furnishings of her office in the new National office building in New York.

In making out the annual report we were glad to find that the methods of keeping records are becoming more business like. However the records are not as yet as correct and precise as they should be and it is the aim of the new cabinet to try to improve on them in the coming year. Although we had a sufficient number of business meetings they have not come at regular intervals and this has caused some confusion in our reports.

Our mission classes were comparatively well attended throughout the courses. We hope to make some changes in subjects for next year and we have also planned to have a normal class for the mission leaders. This is to be held in the beginning of the term of 1912. We have had a class of this kind once before which proved to be a very helpful thing.

Several girls are planning to go to the summer conference at Blue Ridge. Our conference fund has been wonderfully helped by its annual income and we also expect to make an addition by the proceeds of a play which is to be given on the 4th of May.

Exchanges

The Mercury is very strong in good sound articles, dealing both with historical subjects and matters of present import. Among those which may well be mentioned are, "The Cheapness of Life," and "Character of the Covenanters." The Magazine also contains some very good verse, but is especially weak in the absence of fiction.

The Emory and Henry Era is a well balanced and pleasing Magazine. "The Mediaeval Drama" is a splendid and instructive article. "The Cunning of Woman" is a well written story and, although the plot is not deep, it is well laid out and is interesting. "The Dog of Madame" is hardly so good and yet is above the average of stories appearing in college magazines.

The Haverfordian is a happy combination of matter. The verse is especially strong and the stories although short are very good. "Reminiscences of a Maine Winter" is a very interesting sketch.

The Oracle is rather disappointing in size. The one story is continued and so can hardly be criticized. The beginning, however, is very good. The departments are well edited and fuller than the contributions.

The March Comenian is the short story number. There is, therefore, a necessary absence of articles and verse. The stories, however, are very good and make the issue a success.

Alumni Notes

✓ Flora Wilson White, '11, is now teaching a private school in the Guilford Graded School building. She has about thirty little folks about her of the "Brownie" type which she exhibited at the close of the regular session.

✓ Thomas Covington, '11, and Fletcher Bulla, '11, both visited the college on their way home from their respective schools, Trinity, in Randolph and Woodland, near Goldsboro.

✓ J. Gurney Briggs, '11, who is in the Y. M. C. A. work in the city of Charleston, S. C., was a delegate to the recent conference of the Men and Religion Movement in New York City and of course stopped over a short visit at his home in High Point.

✓ Announcements have been received of the marriage of Leroy Miller, '10, not to a Guilford girl however.

✓ Charles Benbow, '09, is the happy father of a daughter, Mary Long Benbow. And we hear he wears "the smile which does not come off."

✓ Of William W. Allen, '99, has this been said, "He is so ambitious both for his own advancement and for the help of others." He has a young men's class in the bank where he is employed—and has this winter given a course of lectures at his church in Camden in addition to his regular Sabbath work as Sunday-school superintendent.

✓ Joseph Dixon, '89, as manager of the Roosevelt campaign must certainly be gaining all his heart's desire in the political world.

Brief Summary of Social Life at Guilford

PHILOMATHEAN AND WEBBS.

A very pleasant evening was spent by both Societies when the Webbs Literary Society visited the Philomatheans. The program was exceptionally good and thoroughly enjoyed by every one present. The social part, after the literary exercises, in no way fell short of what had gone before.

ZATASIANS AND CLAY.

On the evening of February 15th, the Clay Literary Society visited the Zatasians at a leap year social. The program was carried out through the leap year idea and the social afterwards was thoroughly enjoyed.

On the evening following the Zatasian-Clay reception the girls gave a leap year social. The girls made engagements with the young men and escorted them to Memorial Hall where the social was held, and listened to a mock trial successfully carried out by the students. After this we went home and voted a "good time."

SOCIAL.

A social group of the remaining boys and girls whose misfortune it was to spend the Easter holidays at G. C.,

gathered at Founders Hall at seven o'clock Saturday evening, April 6th. Here they remained until the ringing of the first bell sounded the knell of parting. The three hours previous to this signal were spent in playing games and talking over the events past, present, and to come.

A WEEK OF HAPPENINGS.

Beginning with Easter Monday, that holiday dear to the hearts of all G. C. students, we will give an outline of the socials which followed. Monday boys and girls met on the tennis courts to engage in the games(?) In the evening we strolled over the campus and at six o'clock a delightful picnic supper was served out-of-doors.

Tuesday we "crossed bats" with Randolph-Macon College and won to the tune of 7 to 2 with a social between innings.

Wednesday we played doubles and singles in tennis with University of South Carolina and Thursday and Friday evenings with Davidson. Social greetings were scattered over the courts watching the games and enjoying each others company.

Saturday morning we had an inter-class track meet and the Preps won first place. This was a social continued from the tennis games of the previous evenings. Saturday evening a base ball game was played with High Point. Sad to relate, that night there was "nothing doing" and Sunday it rained, and was otherwise dull. Though just make certain that the week's like this one are "few and far apart."

HENRY CLAY LITERARY CONTEST.

As a result of the week just related Miss Louise decided that "too much bliss spoiled studying" so we wended our way to Memorial Hall on the night of April 20th, sad and alone. The boys and girls separate a thing never before recorded in the annals of Guilford College.

ZATASIAN LITERARY CONTEST.

On the Saturday night following the Clay contest the Zatasians gave theirs and a social was arranged which consisted of a five minutes moonlight stroll between Founders Hall, where the girls make their home, and Memorial Hall, where the contest was held. (But some couples stretched the time by walking slowly.)

Y. W. C. A. PLAY.

On the evening of May 4th, eight of the Guilford girls will endeavor to give a play entitled "So Phonograph" at Memorial Hall. A very amusing situation is worked out and a big laugh is all we ask—"come early and avoid the rush!"

GUILFORD COOKS.

As our readers are aware Guilford maintains a domestic science class and after the sale given by them on the

afternoon of April 25th, we can certainly testify that they are "making good." They served ice cream and cake on New Garden campus and the boys and girls enjoyed a social between bites.

SALE.

Another sale is booked for the evening of May 2nd and I am sure will be well attended when we say how the last was enjoyed. This means another social to add to this spring's list.

SUNDAY TRIP.

On Sunday evening, April 28th, a crowd of G. C. girls started on a tour of inspection to the "Grand Canyon"—a place famed from earliest times to Guilford students. They set out just after dinner and the last things we heard, as their big hats and middy blouses disappeared over the hill, were plans for the fun to come. Four hours later they came limping home, tired, perspiring and otherwise showing signs of strenuous exercise. Judging by their looks we decided to enjoy the "Canyon" by description or else take a cooler day to explore its beauties.

TRACK MEET.

On Wednesday, April 24th, we had a track meet with Elon College and took the day with a total of 75 1-2 points to their 25 1-2.

DINING ROOM SOCIAL.

On Saturday eve, April 20th, while the faculty had a delightful "spread" served them by the cooking class we, who were so unfortunate as to be neither faculty nor "cooks," went in the dining room at supper with not a faculty member present. The meal was enjoyed and remarks (as well as cheeses) were general.

JUNIOR AND SENIOR RECEPTION.

For several weeks previous to the evening of the 24th of April. The Junior appeared to have up a very interesting topic for discussion. And the Seniors seemed to have harbored a plot that some where and at some time there was something on foot concerning them. Sure enough they were right.

At the Senior class meeting preceding the evening of the reception an invitation from the Juniors was read. To an outsider, nearby. It seemed as if the Seniors would tear the house down. Not until the following day did the Juniors understand the meaning of the applause given at Senior class meeting. On Wednesday p. m., immediately after dinner all Juniors betook themselves to New Garden Hall, where they were busily occupied decorating the long halls and spacious dining room. The color scheme, green and white (Senior colors) was carried out splendidly. Dogwood and spirea were used every way conceivable.

At eight o'clock the invited guests arrived and were met at the door by Misses Grace Hughes and Callie Nance. After an interval of a few minutes, Miss Ella Young gave the Seniors a most hearty welcome and invited them into

the dining room. Here the evening seemed to be enjoyed by every one present.

Mr. Hugh Stewart was toast master for the evening and gave a welcome.

MENU.

I.

Fruit Cocktail

Toasts—

“What are you”—B. K. Richardson.

Response—Geno Young.

II.

Cream Chicken

Stuffed Olives

Banana Croquettes

Salted Almonds

Tomatoes with Dressing

Hot Rolls, Candied Yams

Toast—

The girls of ‘12’—Henry Jackson.

Response—Mamie Lamb.

III.

Banana Salad—Wafers

Toast—

“The Boys of ‘12”—Ella Young.

Response—Alpheus Zachery.

IV.

Vanilla Ice Cream—Cake.

Toast—

“What you will be”—Leora Chappelle.

Response—John Moosley.

V.

Coffee—Mints

Locals and Personals

A NIGH TRAGEDY.

While walking on the campus several months ago, Miss Louise and Miss Benbow saw the white mule hitched to a wagon wandering down the front walk apparently alone; thinking to avoid an accident they tried to stop her and to see them chasing down the front walk calling Whoa!! Cassie ! at every step was a spectacle long to be remembered by those who witnessed it. Cassie surprised and startled increased her speed as the ladies increased theirs.

Imagine their consternation when from the wagon bed the kinky head of a little coon appeared who had been driving and taking his ease at the same time.

Miss Field (in Chem. Lab.)—"Did I give you some soap the other day, Hubert?"

"Cranny"—"What do I want with soap?"

G. A. Y.—"This room is as warm as a hot house."

J. W.—"There are so many roses over here they have to keep it that way."

Miss Field (in Chemistry)—"Sulphuric acid turns wood black."

R. Wood—"Miss Field, does it turn all wood black?"

M. White (in Trig.)—"You look up the Mantissa just a 'size larger' than the angle given."

Kate (studying for final on Eng. II b)—“The first question on Eng. is ‘name the trees in the forest of Arden?’ ”

A. K.—“Goodness, what would you say for that?”

Hugh (on Chem.)—“The fire needs some wood. Isn’t wood poplar (popular)?

Wood—“No, he’s pine(ing).”

When Miss Louise wept—It was the time she used cap-soline instead of tooth paste.

Here’s to the Juniors of ’13,
Who don’t even mind saying “darn it.”
So let’s have some fun and some flirting,
And drink to the gold and the garnet.

Rebecca worked a problem in college algebra, at last.

Prof. Crosby (in Soph. English)—“What poem did Milton write just after his wife left him?”

Member of Class—“Paradise Lost.”

FOUND ON BIOLOGY LAB. BLACKBOARD.

Five more weeks of this starvation,
Then we leave this Quaker Station;
No more dogfish, no more worms,
No more odor, no more germs,
Better work on better terms,
On my dad’s plantation.

(Signed E. H. & E. W.)

Zac (looking at frog eggs)—“Is dese tadpole eggs?”

Geo. Dees—“In the spring my thoughts are contrary,
For I can think of nothing but me and Mary.”

H. Jackson has determined to get the "*Worth*" of Guilford College.

(To M. M.)—"Why didn't you come to the game this afternoon?"

Mary—"Well—well, George wasn't there."

Visitor (in A. K.'s room)—"Annabelle, what are you going to do after you graduate?"

Annabelle—"Oh I'm going to get *Rich.*"

Notice—For any notes concerning forestry (Wood), see Ella Young.

R. D. (to P. T. while addressing society invitations to a number of friends)—"Say! suppose the people should come?"

Prof. K.—"Futrell, what is the name of the outer bone of the lower arm?"

Futrell—"The radiator."

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A POCKET-KNIFE.

Let's see, I am just seven and a half months old now; and from the way my sides pain me, and my backbone aches, I am led to fear that I am not much longer for this world of sin and woe. It never once occurred to me in my childhood last September that my long life would consist of such a chain of events and mishaps as I have really experienced.

I never shall forget the day, last September, that Russell Wood bought me in town, saying as he did so that that was the last seventy-five cents he had in the world. Poor fellow! I felt so sorry for him in his insolvent condition that I regarded myself privileged by being placed where I might be a friend to such a one, and might display some 'trinsic value to him.

Now, do not anticipate that I mean to give you a detailed daily account of my extended life, for though it might not become monotonous and unappreciative to the reader, yet it would certainly prove an irksome task to me. It is sufficient and expedient to say that I found in him a true, enjoyable friend save only for the fact that he was a bit too religious—leaving me to my solitude while he engaged in deep meditation, and depriving me of all the personal conversation with him that I was due. Again, too, I had some complaint to offer against my owner in that he used me abusively and incessantly for trimming pencils. He never used a pen, as his correspondence consisted only in an occasional letter to his mother, which like his note-writing, he did with a pencil.

Despite his faults, however, I liked him very well and certainly deplored the time that we were forced to part. This parting occurred one morning at breakfast when Callie Nance borrowed me for something—of course she

had no intention of ever returning me, and she never did.

It was then that my real troubles began. I had never known trouble before as compared with the life I was now forced to lead. Even the morbid companionship and staying up late of my former master, the being loaned to girls occasionally, the splitting of kindling wood, and all of the worst things I had previously encountered was a pleasant reminiscence to me now. I had formerly taken delight in being kept sharp even at the torture of realizing the harrowing touch of a whetstone; but in my present life I was sorely neglected and soon became dull and blunt. I was hurried from room to room; from floor to floor. Every girl in Founder's had used me thirteen times each before a week had passed. I was used for opening tin cans, sharpening pencils, cutting out mathematical figures, eating peanut butter and apples, cutting names on the walls, severing any kind of metals, and prying open fruit cans and shoe-blackening boxes. I was used as a screw-driver, cork-screw, trunk key, spoon, case-knife, ladle, and deadly weapon. I lay five days under a twelve-inch snow, was cooked three hours in a chafing dish, roasted six days under the radiator, was thrown a hundred or more times at rats, spent a week in a lady's slipper, and stayed three whole days with Elva Strickland. I never lay in the same place an hour at a time unless I was lost. Didn't even know where I was myself, part of the time. Was likely to be found in the needle-box, on the radiator, under the bureau, in the jelly cup or can of fruit, under the bed, in the bath room, or in the laboratory. Well, to be brief, I led a pretty tough life. The way I was knocked and cuffed about was—well it was *some*.

In the course of my adventures I lost both my sides, my backbone was weakened, I lost all my points, the intellect of my blade was dulled, and my jaws were knocked

out of place. I am now old and dejected, unfit for use, too wicked to die. Where am I? Why you may find me, all covered with ink and apple butter, in Mary Mendenhall's hair box where she left me some time ago and has not thought to look there for me, since the style of arranging hair has changed.

In giving this narrative, I trust that the young men and older ones will not think that I have tried to enlighten them on any of the reckless habits of the ladies, for that was indeed not my intention, and I have merely touched on those things. I offer my apologies to them, however, and ask them to believe me that I have been as lenient with them as possible in order to make my story complete.

ANON.

Directory

Guilford College

L. L. HOBBS, Pres.

GEO. W. WHITE, Treas.

Literary Societies

HENRY CLAY.

H. A. Stewart, President
W. A. White, Jr. Secretary
G. E. Moore, Marshal

WEBSTERIAN.

B. K. Richardson, President
Wm. Webster, Secretary
Clifford R. Hinshaw, Marshal

PHILOMATHIAN.

Margaret Cox, President
Floy Lassiter, Secretary
Elva Strickland, Marshal

ZATASIAN.

Cassie Mendenhall, President
Irma Coble, Secretary
Callie Nance, Marshal

Young Men's Christian Association

Paul S. Kennett, President

Geo. A. Short, Secretary

Young Women's Christian Association

Mary Mendenhall, President

Estelle Korner, Secretary

The Bibilcal Seminar

H. S. Sawyer, President

K. L. Futrell, Secretary

Literary Club

Mrs. L. L. Hobbs, President

Miss Gainey, Sec.
Prof. Crosby, Vice-Pres.

Joseph Moore Science Club

Prof. Kibler, President

W. G. Gilchrist, Vice-President

Cassie Mendenhall, Secretary

Miss Field, Ausseher

Athletic Association

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Wm. Webster, Sec. Treas.

J. B. Woosley, Base Ball. Mgr.

H. S. Sawyer, Tennis Mgr.

W. G. Gilchrist, Track Mgr.

B. K. Richardson, Bask't Ball
Manager

The Biblical Research

Prof. J. Edwin Jay Pres.

Miss Marian B. Rustealt, Sec.

Ex. Com., Mrs. Hobbs, Miss Juria White, Prof. Davis

Classes

SENIOR

John B. Woosley, President
Geno A. Young, Secretary

JUNIOR

B. K. Richardson, President
Ella Davis Young, Secretary

SOPHOMORE

S. S. Nelson, President
Blanche Futrell, Secretary

FRESHMAN

Roy C. Mitchell, President
Cleta Patterson, Secretary



